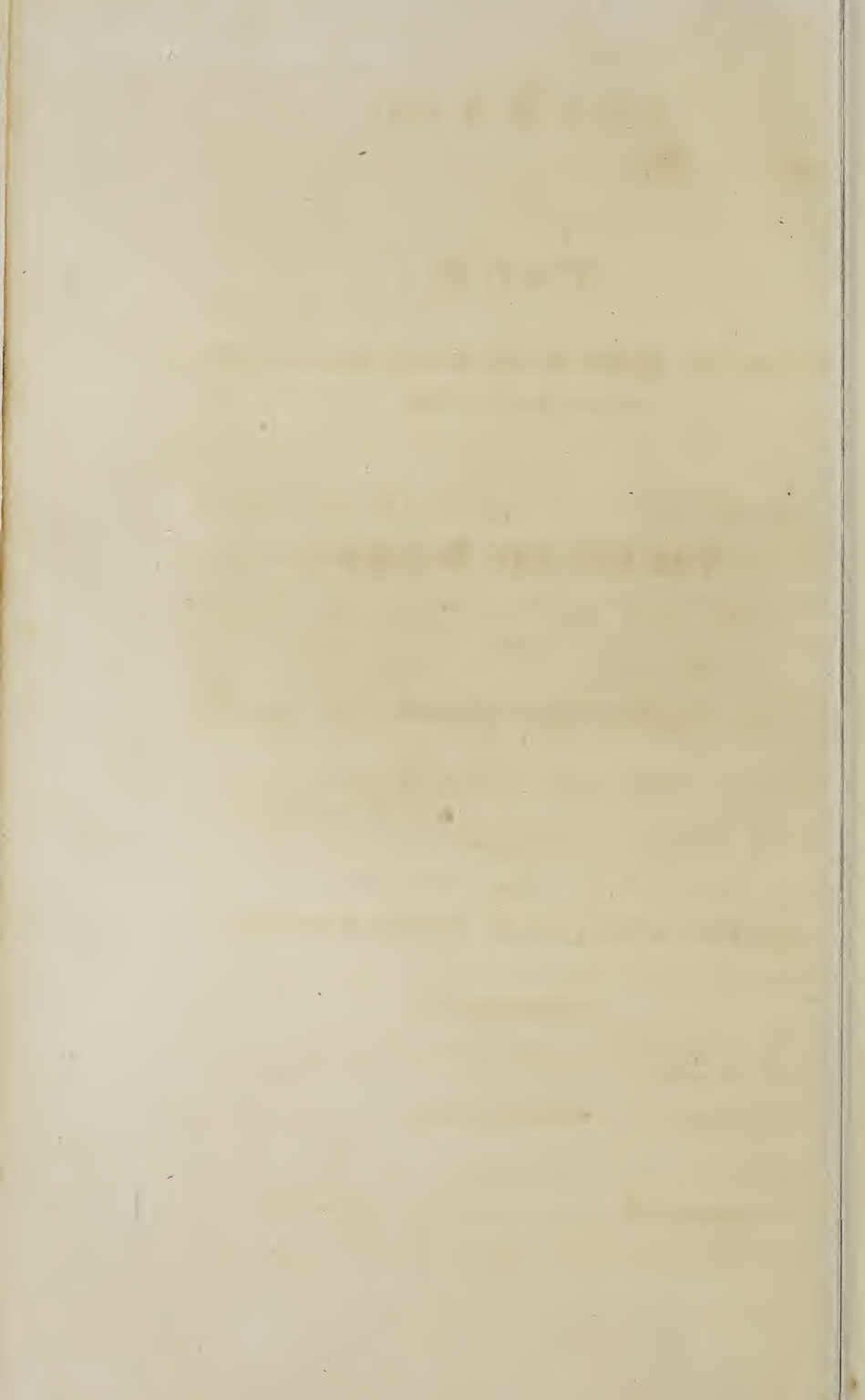


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²²
Presented to Mary, with the Authors conjugal love
and tenderest attachment.

JOURNAL

OF A

TOUR

THROUGH PART OF FRANCE, FLANDERS,
AND HOLLAND,

INCLUDING A

VISIT TO PARIS,

AND A

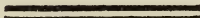
WALK OVER THE FIELD of WATERLOO:

MADE IN THE SUMMER OF 1816.



BY

SETH WILLIAM STEVENSON.



—— Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

VIRG. ÆN.



NORWICH :

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KNOWLEDGE," AS A SMALL TESTIMONY
OF RESPECT AND FRATERNAL REGARD,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

TO a Book, not designed for sale, few words may suffice by way of Preface. The following pages, composed from Notes made by the Author during a visit to the Continent in 1816, constitute the result of the occupation of various leisure hours employed on his return ; and, as a literary contribution, (certainly a very humble one) they were read by him, in the course of the last winter, at the meetings of that Fraternity to whom they are now dedicated. With no further view or wish than that of acceding to the request of kind approvers, "THE JOURNAL" was subsequently consigned to the Press. But circumstances, unnecessary here to be mentioned, from time to time interrupting the printing,

have delayed its appearance so much beyond the period at first contemplated, that even within the limited range of private circulation, many of the subjects noticed in the work, if not altogether deemed too trivial, will yet, it is to be apprehended, appear to have lost their chief interest—the interest which arises out of the more lively impression of recent events.—Other objects there are, in having selected which either for description or remark, the writer has nothing to regret—except indeed his own want of ability to do justice to their respective merits and importance. On a beaten track, like the one in question, the absence of novelty can be but ill supplied by any feature of originality to which he can lay claim. In this respect, he feels how much the attempt stands in need of the reader's indulgence.—With reference to the pervading tone of political opinion, or of moral feeling, he has no apology to offer: his ideas on those topics are grounded on fixed principles, and to the expression of them, here, the proudest and most cherished sentiments of his heart are

faithfully responsive. If, in those friendly eyes, before which alone this volume was destined to be laid, it should prove only half so acceptable for the amusement found in the perusal, as the avocation of writing it was rendered pleasant to himself by recalling to mind the successive incidents of a short foreign excursion, the Author will be more than satisfied. And should it perchance, acquiring a slight share of publicity, fall under the notice of those to whom by name and character he is unknown, then the sole favor for him to ask at the hands of "the stranger" would be, that what is imparted without presumption may not be treated with severity.

Norwich, September, 1817.

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JOURNAL, &c.

CHAP. I.

Reflections on crossing the Channel—Brighton—Dieppe—contrasted features of the two Places—Remarks on some of the characteristic differences between the English and French—Churches and Castle at Dieppe.

MAY 16th and 17th. 1816

FOR what purpose are we quitting our own shores ? To travel more expeditiously, and at the same time more pleasantly, than we have been accustomed to do ? No ; we must not hope to find, on the other side, any thing *more* convenient or *more* suitable than the light-built, well suspended, neatly painted, handsomely lined vehicle on four wheels, with its frequent changes of excellent horses, its smart, skilful coachman of respectable appearance and deportment, that brought us down, over the best of roads, from London to Brighton, at the rate of eight miles an hour ; nor any thing *more* cleanly, more independent, more home-like, than the accommodation of an English Inn. What are we leaving England to see ? A country more captivating

from the richness, more interesting from the variety of its scenery? Speaking from what I have already witnessed, and from much more which I am acquainted with only by description, there is no cause for sanguine expectation that the circuit of our projected excursion will present to us, in that respect, advantages superior to those we are leaving behind : or that we shall find, on the whole, a spot more favoured by nature, more adorned and perfectionated by art—abounding more in those features which give rise to ideas of the sublime and the beautiful, or in those peculiar attractions which the efforts of industry, and the influence of civilization, combine in superadding to the native charms of the landscape. No, nor where “the growth of man,” where human powers, bodily and mental, keep more equal pace with the vigour that displays itself in the woods, and the luxuriance that shines in the fields : where the order of society is established on a firmer basis ; or where a higher standard of morality regulates the sentiments and conduct. In no country (it may safely be affirmed) are the Laws so effectual in themselves, or so powerfully yet so mercifully administered, for the protection of individual interest, and the support of national freedom. With these impressions indelibly engraven on, and proudly cherished in my heart, I leave for awhile the land that gave me birth—

“Blest Isle, with matchless Beauty crown’d,

“And manly hearts to guard the Fair”—

my object, that of comparing again, and with somewhat more matured conceptions than on a former occasion, the *quantum* of blessings, we enjoy, with that possessed by a great and rival state. Attached to the economy of English life ; convinced of its eminent claims to pre-

ference in all those nameless points of delicacy and consistency, which form that aggregate of satisfaction expressed by the term *comfort*, and which certainly constitute the most *permanent* source of social and intellectual enjoyment ;—yet at the same time freely disposed to make every due concession, and to give the benefit of every indulgent construction, that may be required by the difference of habitudes and opinions long established and deeply rooted : to discard illiberal prejudices, adhering only to what candour and reflection alike acknowledge as justifiable prepossessions ; and, with this temper, to enter into the spirit of the people, as far as that is to be fathomed by the transient observation and intercourse which a short visit may afford opportunities of forming. With thoughts of this kind was my mind occupied, as, standing on the deck of our packet boat, I beheld the high cliffs stretching their defensive mounds of chalky rock along the French shore, as far as the eye could reach either way, in one bold line, unbroken and uninterrupted, except where the river *Arq* pours forth her “ tributary stores” into the ocean, through the port of Dieppe.

To begin with proper attention to *dates*, as becomes a *matter of fact* man, and a *journalist*, it was Friday, the 17th of May. Captain M. and myself had embarked, about six o'clock the preceding evening, on board the Prince Regent, in Brighthelmstone roads, after a pleasurable *ride* to the coast, for it shall not be loaded with the heavy appellation, as it was unattended with the fatigue or *ennui*, of a *journey*.

Arrived at Brighton, and learning that a packet would sail that evening, we had the baggage conveyed to, and passed at the custom-house. While dinner was

getting ready, we perambulated a portion of this overgrown town, to which not being entirely a stranger, I served as *cicerone* to my friend in a walk through the STEINE, and a circuit round the *demesne* of the PAVILION ; objects which, however far famed, drew from him no exclamation of a warmer kind than that “ those are blessed who expect *nothing*.” I had experienced the same disappointment before him, and had no other consolation to offer for his being thus baulked of a *promenade* and a *palace*, than that of reminding him (in the language of Sterne) that “ *they order those things better in France!*” Returned to our Inn, we proceeded to line our stomachs with various sorts of stout fencing against the anticipated attacks of the *maladie de mer*, and afterwards took the further precaution of furnishing ourselves with some cold provisions from mine host’s larder. Thus properly charged, we took boat, amidst a pelting storm of rain, and were aboard at eight o’clock, when we weighed anchor and set sail. The wind, however, which from the first had been both slight and unfavourable, failed in the night altogether; and in the morning, at six o’clock, on leaving my birth, refreshed by a sound sleep, and unaffected by the least tendency to sickness, I found Brighton was still in sight. Our vessel had its full complement of passengers; about an equal proportion of English and French, male and female; but, there having been nothing particularly worthy of remark, either in the character of the individuals or in the incidents of the voyage, pass we on to say that it was not till two o’clock in the afternoon that we entered the fine harbour of Dieppe, against one of the stone piers of which a blundering French pilot, who as usual forced his *services* upon the Captain, was within an ace of running us.

The forcible sensations which affect the mind at the first entry into a foreign place, can never perhaps be wholly renewed. There will, indeed, necessarily be wanting that most powerful of stimulants, the impression of novelty, which before had so great a share in producing those peculiar feelings. In the case, however, of a *transplantation* (if I may borrow such an expression) from British to French ground, so much of what is striking arises out of the *contrast* of the scene presenting itself, to that so recently quitted, that the visit must be often repeated, before it ceases to excite an interest more lively than can possibly be felt in any of our travels at home.

Fourteen years had elapsed since I was last at Dieppe. In that time the opposite town of Brighton had nearly doubled itself in size and population; enjoying the continual encrease of that adventitious prosperity, which its local and *courtly* advantages had acquired for it, as the marine villa of the Prince, and as the *sea lounge* of the Capital. Dieppe, on the other hand, presented itself to my view like an old acquaintance with an unaltered countenance. The same singular-looking figures, men, women, and children, lined the piers, making a grotesque procession, with our tow-ropes in their hands, to bring the vessel to its destined place at the quay. The males, in motley costume, half soldiers, half sailors; cocked hats on the heads of some; wooden shoes on the feet of many; and a shabbiness in the appearance of almost all. The females, in short petticoats of scarlet or blue stuff, bunching out at the hips—their broad and lofty *coesfures*, of which the whiteness is set off by the brown and often sallow tinge of their complexions, and the ebon hue of their hair. I recognized the same im-

portunity of service ; the same perseverance of mendicity ; the same litter and bad smells in the streets, and the same dirty appearance in the buildings.

In Dieppe, a newly-erected house is almost as great a rarity as an old looking edifice is at Brighton. I verily believe that our chamber, at honest *Monsieur de la Rue's* had not experienced the astonishment of being re-furnished, nor the luxury of a washed floor, since I slept in it before ! In that interval, (no trifling one in the scope of a man's life) it is true that the great Caravansera of State, in France, had been, in succession, *meublé à la républicaine*,* *meublé à l'impériale*, then *à la royale*, *à l'impériale*, and now *à la royale* again. And yet, who shall say it is a people given to change ; when I can affirm that the best double-bedded room of the *Hotel de Londres* still retains its pavilion couches and plate glass mirrors, faded and deteriorated relics of the *ancien regime* ; that still its plastered clay floor strikes a chill to unaccustomed feet ; and by various other points of recognizance, the whole inn proves its identity with former recollections !

Dieppe is a place of great antiquity ; but the castle, whose massy walls, crowning the left cliff with picturesque majesty, command the town and harbour ; the churches, the tower *des Crabes*, at the end of the quay, and a castelated building at the foot of the bridge, used as a prison, appear to be almost the only vestiges of its earlier days. Having been laid in ruins by the bombardment of the English fleet, in 1694, it was a few years after entirely rebuilt, and, in consequence, wears an aspect very dissimilar from other towns in this department. A *Monsieur Le Carpentier*, who has published an useful Guide

* Furnished after the Republican fashion.

for Strangers visiting Rouen and places in its neighbourhood, in reference to the event above mentioned, observes, (with the random guess of a Frenchman who has never quitted his own shores,) that “*in viewing Dieppe he is tempted to imagine himself transported to the other side of the channel.*” What degree of resemblance *another* bombardment might be the means of its assuming, I neither know, nor desire should be tried : but of this I am certain, that there are many circumstances, besides those of architectural affinity, which must undergo a radical change before Dieppe will offer the picture of an English town ; for though its streets are broad and straight, and the houses constructed on a scale of uniformity and even of grandeur, yet the most glaring appearances of dilapidation and neglect pervade the whole. In vain one looks for that neat and cleanly arrangement, which exhibits itself in the shops and private houses in England. Windows only partly supplied with glass, and the deficiencies made up with paper, or not at all ; grass growing on the parapets ; with numberless other indications of a most careless and slovenly spirit, almost induce a belief that these folks were only allowed to inhabit the houses that were built for them, on the condition of suffering them to tumble about their ears, unretarded in their progress to decay and ruin, even by the intervention of the simple arts of plumbing, glazing, and painting ! How different all this, from that feeling of pride which the least affluent among us take in the improvement, preservation, and embellishment of their property. This, indeed, is the great and striking point of contrast in the respective characters of the two nations. And on this fact, as intimately connected with the developement of industrious and domestic qualifications,

may, I think, without presumption, be grounded one of our strongest claims to the title of being the superior people.

But although, in the respects that I have just named, they are so far behind us, the inhabitants of Dieppe appear to be wanting neither in civility nor in intelligence. The women, especially those of the middling class, (whose provincial dress, with all its antiquated singularity, is not wholly unbecoming) are particularly well behaved, and very affable and communicative. In them, indeed, the national character for politeness and urbanity seems to have been sustained, and carried through the storms of the Revolution, less impaired than in the men. And even the latter have shaken off much of that rudeness and vulgarity which, in the days of mischievous affectation, were put on with the tri-colour cockade, as badges of patriotism and republican equality. In spite of all that time, and their own criminal folly, have done to alter the people, of whom STERNE has given us so animated a description; still, at almost every step we go, and in every incident we meet with, appear the counterparts of those originals from whence he drew his inimitable sketches, bearing testimony to the faithful pencil and discriminative powers of that accurate observer of men and manners. As to the willing disposition with which a stranger's enquiries are satisfied, I have myself been indebted, in numerous instances, to individuals of both sexes, fortuitously applied to among various classes of society, when at a loss for a house, a street, or a person; and have been set in the right way by instructions, which, if not quite so circumstantial as those of Yorick's handsome *Grisset*, at least conveyed to the mind an impres-

sion equally strong, that the person, thus accidentally interrogated, *seemed really interested* in giving the most satisfactory and useful information.

If not so engaging a figure as the *marchande* of the Sentimental Tourist, yet equally *obligeante*, (and far from unprepossessing in her mien) was the young woman of whom I bought my Rouen Itinerary. At our entrance into the little old-fashioned shop, she rose from her seat to receive us, with an air of good-natured attention, tempered with respectfulness of deportment, and replied to our questions about the publication, in a way that plainly shewed she had not been

“ ————— minding

“ Only the margin’s breadth and binding,”

but had acquired a competency to speak of what was most interesting in the town and its vicinity. French women generally are fond of books : perhaps they are not so scrupulously select in their choice of them as our own countrywomen, but they read a great deal, and, remembering what they read, they enliven their conversation frequently with allusions of a literary turn. In visiting the different Museums of Paris, I have often profited from the readiness with which they communicate their knowledge, not merely as might respect the name of an artist, or the subject of his work, but also in regard to particulars connected with the history of either, very far above the cast of common-place observations.

There are two churches at Dieppe. That dedicated to St. *Jaques* has a lofty tower, of fine proportions : it is an object of striking appearance when viewed distantly at sea ; and it is no less worthy of near inspection for its sculptural work. The interior is an uniform structure in the florid and pointed stile. The church

of St. Remi, having been greatly injured by the bombs, was repaired after the Grecian manner, with a dome and portico, and, as may be supposed, forms an heterogeneous and tasteless *melange*. The Rouen Guide pronounces it, without hesitation, to be the later building of the two ; but if the same *criteria* are correct, which regulate the decision as to the age of Gothic edifices in England, then, the short massive pillars, (with relievos in the capitals), of St. Remi, shew its antiquity to be greater than that of Saint Jaques, of which the columns are lofty, small, and clustered.

It was the hour of *Vespers*, when we visited these churches. The difference of religion is another source of powerful attraction to the attentive mind ; and, as the ceremonies and symbols of Catholicism present themselves to notice, a feeling, more lively perhaps than is produced by any other instance of dissimilarity from accustomed things, prompts us to exclaim, “ *This is a foreign land.*” I thought I could perceive symptoms of some increase in ecclesiastical influence, since the period of 1802. Among others was the great crucifix elevated at the entrance of the port : those objects of Romish adoration, which were totally extirpated, both “ stick and stone,” by the revolutionary destroyers, had not then been restored.

We finished our perambulations with an ascent of the steep and lofty eminence on which the Castle is situated. The sun was just setting, and its rays, unclouded, threw a glowing mantle over the time-shattered but still formidable towers, and grass-grown ramparts of the fortress. We would willingly have improved our prospect by taking it from the parapet, but the sentinel at the gate way denied admittance. A few

months sooner—and our *country* and *language* might have overcome the difficulty; but the *garrison* had *ceased* again to be *English*!* The spot, however, which we were permitted to attain, afforded a view at once bold and interesting. We indulged ourselves, for some minutes, in watching the “gradual dusky veil” of Evening steal over the vast expanse of waters, and successively enshroud the scene of shipping, houses, and more elevated objects that lay beneath us. Then we

“Cast a fond look where ENGLAND’s glories shine,”
and bent our weary steps to the destined place of refreshment and repose.

* The cavalry of the British Army had military possession of Normandy, during the autumn and winter of 1815.

CHAP. II.

Journey from Dieppe—The Country People—An English-woman travelling on foot to Naples—Agriculture—Game Laws—Approach to Rouen—Delightful Scenery—Historical Associations of Normandy with England.

MAY 18th.

NEXT morning, as the Rouen Diligence rattled along with us through the streets of Dieppe, we found its little world up before us. It was market day; and the sight of the *grande place*, already filled with the country and town's people, inspired me with the wish for a few leisure moments, to mix in the busy crowd of *paysannes*, who had sat out hither from early dawn, and rode or trudged it, many a mile, to take each her stand in this market, with a basket of eggs, or of butter, of cheese, of vegetables, or of live poultry. What a countless flutter of high caps, and broad white lappets; and what a glittering profusion of gold ear-drops and necklaces had we here in view! Verily, the faces, which this finery was intended to set off advantageously, were mostly healthful, many handsome, all cheerful. One cannot avoid being forcibly struck with this *costume de province*. 'Tis obviously the sacred legacy of unalterable fashion, descending from mother to daughter, through many—many generations. How amusing to note these indications of insulated ideas: but, *alas*, how dreadfully behind hand are these fair *Normandes*, compared with females of the same class in England, where every village has its millinery from London, and

does not look nearly as nice

The dress of the men has not so much of peculiarity. In mounting the long hill, over which the road passes, immediately on quitting the town, we observed, as we walked along, *their* similarity, both in dress and general appearance to the English. The husbandmen and waggoners have, for the most part, the same athletic make and ruddy complexions as those of our own country. The predominant garb is a dark blue smock frock. As to the occupiers and cultivators of the land, they are a humble *jog-trot* set of folks: they come bumping along upon their little horses, with perfect steadiness of pace; and their long riding cloaks, and walking sticks suspended from the wrist, give them, at some short distance, the appearance of military. We saw no hard riders, in buckskin breeches, and on blood nags; no smart gigs, nor *sky-scraping* tandems: no symptoms of the existence of that character, either in its respectable or its extravagant sense, denominated amongst ourselves, the *Gentleman Farmer*. Every now and then, we met a young *Lubin* and *Jeannette*, mounted on a *demi pique* saddle and pillion; or a more elderly couple, trundled on the *paré*, in a little narrow cart, with so low a tilt, as obliges them to sit doubled up under its troublesome covering.

As we proceeded slowly in our ascent, animadverting on the difference, in these respects, between England and France, we overtook a very young looking woman, indifferently dressed; but at sight of whom, the discriminative sympathies of country so quickly arose in my mind, that I exclaimed unhesitatingly to my friend, "*that, however, must be an Englishwoman.*" "Yes, Sir, (said she, overhearing me) that I certainly am." And what do you do, plodding along, in this part

of the world? "I am wife to that man (she replied, pointing to a person in a sailor's dress, some paces a-head of us) he was in the *French* service, and has been a *prisoner of war* in England, where I *married him*, and we are now journeying to *Naples*, of which kingdom he is a native." Indeed! and was it to travel through France, to the extremity of Italy, that you have deprived yourself of a settlement and maintenance in your own country? I fear you will have but a miserable task of it. "Why, yes, Sir, I doubt I shall," said she, resting her arms across her body, which now discovered an unfortunate increase of shape. And then "a hope to get through, please God," was added with an expression of inexperience and simplicity on her countenance, that shewed she had not thought sufficiently about the matter, to anticipate the fearful destiny too likely to await her:

"O blindness to the future, kindly given,

"That each may walk the circle mark'd by Heav'n.

As to ourselves, we were really shocked at the idea of the perils and miseries this wretched girl (for she was not more than nineteen) was on the point of encountering; and I could not help offering up an internal petition, that to such a *lamb*, thus perhaps about to be "*shorn to the quick*," in union with the forlorn hope of a stranger's fate, God might, in his mercy, "*temper the wind*." We put a trifle of money into her hand, and bidding her husband to be kind, wished them, (what was next to impossible), a good journey.

And now, having reached the top of the hill, we turned round to enjoy the prospect; a fine morning heightening the charms it possessed, and quickening the interest it was capable of inspiring. The sea view was

grand ; the landscape varied and extensive ; the verdure of the fields enlivened by the prodigious quantity of rape, grown for the oil that is produced from it. As we yesterday approached the coast from the sea, it seemed to crown the cliff with a border of green and gold, glaring vividly in the sun. Looking on one side, towards the Castle of Dieppe, and on the other, towards the river below us, issuing through a fertile valley, our eyes were presented with objects, not only replete with picturesque effect, but illustrated by the distinctions of historic celebrity. Under the walls of that citadel, Henry the Fourth of France was reduced to such extremity, that he said of himself, he was a “king without a kingdom, a husband without a wife, and a warrior without money.” And it was in the valley of Arques, a short time after, that the same prince fought the famous battle with the Duke of Mayenne : with 3000 men, so bravely and skilfully disputing the ground against 30,000, as to give time for the English reinforcements to come up, which our Queen Elizabeth had dispatched to the assistance of her heroic ally and favourite.*

The first part of our *route* lay through a fine corn country, the contour of which bore much resemblance to the open districts of Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire ; and even to certain portions of Norfolk, where enclosures have not been made. The horizon is generally bounded by woods, with which the *paysage* is well diversified. Not a single hedge is to be seen ; and scarcely a division between the different proprietorships.—A double row of apple-trees line the main road ; and, being in full blossom, they had a pretty appearance.—The crops of all kinds (chiefly Rye, Wheat,

* See Sully's Memoirs, vol. 1, bk. 3, p. 208.

and Oats), were fine ; but not in a forwarder state than those in England are about the same time.—Fertile and well cultivated as these plains appear, we did not, for the first twenty miles, pass through a single place worthy the appellation of a town : mere thinly scattered villages in the lowest state of poverty and beggary. Their husbandry seems to be improved of late years ; at least it is less slovenly. I remember, when I travelled this road before, (during the time of harvest) observing the finest crops so foul with weeds, as to puzzle one to determine exactly what they were. It was at that period a matter of astonishment to us, how they managed to till their lands and house their produce—riding for miles as one does along the high road, without being able to descry either barns or farm-yards.

Partridges we saw in abundance. Pheasants, as our conductor informed us, are very scarce in France. The restrictions with respect to Game are very slight—they are private property. I hope to see the day when they will become so in England.* Men will not then, as now, be tempted to risk their own lives, and endanger those of others, for the paltry consideration of a bird or a hare ; but we shall see both brought to our markets, as is here the case : and, although they are too often exposed for sale before they are of a fit size for the table, yet this abuse is of no great consequence ; the interest, which the cultivators of the land have in the general preservation of game, being so favourable to its increase. It is not, however, to be hence inferred, that there are no laws for the regulation of sporting. No person in France

* Since this was written, a Bill has been brought into Parliament, for *legalizing*, under certain restrictions, the *Sale of Game*, which is at present carried on, to an enormous extent, in violation of existing laws.

may shoot without a licence, which can be had for about 10s. and then he is liable, in case of trespass, to be fined, and even imprisoned, if the offence be repeated after warning given. The government forests are kept with more strictness ; and none but the *Gardes de Chasse*, or other authorised persons, are permitted to go through them with fire arms.

The last stage to Rouen offers, in every direction, the most delightful scenery. The road follows the line of a ridge of woody hills, overlooking a well-watered valley, in which an almost countless succession of cotton spinning mills, bleaching grounds, and manufactories for calico printing, form an approach, both appropriate and pleasing, to one of the greatest commercial towns in France. From the *Barrière de l'Octroi*, (where duties are taken and passports examined) we pass through a remarkably grand avenue—a treble row of noble elms, of which one readily excuses the formal *fan cut*, for the sake of the embowering luxuriance of their top-most branches, that curve into a sort of Gothic vaulting over head, and by excluding the fervid radiance of noon, gave a greater effect to the entrance of the port which formed the distant *visto*. Through the intervals of these noble trees, we discover a beautiful country, of which the Seine, on one side, forms a brilliant feature, as it winds its course along a vast and smiling plain ; and, on the other side, the superbly-rising grounds, studded with country houses of the merchants, lead the eye to the outskirts of the city, which is situated on the gentle declivity of the same range of hills.

If the spacious quays were adapted to remind us of the mercantile importance of the place, our entrance at

the *Porte Grand Pont*, (up the street of which we proceeded to the *Hotel de France*), gave rise to ideas not less impressive, as connected with its high antiquity, and with its former ample share in political transactions. To the contemplation of an Englishman, indeed, Rouen cannot fail to be an object of peculiar interest. Once the seat and centre of that power, which, by an enterprise as bold as it was successful, gave a new dynasty, a new law, and a new language to our own country, this venerable city ingratiate itself, in the intimacy of historical association, with our national feelings. Here, the rude Norman Chieftain established the capital of his Dukedom, won by fire and sword from the imbecile successors of Charlemagne, and founded on the ruins of fair Neustria. Here, at the head of the more civilized descendants of that barbarous race, our first William, in ambitious conspiracy, combined the means of earth and of heaven; the falchion of the *Knight*, made irresistible by the benediction of the *Pope*, to invade a country, which, “divided against itself,” and oppressed by misrule, fell, after the first appeal to arms, the Conqueror’s easy prey;—a country which, free and united, has since bidden defiance to a world of foes, and has, in our days, hurled defeat and humiliation on the Tyrant who had sworn her destruction. Here, and at London, were our Kings accustomed to hold their alternate Court; and the intercourse thus established between the two countries, favouring the civil and ecclesiastical policy of the Norman line, England proved a most delicious garden for foreign churchmen and statesmen to gather fruit in, agreeably to their respective tastes. The monuments, in more than one of her principal religious edifices, attest the long continued identity of governmental in-

terest between Normandy and England—between the state that first subdued us, and afterwards with other portions of France, sank into the relation of an *appanage* to the House Royal of our Realm.

The walls of Rouen also enclose a spot of ground, where, nearly four centuries ago, was perpetrated a deed of shame and cruelty, which is not even now to be forgotten. Worthy for her patriotism and courage to have lived in a more enlightened era ; deserving for her transcendant services to have received the crown of queenly dignity from her prince, rather than that of martyrdom from her enemies—*Orleans' Maid* has generally been spoken of as a title synonymous with *England's Reproach!* But in whatever degree the annals of our own country may be stained by the record of that tragic event, yet it surely is not for the French themselves to revile the conduct of our ancestors with the obtrusive and insinuating severity in which they are so prone to indulge. If obloquy and disgrace must attach to nations for the faults of their Rulers, then should the blame, as far as relates to the case in question, be, in candour, imputed equally to France and to England.—For surely it will be allowed, that the neglect of the voluptuous and indolent Charles, in leaving *Joan of Arc* to her fate, was little less criminal than were the subornations of the Duke of Bedford.—Instead of serving, however, as a subject for injurious reflection on the character of a nation, whose generous and liberal course of policy has long since effaced this “ blot in her escutcheon,” let the memorial of the *Pucelle's* exploits and of her death, events of an ignorant and turbulent age, be considered as “ written for our learning” in these *later*—and would it could be said these *wiser* times.—The whole

history of the transaction teaches us, what a tissue of miserable consequences inevitably result from the unhallowed passion for conquest and dominion—from those projects of mad ambition, in which so much of

“ Bad begins, and worse remains behind.”

The frequent visits made by Francis the First to Rouen, and its siege by Henry the Fourth, in which the little band of English nobility and soldiery, under the Earl of Essex, distinguished themselves as “ *brave amongst the brave.*” These and other events, that have rendered the place remarkable, naturally combine to inspire in our minds a feeling of more than ordinary consideration, not only for such of its public edifices as have, in a state of greater or less dilapidation, been spared from the annihilating hand of Time, or from the equally destructive scythe of “ bestial Anarchy ;” but also for its buildings in general, in which one almost every where traces the early conformation. This retention of what was long ago constructed, displays itself in streets, of which the extreme narrowness communicates an air of still deeper gloom, owing to the successive projection of the different stories one beyond another ; of which similar instances are here and there only to be found in the oldest parts of *London*, and perhaps more abundantly at *Chester*, than any where else in England.

CHAP. III.

Rouen—Cathedral Church—Benedictine Abbey of Saint Ouen—Palace of the Ancient Parliament—Place de la Pucelle—Interesting antiquity of the City—Suburb of St. Sever—Corneille—The New Boulevards—Botanic Garden—Remarks on the political and commercial state of Rouen—Prospect from Mount St. Catherine—Extent and traffic of the Place—Revolutionary destruction of Religious Establishments—Female Dress.

NO sooner had we arranged affairs at the *Hotel de France*, than in this spacious cabinet of choice scraps for the Antiquary, behold us sallying forth. Our walk commenced with a visit to the Cathedral; and we may emphatically affirm ourselves to have feasted on the peculiar beauties of the principal front. In viewing that particular portion of the exterior, one is, indeed, lost in mingled astonishment and admiration at the practical skill in masonry, which could have realized the bold plan of the architect, whose powers of invention have given such apparent insubstantiality to vast and solid masses, as exemplified in the airy structure of its pyramids, and in the prodigality of ornament which enriches its sculptured portals. With all its fascinating union of magnificence, elegance, and lightness, the *façade* of this celebrated church does not, however, produce on my mind that sensation of harmonious effect, which the western front of our York Minster never fails of impressing—that effect which results from the perfect unity of design; from the arrangement of the minuter

parts in a happy conformity to the prevailing constituents of the mighty whole. In thus venturing to adduce what I humbly conceive to be an instance of superiority in the noblest of our own Gothic structures over the Cathedral of Rouen, another remark suggests itself, in reference to the comparative scale of churches in Normandy and England : and it is a fact not a little curious, that the Prelates whom the Conqueror brought over with him, should have erected edifices that exceeded in magnitude even the most considerable they had left behind.

The interior of the building, perfectly uniform in its stile, is a beautiful model of the acutely pointed architecture. The elongated perspective of the nave rivets the eye by the justness of its proportion, and the solemnity of its character. Unincumbered with screen or organ loft, which usually intercepts the view in our own Cathedrals, the double range of clustered pillars forming the middle aisle, terminate in a circular *abscis*, near which the choir and high altar are seen to great advantage. The numerous chapels in the side aisles must have been lavishly decorated, before the *sans-culottes* covered their own *nakedness* with the plunder of them. Behind the choir is the Lady Chapel, of elegant construction, and containing several costly *morceaux* of the fine arts. The altar-piece, by *Philippe de Champagne*, has for its subject the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, to which that most able master has given wonderful force, by making the light of the picture emanate from the glory of the infant Jesus. Here also are two monuments of superb design and exquisite workmanship : one, the tomb of the *Cardinals D'Amboise*, uncle and nephew, Archbishops of Rouen,

(the former of whom, Minister of Louis XII. built the right tower, so remarkable for its height and the beauty of the coronated gallery, with which it is surmounted). The other is the tomb of the *Grand Senechal de Brezé*. Designating, in particular, the improved state of the arts in the beginning of the sixteenth century, they are such, in fact, as would do honour to any age or nation, whether regarded for the costliness of the materials, the good taste of the designs, or the excellence of the statues, and other charming labours of the chissel, with which they are adorned. The stalls of the choir are carved in a very superior manner. Of the tombs of the early Archbishops, only one remains, whose name I could not learn. And of our "English Dead," all are swept away except that of the great Duke of Bedford.

From the Cathedral we proceeded next to *Saint Ouen*, the Abbey Church of the *ci-devant* Benedictines—a later but unfinished specimen of the pointed architecture. Had the exterior been completed, it would have been excelled by few. Both this building and the Cathedral have been restored considerably to order, decency, and cleanliness since I last visited them; but the marks of wanton mischief and barbarous rage, inflicted on them by the modern Vandals, are, like the ravages of religious zealots in our own country, too great and widely spread to be entirely repaired. *Notre Dame* of Rouen was formerly famous for its painted glass: it is nearly all gone; the best that remains is in some of the side chapels; and the fine rose windows over the west portal, and in the transepts, have still some in them of the most brilliant colours. Like *St. Ouen*, it was appropriated to the purpose of quartering the republican soldiery, during the most violent period of the revolutionary

troubles, who amused themselves with shooting at and piercing the most superb windows. *St. Ouen*, though subjected in the same manner to democratic profanation, was more fortunate in retaining a large portion of its stained glass, which, however, is more to be prized for its antiquity, and for the appropriate effect of its sombre tones of blue and ruby, “shedding a dim religious light,” than for their pictorial execution, consisting, as they do, of scraps of scriptural and legendary history, jumbled together without regard to subject or connection.

The Monastery of *St. Ouen* is a modern building, and must have lodged the Friars in a princely style. Since the expulsion of the religious orders from France, it has been used as the *Hôtel de Ville*, for which purpose its numerous series of large apartments, renders it extremely suitable. The adjoining garden of the old Convent forms a very convenient and agreeable promenade, and the inhabitants seemed disposed to profit of the enjoyment which its air and arrangement afford. The marble basin, with gold and silver fish—a *jet d'eau* in the middle—statues interspersed among the walks—an *elysée*, for shade from the sun and for shelter from the rain—serve doubtless to represent to the *gens de province* the imitated glories of the *Thuilleries* and the *Luxembourg*.

From *St. Ouen's Abbey* we next extended our course to view an equally fine remain of the civil architecture of Normandy, in the fifteenth century, viz. the *Palais de Justice*, the seat of the ancient Parliament of Rouen, now used as a Court of Assize. The quadrangle of the Palace, and the *Salle des Procureurs*, (corresponding in appropriation though not in magnitude with our

Westminster Hall) are deserving of a minute observation.—The front of the Palace is a work that exhibits the character of that age of the French Monarchy, which (contemporaneous with the reigns of our Seventh and Eighth Henries) proved so auspicious an epoch to the revival of the polite arts.—The heavy castellated stile at once abandoned, we see, in this structure, only the luxuriance of the Gothic, chastened by the rising efforts of that improved taste, which, formed on the models of Greece and Rome, began at that time to display its influence over the Architecture of the different nations of Europe.

In directing our steps from hence to the water side, we did not omit to take a view of the *Place de la Pucelle*, so called from its having been the shameful scene of Joan of Arc's execution. It was formerly the Calf Market. The identical spot, where the heroic maid was burnt alive by her ungenerous and bigoted enemies, is marked by a monumental effigy of modern date; and which, with an unaccountable indifference to the value of historic records, has been suffered to supplant the original memorial erected by order of Charles the Seventh, soon after the event.

Near this place are the vegetable and fish markets, which appear extremely well supplied; but, like all the public places in this city, their areas are very circumscribed, and their avenues insignificant. But although these local inconveniences may put the mere "idle traveller" out of humour; yet, to "the gleaner," whose rational fondness for antiquarian research gives him an interest in whatever furnishes forth memorials of mankind, in domestic as well as in public life—to such a person these architectural objects offer a valuable clue,

in tracing the customs and manners of days long past—and to him, therefore, the streets of Rouen will present nothing so disagreeable as not to be patiently endured, for the sake of so many genuine objects of his favourite pursuit.—In the central quarter of the town, there is, indeed, scarcely a house that, either for the peculiarity of its construction, or for its connection with some incident of civic or political history, is not calculated to arrest and recompence the attention of the curious and intelligent enquirer. The exteriors of many are decorated with armorial and other designs elaborately carved in relief, both on wood and on stone—some of them coeval with and allusive to the visits of Royal and other illustrious personages to the place.

The real cause of such a predominance here of the ancient stile is, perhaps, to be found, not so much in any popular feeling of attachment to what is venerable or dignified, as in that carelessness (already remarked) which Frenchmen in general evince, with respect to the amelioration of property, and the economy of domestic life. Though so quick in their perceptions, as to the different sources of worldly enjoyment, they seem neither to participate in, nor to comprehend that bold and restless spirit of improvement, with which an Englishman is actuated, when

“Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis,”

intent on *utility* and *comfort*, whether in plans of a private or a public nature; whether in the alteration of a fire-place, or the excavation of a commercial dock; the erection of a cottage *ornée*, or the building of a street!

In alluding to the inconveniences of *old* Rouen, it is right for me, at the same time, to remark the number of excellent fountains which one meets with; and also the

streams of clear water that flow through some of the closest parts of the town. By means of these supplies, the dyers, who, before the great increase of the cotton establishments in the neighbourhood, were an exceedingly numerous body, have the advantage of carrying on their business at a distance from the Seine.

We passed the Custom-house and the Exchange, both handsome and spacious stone buildings—the latter has a Court before it, where, at noon, the merchants in fine weather prefer to assemble—and which serves also for a fashionable evening promenade. Then continuing our walk along the quays, where vessels of a hundred tons burthen come up; the stately Bridge of Boats over the Seine, was our next object. It supplies the place of a stone one, the arches of which were carried away by the river overflowing its banks; an event of no unfrequent occurrence in the wintry season. The passage of vessels through the bridge, by sliding out one of the boats from its place, is effected with extraordinary expedition and facility. The traffic over this bridge is very great, it being the communication between Rouen and the extensive suburb of *Saint Sever*, which we found to rival its parent town in mercantile and manufacturing bustle, and far to excel it in commodious buildings, elegant gardens, and the attractive walk and ride of the *Grand Cours*.

On our return through *Porte Grand Pont*, we did not fail to notice the exterior of the Theatre, on the entablature of which is placed a medallion of *Corneille*, whom this city reckons among her many eminent natives. The *Rothomagiens* honour the memory of the great Father of French Tragedy, with an annual *fête dramatique*, dedicated solely to the performance of his prin-

cial pieces. The garlands used on the last of these anniversaries had negligently been left entwined around his bust ; but the flowers faded, the laurels withered, the ribbands soiled, and the face of the justly-renowned Poet smutted with lamp black—formed such an *ensemble* of shabby thread-bare parade, as conveyed, to my mind, the keenest edge of a satire on the propensity of the French to be always *en représentation*.

After dinner, being joined by *Monsieur G. D—*, a merchant, and well-behaved man, to whom our friend H. had kindly introduced us by letter, we continued our perambulation, which was now directed to the western Boulevards, where, since the period of my former visit, a great number of very handsome houses has been erected, and where there is a general appearance of improvement. This substitution of edifices, suited for the residence of opulent persons, in place of part of the old city ramparts and defences, is a public work, and does not, therefore, invalidate the remark which has just been made respecting the slow progress of renovation in the habitations of individuals.—It was intended to have opened a spacious street from this airy quarter of the town, in a direct line to the west front of the Cathedral ;—the realization of such a plan would have been incomparably fine ; but the late Government had other uses, more congenial to its military policy both for its own funds, and for those of the municipality. Our next visit was to the *Jardin des Plantes*, which (if, with the recollection of that at Paris, I cannot speak of it in the most glowing terms) is an institution reflecting credit on the scientific and literary acquirements of the inhabitants of Rouen. Other public establishments there are, equally praise-worthy, which we had opportunity of knowing only by report.

There yet remained to us an hour or two more of a fine evening; and the *domineering* eminence of Mount *St. Catherine* was still to be ascended. Having formerly experienced a high gratification in viewing the prospect commanded from that elevation, I was desirous of renewing it with my friend (albeit not less fatigued than himself, with the long and incessant occupation of our day's ramble). Accordingly, we accepted the offer of our Rouen merchant to conduct us the nearest way; and as we went along, naturally falling into discourse on subjects connected with the present state of Rouen and of France, I asked him if the assertions which I had heard made, were well founded, viz. that there existed on the part of the inhabitants in general of this great city, a strong feeling of attachment towards the Government of Buonaparte; and whence that feeling principally arose? His answer was, that the allegation was true to a certain extent; and in proceeding to account for the fact, he observed, that as the politics of the generality are usually swayed by consideration of interest, so there were in Rouen, a large part of the population, who, being employed in the manufactory of cotton goods, (a most advantageous branch of business introduced since the Revolution) were benefited by Napoleon's system of burning and excluding British merchandize, and who looked with regret and discontent at the abolition of a power, which, during the last ten years of its existence, had given them a sort of monopoly in the markets, not only of France, but of the Netherlands, of Holland, and even of Germany. Buonaparte's continental system, however, was a system co-existent only with a state of universal war; and war was ruinous to the maritime trade of France. Now, Rouen

being a port as well as a manufacturing place, required for its general and permanent prosperity, a free intercourse, by sea as well as land, with foreign countries; or, at least, an uninterrupted transit for the products of its capital and industry. However favourable, therefore, the policy of Buonaparte, in excluding *us*, (the English) from the Continent, might have been to the particular interests of the manufacturers of Rouen; yet Peace, which had returned with the Bourbons, was not less advantageous to the general commerce of the place, and might have proved more so, but on account of events, for the concomitant and deplorable evils of which they (the French) had to thank themselves—namely, the occurrences of the second invasion, so replete with disaster and humiliation, consequent on the return of Buonaparte from Elba. Such was the general tenour of this intelligent Frenchman's remarks; and his further observations, on the state of the cotton establishments at Rouen, were of a nature to convince me, (*patriotically* speaking almost *too strongly*) that they are already capable of opposing a most formidable *rivalité* to our own.

At length, after some exertion, we reached the wished-for point of view—the summit of Mount *Saint Catherine*, whence a noble *panorama* opened to our enraptured sight. We stood on the ruins of the old fort, which Henry the Fourth destroyed after the submission of Rouen to his authority, and under the ramparts of which many a valiant countryman of ours, in the days of the League, had “sought the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth,” by the side of that great warrior. On one side, the city of Rouen lay before us, in *minified* dimensions: the spire of its Cathedral, 400 French feet high, ceasing then to demand the accustomed ele-

vation of the eye in beholding it, seemed to sink in humble sense of inferiority before this lofty "rock of ages," to which our Shakespeare's poetic description of Dover Cliff, might be applied without exaggeration. The town, the port, and shipping, the bridge of boats, and the *faubourg* of St. Sever, thus seen with a *bird's eye*, looked half map and half picture, presenting a distinct idea of their relative situation and connection, in one enchanting *coup d'œil*. On the other side, the eye embraced a surprising sweep of country, the mountainous parts of which extend around the city, and display to the very tops the cultivator's toil rewarded by fertility. The Seine, object of varied beauty, and source of countless blessings to the regions through which it flows, here studded with green isles, rolled in voluptuous meanders through the extensive landscape; and its waters reflecting back the glowing tints of the afternoon sun, marked out their rapid course, in the direction of *Havre*, till their entrance between the distant hills intercepted them from our further view. It was with reluctance, that we quitted a scene, in which Nature so powerfully captivated by her charms, and awed by her sublimity—a scene, in which the useful works of modern industry were so intimately blended with the imposing remains and majestic monuments of ancient power and ancient faith.

Although Rouen appears to occupy an area not much larger than that of the ground on which Norwich stands, yet the population (taxed at 85,000) amounts, as Mr. D. assured us, to not less than 100,000 souls. This condensation of many people into a small compass, contributes to give an encreased appearance of bustle to the streets, the principal of which reminded us, in that

respect, of the traffic of London. It was dusk when we again entered the town ; but we found the most frequented thoroughfares well lighted, and in the *Rue des Carmes*, the succession of little shops, illuminated *à la mode de Palais Royal*, formed an acceptable lounge after the wanderings of the day.

Convents and Churches used to be as numerous here as *Caffés* and *Restaurateurs* are now in Paris : one scarcely can go through the narrowest lane without passing the walls of a religious house, or some ecclesiastical ruin. Very many of them have been converted to secular purposes ; some not the most dignified. The *Diligences* drive into the portals of more than one : and the two churches of St. *Jean* and St. *Nicholas* were magazines for wool, when, on my former visit, we inspected their fine stained glass windows, which, every day, were breaking into shivers, from the pressure of the bales, which these mercantile *Goths* were perpetually piling up against them, without compunction.* Before the Revolution, thirty two of these conventual and collegiate establishments, and the same number of churches, existed in Rouen.

* The act of securing a portion of these admirable paintings from further injury, by their removal to a country where their merits were appreciated, and their subjects revered, was surely one that deserves a less obnoxious appellation than that of *pillage*, with which it has been branded in the work of a certain English Antiquary. For myself, I am not ashamed of avowing a participation in the employment of taking many of these tasteful donations of Catholic bounty from their mouldering frames, and packing them up (in 1802) for a voyage to England, where the chief part now serve to enrich the windows of our Protestant Churches. The Jacobin venders of these brittle reliques, did not part with them for *nothing*. How fruitful a source of expense, and of anxious and laborious occupation, they proved in the purchase and subsequent disposal, I have, on very near and dear considerations, cause but too decidedly to affirm !

In the present state of European Society, there would be little, perhaps, seriously to regret in the suppression of the Monastic Orders, were it limited to the work of an equitable and temperate policy, emanating from pure and enlightened views of religion, and effected on a gradual system of operation. But, unhappily, the *actuating principle*, hitherto displayed in the subversion of these institutions, has proved to be of a kind equally inimical to knowledge, to virtue, to Christianity. This principle, manifested as it was both in the predicament of England under the lustful and rapacious tyrant Henry, and in that of France under the many-headed despot of Revolution, by the atrocious cruelties and barbarian ravages, with which the execution of the expulsive decrees were accompanied, can never be too indigantly execrated, nor too deeply deplored! For, independent of the evils immediately resulting, in both cases, from such flagrant violations of justice and humanity, the irreparable loss which Literature was made to sustain, in the total destruction, or indiscriminate and wasteful plunder of the abbey libraries, has imparted to these events, a character of sacrilegious mischief, extending its afflicting visitation to mankind in after ages.

The devastation, here, among books and works of art must have been immense. In 1802, some precious curiosities were to have been picked up in this old place; and still there doubtless remain on the shelves of the Rouen booksellers, numerous volumes worthy the ardent researches of a *Bibliomaniac*—a species of *non compos* very rarely to be found in France. Though uninitiated myself in the *black letter mysteries*, I accidentally stumbled, this time, upon a lot of convent books, from which I selected an *illuminated missal*, containing some

brilliant specimens of gold painting, and a production or two of the graphic art, not wholly unworthy even the pencil of a *Durer*.

The dress of the ladies of Rouen is quite *à la Parisienne*. The *marchandes*, and women of the lower class, retain their provincial peculiarity of costume. A particular kind of cotton print, exhibiting a *flaring* combination of blue, red, and black, is manufactured here for the use of the latter; and this, like the petticoat of *Betty Blackberry* in the English farce, is laid over so many *thats*, as to give a most ludicrous protuberance to their hips. These ponderous habiliments, however, may be deemed to serve as a necessary counterbalance to the enormous size and grotesque form of the head-dress; and though, at first sight, the whole seems to be a most unaccountable *transmogrification* of the "human form divine," yet one soon becomes reconciled to, and even pleased with these evidences of local originality.

CHAP. IV.

Departure from Rouen—Hyperbolical appellatives for travelling Conveyances—Temerity of Foot Passengers—Beggars—Pomposity of French Designations—The Vélucifère—Comparative remarks on English Stage Coaches and French Diligences, Guards and Conducteurs, Drivers and Postillons—Village Dilapidations—Forlorn Châteaux—Approach to Paris.

MAY 19th.

THE French have been noted by STERNE for the *sublimity* of their comparisons: a buckle of his Parisian barber's wig would continue to stand even "though it were emerged in the ocean!" Could "Yorick" now once more pursue his entertaining remarks on this most *characteristic* nation, he would find them soaring as much as ever above the phlegmatic region of mere "pail of water" conceptions: at the same time it must be allowed, that we ourselves have been ascending in the scale of ideas, or, to speak more correctly, the English nomenclature has been swelling with the phrases of pomposity. And, with respect to the names of travelling conveyances, our *Telegraphs* and *Highflyers*, like the French appellatives of *L'Eclair* and *Vélucifère*, "profess more than they perform:" if, indeed, there be any meaning at all in the word *Vélucifère*, which seems to set *derivation*, or at least *perspicuity* at defiance. In a vehicle so named, however, did we take our places this morning for Paris; and, inasmuch as swiftness of motion is implied by the term, "*it had not its name for nothing.*"

At five o'clock, as we galloped along the quays, we found them already thronged with people, and the loud cracks of our postillion's whip were sometimes too much like "a word and a blow, when the blow comes first;" for they sounded a fearful signal of almost inevitable and fatal mishap to the foot passengers, who, on their side, appeared to wait the near approach of danger with a *sang froid*, exceeded only by the adroitness with which they critically avoided it. But in thus tempting destruction, it is to be feared, they must often meet the fate they so wantonly brave. This temerity or carelessness of foot passengers, in continuing to be in the way of our wheels, prevails through the whole *route*: in France, Flanders, and Holland, they are all alike obstinate and fool-hardy. At first it used to put me in a *cold-sweat*, afterwards in a *passion*; but custom, "that breeder of habits," soon made me mind as little whom we were going to drive over, as though they were so many hens and chickens—ducks and geese, scurrying before us.

From the *Barrière*, at the foot of Mount St. Catherine, the road leads up a long and steep ascent. Here a deplorable army of beggars were ready at their post, imploring charity in their usual strain of appeal to our love for that Being whose power is only equalled by his beneficence; or for that guileless Intercessor, who partook the sufferings, in obtaining the redemption of mortality!* The importunity of these "sons and daughters of want" was not the less successful for the shock which their appearance gave to our feelings. More miserable

* The ordinary terms of solicitation, used by French mendicants, are—"Ayez de la charité, s'il vous plait, pour l'amour de Dieu"—"Donnez quelque chose à un pauvre malheureux, mon très charitable Monsieur, pour l'amour de Jesus Christ," &c.

objects I scarcely ever beheld : the greater portion were cripples, disgustingly eloquent in the motionless exposition of every species of deformity and mutilation : and those who followed our carriage, with squallid forms, only half covered with rags, and with visages nipped into livid paleness by the keen tooth of the morning air, looked more like ghosts than “habitants o’ the earth.” Certainly it well becomes the kind-hearted traveller to distribute a few *sous* among the indigent crowd that, from time to time, beset him in his path ; yet there is nothing that more fully justifies his severe reprehension, than that defect or abuse of municipal arrangements and provisions, which adds such distressful numbers, and gives such frightful license, to “the vagrant train.” Would that this observation were exclusively applicable to the towns and villages on the Continent ; but, although the nuisance there exists in a more systematic, unrestrained, and troublesome degree, yet our own country endures its full share of the evils of *professional* mendicity.

Arrived at the top of the eminence, we waited for the carriage, which from the length and perpendicularity of the ascent, proved a dead pull to the horses. In casting our eyes about us, an object caught the attention of my friend, which mightily tickled his fancy, whilst it tempted him to tickle his palate too. A person was sitting in front of the door of a mud hovel, with a little table full of apples, oranges, and pears before her. The woman’s habitation was as much like the description of an Irish cabin as any thing poverty struck and paltry could be ; nevertheless, a board, in black chalk characters, stuck on a pole by the entrance, announced it to be a “*Caffé* !” We had a hearty laugh at this whimsical contrast between the mountaineer rudeness of the

petty structure and the refined and accommodating import of its consequential designation. Be it, however, recorded to the honour of *Madame la Caffetière*, that her manners were civil, and her pears super-excellent!

Our *Vélocifère*, though not so large and heavy as the common *diligence*, was nevertheless, (as compared with what we are accustomed to on the other side of the water) a very clumsy concern. Nothing can be more dissimilar than the two countries are in this particular. If a French *postillon* would find himself *désorienté*,* in the management of *four in hand*, from the box of an English stage, “*Master Coachee*” would be scarcely more “*up to the mark*” in filling the place of his Gallican brother of the “*Whip*.” The technical skill of each is suited to their respective services: the former, perhaps, possesses more fertility of expedient in cases of accident; the latter is more methodically attentive to the means of preventing them. The jack boots are now as often omitted as included in the equestrian appointments of *Monsieur le Postillon*. During the different changes between Rouen and Paris, we noticed only two pair used in our “*administration*.” Preposterous as is the appearance of these wood and leather *leg-trunks*, their utility consists in giving more perpendicular weight (*plus de plomb*) to the rider; consequently a firmer seat—and also in furnishing protection to the legs and thighs, in the event of a horse falling. In the generality of our own postillions and drivers, there is a respectable *smartness* of dress, which bespeaks a pride and complacency in their vocation: the Frenchman is more frequently shabby, never neat, and often inconsistently fine. Now and then we met with a *Garçon*

* Out of his latitude.

de bonne fortune, in his jacket of Royal blue, faced with scarlet, *bien poudré*, accomplished with a *bouquet* before, and a club pig-tail, that drummed into his back the flour and grease with which it had been assiduously filled : one could not possibly look at him without thinking of *La Fleur*.

The *build* and *set-out* of a French *Diligence* have repeatedly been described with great minuteness of detail by various tourists : the ponderosity of the machine, and the “ beggarly account ” of ropes and chains, that serve for harness and traces, with the huge caparison of *sheepskin* collars, are characteristics which remain as they formerly were, and will probably continue to be. The vehicle is drawn by five horses—two at the wheels, (one of which is ridden by the postillion) and three leaders abreast. Whether this be one more than used to be allowed to the public carriages, escapes my recollection, but the rate of travelling is considerably more expeditious than formerly, and sometimes indeed most tremendously rapid. The “ leathern conveniency ” in front, called the *cabriolet*, merits the commendation of the traveller, inasmuch as it combines with the comfort and security of an inside place, the advantage of enabling him at pleasure to view the country, and inhale the fresh air. A huge apron, hooked up by a massy bar, keeps all close, and leaves only the head and neck exposed : and should rain, or dust, or the approach of night, require the passengers further protection, the *cabriolet* is furnished with leather curtains, having glazed eye let holes ; and thus external inconvenience is shut out, without excluding light. By engaging this situation, which we generally did from preference, economy is at the same time consulted : it holds three per-

sons, of whom *Monsieur le Conducteur* is always one *ex-officio*. This personage corresponds, in some measure, with our *guard*; his duties are of a very extensive responsibility; he regulates every thing, both with respect to the rate of travelling, the changing of horses, (in which he personally employs himself) and also the safety and accommodation of the passengers, and security of their luggage and the property in general.

Our conductor from Rouen was an uncommonly strong and active man, of the middle stature, and well made: he had evidently been a hussar, or dragoon—there was about him all that reserved, blunt, and unconciliatory manner which peculiarly marks the soldiery of the Buonaparte school. His alert and bold conduct, however, continually excited our admiration: while the carriage was going at full speed, he would jump from the roof—refasten a trace or a rein—and remount with celerity to his former situation. But for his prompt exertions on some occasions, I believe we should not have escaped without a casualty; there are so many “tags and jags” left unmended—pins unscrewed—and *et ceteras* of wear and tear unrepaired. Frequently we were galloped down steep hills, in order to give an impetus to our vehicle in ascending the next eminence; and in the plains, our postillions would put their Norman steeds so much on their mettle, as to set the loose pebbles on the *pavé* flying against our faces, in volleys that would have pelted our eyes out, had not the blinds of our *cabriolet* been precipitately drawn in our defence.

Normandy has long been esteemed to produce the best breed of horses of any province in France. Those on our road were excellent of their kind: something

between a Suffolk punch and a riding hackney. As they are permitted generally to retain the *integrity of their physical powers*, it is no matter of wonder that they should prove full of friskiness and spirit ; but they have also the merit of doing the work of the road extremely well. The French postillions do not usually deserve good horses : from thoughtlessness, vanity, or cruelty of disposition, they too often subject that most useful animal to extreme ill usage : every village must be entered and quitted at full gallop, though perhaps the greater part of the road is obliged to be crept over by the poor brutes, to whom such fits and starts of swiftness are very exhausting. In England, though horses are worked hard, and sometimes too severely pressed, yet they are regularly fed and carefully groomed : but in France they are made to feel more frequently the smartings of the untired whip, than the nutrition of good provender, or the refreshment of the curry-comb.

The practice, which for its dangerous consequences is so justly reprobated in England, viz. that of racing on the road, is very prevalent here. We had a grand contest of this kind, with a couple of men in a single-horse cart : they happened to have the lead of us, and made an object to keep it. Our postillion going at the rate of eight miles an hour, found himself still dusted by the buggy and one : this, as a *Courier Royal*, he considered to be *infra. dig.* and he resolved not to submit to the nuisance : *crack, crack, crack*, went his whip ; *eo peo, peo,** and his horses were in a gallop ; the stones began to fly in our faces ; we could only reconnoitre through the little windows of our curtain. Still the cart kept a-head, and the impudent varlets in it re-

* A French postillion's call to his horses.

verted a leer of defiance upon our postillion, who in his turn looked back at his friend the *Conducteur*, with a flourish of his whip and a sort of *half-laugh*, as much as to say, “a mighty pretty joke this—but I’ll let them soon know whom they have got to deal with :” then shouting afresh to his horses, and simultaneously applying the lash in quick succession to the flanks of all five, he gave redoubled velocity to our career, which neither hill nor dale was capable of arresting. After a hard run of ten minutes, “*by Shrewsbury clock*,” in which our competitors manifested extraordinary *bottom and speed*, at length we passed them in fine stile. O then for the pencil of a Hogarth, to perpetuate the emotions of triumph and exultation depicted on our postillion’s countenance, and the workings of self-satisfaction that shone forth in his various gesticulations. To us he nodded congratulations on the victory he had just gained, addressing his friend the conductor with many a *Sacre Dieu*, against “*les coquins opiniâtres qui courent comme les diables*.” The vanquished party however, were not yet reconciled to the lot of being second best, and presently got the lead again : our hero allowed them the *laisser-passer*, without further contest ; perfectly content with having shewn, that with *five* on his side against *one*, he could beat them, no matter whose necks had been risked for so *important* an object.

It was certainly an affair not wholly unattended with danger. Had it happened in my own country, I might have felt some alarm for the consequences : as it was, the dust and the clatter, and the novelty of the thing, raised such a happy confusion in my ideas, that I experienced all the indifference of being “*only a lodger* :”

and, in fact, whether *on* or *off* the *paré*, or in the more critical moment of changing from one to the other, there was a trust-worthy strength in our wheels, and breadth in our axle trees, that imparted infinitely more tranquillity to one's feelings than our light narrow coaches would have done under similar circumstances. An overturn seldom occurs here, though luck more than wit is to be praised on that account. In England they are continually "tipping us over," but then the mischief is done *secundùm artem*! To see the *any-how-way* in which a French postillion performs the manœuvre of *bringing up*, would throw a scientific disciple of the *waggoning* system into a fit—of astonishment and laughter: 'tis any thing but handsomely done; hind wheels in one direction, fore wheels in another, and the horses hauled round into an awkward groupe, with their heads and tails in all manner of directions. Notwithstanding all this, (which I merely notice because it is a complete contrast of the English mode of managing such matters) the changes are made with excessive rapidity. The arrival at and departure from the post-house was literally the work of a moment. *Tant mieux*, for the country along this road has little to amuse or edify: the villages are a succession of miserable dilapidations; no squire's mansion; no snug parsonage; no neat little shops—indications of concentrated opulence, or of diffused property, such as are to be noticed in the generality of our English villages situated on main roads.

The *Chateaux*, which at long intervals expose themselves to our observation, plainly discover by their own aspect, and by that of the demesnes that surround them, that they are not yet the abode of that class who, from education and influence, are alone fitted to be their in-

habitants. Their forlorn and dismantled condition gives additional heaviness to the stile of their construction, in which seignorial dignity, not domestic ease and convenience, had been the object consulted. They seemed as if left only to stand in mockery of human pride and folly ; the sad memorials of an exploded order of political society, whose corruptions merited, and whose weakness courted chastisement, but whose whole fabric, excellent in the materials of its primary institution, venerable at least for its antiquity, and still susceptible of reparation, was, alas ! swept away by the annihilating touch of so profane a hand as to blast every rational hope of adequate advantage resulting from such a change ! The present generation in France appears likely to reap little more than the *evil fruits* of the Revolution : perhaps the next may be destined to enjoy its *good fruits*. The hasty work of presumptuous man often proves a curse to the world ; but God's goodness never fails ultimately to convert misfortunes into blessings !

At *Magny*, a "long dull line" of a place, we stopped an hour to dine. The diligence coming from Paris, and our machine filled two tables ; and our repast was somewhat of a better and more plentiful kind than is usually provided for stage-coach passengers in England. *Pontoise*, through which we next passed, is a very considerable town ; the main streets well built, and its situation picturesque : it contains some churches of a noble exterior, and its ancient castle is a commanding object. The country, which had hitherto presented "a weary *plain* expanding to the skies," now becomes less monotonous : but either *Franconville*, nor *St. Denis*, (through both which we continued our way) nor even

the still more immediate vicinity of Paris appeared to bear any analogy to the environs of London. The heights of *Montmartre*, identified at a great distance by the telegraph on its church and the numerous windmills on its summit, prepare us to look for the domes of the *Pantheon* and the *Invalides*, which soon afterwards become visible : yet not a single villa, nor country box, intervenes to break the sameness of the straight road that leads from the town of St. Denis ; nothing that indicates the approach to a great Capital.— This is one of the very striking points in which the metropolis of France is in contrast to that of England. It combines with other things, to mark the difference between a city of business and a city of pleasure.

At the *Barrière* of St. Denis we were called upon by *Messieurs les Gens D'Armes* to shew our passports, being for the tenth time at least since we landed at Dieppe. This entrance to Paris is the least prepossessing of any. The Gate of St. Denis, (at the boundary of the *Faubourg*) forms a consequential introduction to the body of the place ; and the transition is great and pleasing, when, out of a long defile of narrow street with lofty houses, we emerge through this triumphal record of the *Grand Monarque's* victories, and find ourselves on a sudden in the broad road of the *Boulevards*, phoenix of health and ornament to Paris, sprung from the ruins of those “ gloomy towers and moats profound ” which anciently encompassed her. We reached our Hotel about five o'clock, having performed a journey of ninety miles in little more than eleven hours.

CHAP. V.

PARIS—*Reflections on revisiting it—Perambulation the First—Square of the Carousal, its alterations and novelties—Triumphal Arch—Restorations and improvements in the Louvre—Palace and Gardens of the Thuilleries—New Street of Rivoli—Buonaparte's Column in the Place Vendome—observations on it—French pretensions to Roman greatness.*

MAY 20th.

AND here then am I again at Paris! Mingling in the volatile throng, once more I pace her streets, traverse her walks, survey her edifices: at every step meeting objects calculated to create pleasure, to renew interest, to awaken reflection, and to give to the memory of scenes witnessed in early youth, all the force and all the vivacity of yesterday's impression. Unchanged amidst perpetual changes, unaffected by political vicissitudes, unabashed by national humiliations, Paris still welcomes the long absent stranger to her amusements, her curiosities, her delights—with features so animated, with an outward shew of cheerfulness so oblivious of the bitter past, as almost to induce a doubt whether the multifarious and extraordinary events of which she has been the conspicuous stage, may be aught more than the “unreal mockeries” of a dream! The first evening of our arrival, as, in company with my friend, I took an eager recognizing stroll, I could not help repeating to myself the question, again and again,—“*Is it possible that I have not been in these places for fourteen years?*—

Parisians, you are just the same beings I once before beheld ye ; unlike any other I have since been accustomed to see—

“ So gay a round *your* thoughtless lives display ;

“ So *idly busy* runs *your* world away.”

But although, in reference to the active character and social habits of its population, the motto “ *Semper eadem*” may, with very little qualification, be applied to Paris ; yet, with regard to public works, whether erected for the purposes of embellishment, of utility, or of recreation, it is a city which, far from having remained in an unaltered state, has been both ornamented and improved since the period of 1802. Without presuming to adopt any formal design of delineating Paris of the present day, I shall have occasion, in the course of my observations, slightly to advert to the nature and extent of some of these restorations and additions.

Few people ever made a more assiduous and persevering use of time and uninterruptedly fine weather, than my worthy companion and myself did of the eighteen days we passed in the French capital and its environs ; yet am I but too sensible, that to recapitulate every thing of interest which *we* saw in that short interval, is only to betray how much remained by *us* unseen. Perhaps there is not another place in the world, Rome alone excepted, which contains so great a fund of objects worthy the attention of the curious and the scientific stranger ; to the lover of pleasure, under all its varied forms, it holds forth charms of unrivalled attraction ; and it offers equal and unexampled facilities to the pursuits of men of all tastes and dispositions. For him, therefore, who would thoroughly know, and correctly describe such a place as Paris, the residence of many months

would scarcely be sufficient ; and as to the generality of transient visitors, they must be content to come away with ideas of it, almost as imperfectly conceived, and as inadequately imparted, as those which are attempted to be given in the following pages. Our plan was to have new objects for the occupation of each coming day ; and we generally fulfilled it by an alternation of *perambulations* through the *town*, and of *excursions* into the *country*. On a similar principle of *diversification* rather than of *classification*, I shall follow up the details of this part of my Journal.

Our first walk commenced at the *Carousel*, with the appearance of which I was much struck : the alterations and novelties in this noble square have been very considerable. These works were just beginning to be put in execution at the period of my former visit. The area of the *Place* had already been enlarged by pulling down the buildings abutting on the *Pavillon de Marsan* of the *Thuilleries*, and those of the street where the *machine infernale* was exploded. The great plan proposed by Bernini to Louis XIV. for completing the union of the two palaces of the Louvre and the *Thuilleries*,* was in great progress during the first years of the late Government : its speedy accomplishment was then regarded as certain ; but the anticipations of the Parisians are still far, very far, from being realized, and the gigantic design will in all probability be left unfinished. About a hundred and fifty yards of the New Gallery, in exact conformity to the architectural character of its opposite prototype, have been built, and

* By the erection of a Gallery beginning at the northern angle of the *Thuilleries*, parrallel with that on the side of the river, and extending to a point of connection with the Louvre.

serve to complete, in a very regular and superb manner, the *Cour du Palais*. Buonaparte doubtless gained one of *his* principal objects, when he had cleared away old houses sufficient to enable a body of 15 or 20 thousand men to manœuvre there in review before him. Indeed the space already laid open is large enough to unmask the stupendous line of the Thuilleries; and the attempt to unite two such buildings as that and the Louvre Palace, in whose respective fronts there is so great a want of parrallelism, promises little else than disappointment.

The exterior walls of the Louvre Gallery, and of the Thuilleries, have been scraped and repaired with great labour and care. Even the *shot-holes* that were wont to be pointed out as memorials of the attack of the insurgent rabble on the murderous 10th of August,* have all been filled up: nothing of that sort now remains “to catch the conscience” of the once “Sovereign People.” But, although the “good citizens” of Paris have long made up their minds to discard the whole series of sad thoughts; yet they must not esteem it a breach of that good breeding which is now again their boast, if the stranger should now and then exhibit symptoms of a less accommodating memory. For my own part, so often as I visit this truly magnificent and beautiful quarter, where indeed there is so much to excite admiration and to inspire enjoyment, I must confess that not all its qualities, however imposing and agreeable, nor all the pleasurable sensations which it communicates, as the favourite resort of a lively people—are yet powerful enough to repel the obtrusive thought of those revolutionary atrocities, which “in my mind’s eye” stamp the heart-oppressing name of *Golgotha* on each

* 1792.

prominent feature of the splendid and animated scene !

The triumphal arch erected by Napoleon in honour of the campaign of 1805, is an elaborate and exquisite piece of workmanship ; but it requires some command of temper when one observes its situation and size, and judges of them relatively to the objects by which it is surrounded. It is no disparagement to the merits of the artists who designed and constructed it, to notice that they took the arch of *Septimus Severus*, at Rome, for their guide. They have not confined themselves to a servile imitation of the *antique*, but have displayed strong marks of genius in the decorative parts. Among the sculptures with which it is adorned, are eight figures severally representing a cuirassier, a dragoon, a foot chasseur, a carabineer, a grenadier of the guard, an artillery man, and a sapper, in all of which, executed as they are in a very fine style, the French military costume and personal characteristics are delineated with great fidelity, and with the happiest attention to the picturesque adjustment of attitude, arms, and drapery. As a national monument, however, it is palpably deficient ; it looks like the model for some larger work, rather than the work itself which is to commemorate events of public glory. Placed in the vast extent of ground that intervenes between two palaces, in whose presence its dimensions shrink into insignificance, and harmonizing with nothing around, it serves only the more conspicuously to expose an irremediable defect, viz. that the Louvre and the Thuilleries are not on the same axis,* and consequently that their portals and esplanades can never be so arranged as to *face* each other ! The groupe of the four Corinthian horses, harnessed to the Car of

* Vide " Description de Paris, et de ses édifices, par Legrand."

Victory, could not fail to have formed a choice ornament on the top of this arch. These trophies from Venice were, in 1802, disposed in a different way : they stood singly, each on a separate pedestal, in the *alignement* of the iron railing of the Court of the Carousal. The gilding of the car and variegated marble of the arch are not in unison with the simplicity of the Roman model. Perhaps, as the Austrians have caused the horses of *Lysippus* to march off the ground, the best thing this *arcus triumphalis*, thus “shorn of its beams,” could do, would be to follow the example, and place itself in some situation where it shall no longer interrupt the view of more majestic structures (like the handsome little church of St. Margaret by the side of Westminster Abbey) but be admired, as it deserves, for the taste and beauties with which it abounds.

The restorations and improvements which have been effected, and are still going on in the Louvre, claim the acknowledgement and approval of every one who values the preservation and amelioration of civil architecture. Few things of the kind surpass this noble quadrangle, each side of which is distinguished by a stile distinct from the other, and yet the discordances and irregularities have been so greatly subdued, that they now tend to increase rather than to lessen the interesting appearance of the whole structure. Both History and the Arts unite their powers of captivation, as we survey this celebrated edifice—this object of the munificence, and this theatre, alas ! of the crimes of Kings. It presents us with specimens of the taste which prevailed in three succeeding epochas of the French Monarchy—viz. That of Francis the First and Henry the Second—that of Louis the XIV. and that of the reign of Louis XV. To these it would

be unjust to omit adding the works that belong to the reign of Napoleon, which, not confined to the mere object of repairing and cleaning, have been extended, at an immense cost, to every part both of the *façades* and the interior of the building, uniting the labours of the sculptor and the architect, in a variety of embellishments.

After the successes of the French arms, in 1806, Bonaparte appropriated a prodigious treasure (out of the contributions wrung from the conquered people) to the completion of the Louvre. For three years the works proceeded with a rapidity perfectly characteristic of the man under whose auspices they were planned: after that time they began to flag. The restless insatiate temper of the “buckler raised Emperor,” involving him in fresh wars, which, while they spilt oceans of blood, put little or no “money in his purse,” caused the designs of metropolitan aggrandizement to be curtailed—and public difficulties increasing in later years beyond all measure, obliged him to direct his building fund to other purposes. And it would really seem, as though, speaking historically of the Louvre,—it is a Palace which *never is, but always to be finished*.

The justly famous Collonade, the *chef d'œuvre* of Perrault, and a classic specimen of the French School of Architecture, unfortunately wastes its Corinthian magnificence on an undignified and dirty part of the town. How greatly would its elegance and beauty have been advantaged, had it, instead of the eastern, formed the western front, looking in the direction of the Caroussel and the Thuilleries! This, however, would have been inconsistent with the design of manifesting the refinement of the modern, without destroying the labour of the old school. A more reasonable ground of com-

plaint is, however, to be found in the disposition of the French *Restorers* to be “never ending, still beginning.” When I was here before, the esplanade in front of the collonade was (I well remember) clogged with scaffolding, blinds, and building stones. It will scarcely be credited, but, these self-same nuisances still remain to impede the view and impair the effect of one of the finest *morceaux* of modern architecture, that ever gave dignity and splendour of aspect to a Royal residence.—The *bas reliefs* placed over the entrance of the vestibule, and in the pediment of the collonade, give a fine finish to the central arrangement of that front: their subjects, connecting as usual the reign of Napoleon with the monuments of the ancient dynasty, are admirably executed in the most chastened spirit of modern design.

Quitting the Louvre, we retraced our steps across the Carousal, and passing through the Palace, entered the Gardens of the Thuilleries, where, ascending the noble *Terrace of the Seine*, we seated ourselves at our ease, and enjoyed the truly grand perspective. The palace and the gardens are alike worthy of a Great King; and, with the surrounding objects, all on a corresponding scale of magnificence, adorning and adorned, constitute a scene inexpressibly fine. Placed in the midst of this *arrondissement* of the capital, one is no longer at a loss to account for the raptures in which a Frenchman always speaks of it. Here, indeed, are combined so many qualifications which render a *promenade* delightful—the sciences of architecture, sculpture, horticulture, hydraulics—all exert their several charms for promoting mental gratification, and for administering corporeal relaxation and refreshment. Here, amidst palaces, statues, parterres, fountains, trees, and terraces, the

Parisian of humble life permitted with equal facility of access to share, in these respects, the advantages enjoyed by his wealthier neighbours, experiences all the pride as well as the satisfaction of proprietorship. The spacious gardens are open every day till dusk: they are laid out in a taste much improved of late years; and, being kept with great neatness and security of regulation, they afford every accommodation of cool benches and shady walks, which an ardent though delicious summer sky renders most acceptable.

The majestic front of the Palace, occupying a line of more than 300 yards, presents like the Louvre, a dissimilarity of stile, and a dissonance of parts, the natural consequence of those successive plans of enlargement and decoration to which it has been made subject. Catharine de Medicis, whose character and administration afford a strong instance to prove, that a cultivated taste for the fine arts, and a munificent disposition for their encouragement, may exist in a very wicked mind, and in a most depraved age—this princess employed Philibert de Lorme to build the great pavillion in the middle, which, with the two contiguous wings, form, under the improvements of Louis XIV. the lightest and most elegant portion of the edifice. The colossal architecture and insupportably heavy roofs of the flanking pavillions of Flora and Marsan, added by Henry IV. and Louis XIII. shew the art of building to have retrograded during the cruel and barbarising period of religious dissensions. Taking it, however, for all in all, the exterior of the Thuilleries inspires a powerful sentiment of admiration; for though not the result of one grand idea, it still displays a most extraordinary degree of regularity; and the near inspection of its minuter

details is as eminently calculated to reward the attentive observer, as its general aspect is superbly commanding when viewed from that just point of distance which embraces it in a single *coup d'œil*.

Parrallel with the Gardens of the Thuilleries, facing the old *Terrace des Feuillants*, a new street has been opened, forming a very handsome communication between the *Place de Carousel* and the *Place de Louis XV*. The houses are on the very first scale of grandeur, but a considerable portion of them remain in an unfinished state. This street is called the *Rue de Rivoli*,* and is pierced at right angles by another, extending to the *Boulevards*, through the *Place Vendome*. In the centre of this square, Napoleon's "column pointing to the skies" presented, in its fine proportions and superior elevation, an object which it was impossible to view at a distance without being irresistibly attracted to take a closer and more leisurely inspection of it. It is precisely on the model of Trajan's column at Rome. *Piranesi's* fine print of that celebrated historical monument shews us, that not merely has the idea been borrowed from it, of adorning the shaft from top to bottom with *basso relievos*, but the ornaments of the stylobate or pedestal have been also suggested from the same source. The noble simplicity of that famous pillar has, however, been deviated from in the base of the shaft, under the moulding of which, at each angle of the pedestal, above the cornice, "the eternal blazon" of the Eagle has been foisted : these Imperial birds of prey are employed in supporting with their beaks a garland of laurel. The column is constructed of stone, with a perfect casing of bronze ; the latter material *all* formed,

* In honour of Marshal Massena.

as it is said, from the brass of the cannon taken in the campaign of 1805. The bas reliefs, ascending in a spiral form from the base to the capital, delineate in chronological order the principal actions of “ *the three months’ war,*” as it was called in the Latin inscription, placed over the gate of entrance.*

There are 276 of these plates of bronze, each of which is three feet wide and three feet eight inches high ; they are founded in the most ingenious manner from designs of uncommon merit, and are fixed into the stone work of the inner case of the column, with so much accuracy, that it is difficult to perceive where they join. More than three thousand figures of soldiers, and as many more of horses, with every description of military equipage, are here introduced into the representation of the different battles and incidents of the campaign, such as the crossing of rivers, taking of towns, surrendering of keys and colours, marching, charging, and bivouacking : in short, the whole eventful history, beginning with the departure of the Grand French Army from the camp at Boulogne to the battle of Austerlitz, and the conclusion of the Peace of Presburg ; the seal of that disgrace to Austria in the cabinet, which imbecility, cowardice, and treason had wrought for her in the field.

Alike developed in the most brilliant exploits of military skill and valour ; in the most daring and cruel measures of a system of government without either justice or good faith ; and in the concomitant spirit of the meanest and most corrupt intrigue, the Genius of revolu-

* Napolio. Imp. Aug. Monumentum Belli

Germanici. Anno MDCCCV. trimes—

Tri spatío ductu suo profligati ex acre capto

Gloriæ exercitus maximi dicavit,

tionary France, under her child and champion, has glorified the day of her prosperity by the erection of this beautiful and imposing monument. And may not the Allied Sovereigns be said to have celebrated the consummation of European independence, by consecrating the respect with which they have, for the second time, treated it as a work of art, to the infinitely higher glory of a just and firm, yet liberal and enlightened policy ?

The statue of Buonaparte (12 feet high) which stood so proudly on its summit, and is now but poorly supplied by the *White Flag*, was taken down at the effervescent moment of *re-action*, by the hands of Frenchmen alone. Mobs, under whatever watchword they act, whether of *liberty* or of *loyalty*, whether of *philosophy* or of *religion*, equally delight in injuring that which they are unable to appreciate ; and the same blind impetuosity with which the inconstant multitude removed the effigy, to the cry of “ *à bas le Tyran,*” would have in this instance extended to the mutilation of the pillar which it crowned, but for the protecting interference of that very Power over whose misfortunes it vaunted, and whose submissions it commemorated. Austria, satisfied with having wiped away the stain of her defeats from the page of modern annals, disdained to claim the rights of conquest or to plead the law of retaliation, for the purpose of revenging her wrongs on a *memorial of past fame*, to take away which would *not* have “ enriched ” her, but made France “ poor indeed.”

The *concierge* having furnished us each with a small lantern, we ascended, by their light, the steep windings of a geometrical staircase of stone constructed in the interior of the column ; and from the gallery at the top were presented with a complete view of the city. It

would indeed be difficult to select a situation more advantageous for a panoramic painting of Paris. The height of it* is sufficient to command all the principal edifices ; and it may better be dispensed with in the picture than Notre Dame, the Pantheon, or the Invalids : it moreover stands in the most interesting and elegant part of the capital. All the Panoramas of Paris which I have seen, being taken from some central point of the city, appear liable to this objection—that they afford only distant and indistinct views of the Thuilleries and its Gardens, and of the Place de Louis XV. and consequently that they fail to do that justice to the subject, which would result from depicting this metropolis in its most favourable light. From hence, on the contrary, instead of looking on all sides into a parcel of old chimnies and narrow streets, the subject lies before us, in a wide circle of magnificence ; nor is the eye in danger of being annoyed in the fore-ground by the obtrusion of any disgusting or undignified objects.

Over the capital is a balcony, encompassing a small dome, on which it is said a statue of Charlemagne was at first intended to have been placed ; but Buonaparte, not content with forming the prominent figure in every successive range of the *bas reliefs*, was pleased to have *his own* there. Neither of them, correctly speaking, (as I conceive), were appropriate. The former would have been an egregious piece of anachronism—the latter was the personage who professed to dedicate the monument to the glory of others. Trajan's

* The height, including the base and capital, is 120 feet ; its diameter at the bottom 14 feet, diminishing upwards to 12 feet. The Pillar of Trajan is 140 feet high, and the Monument at London 202 feet in height. Thus the French column falls short not only of the proportions of our *Wren's*, but also of those of the *antique*, of which it is a close imitation.

image surmounted the pillar, which bears his name and records his victorious actions; but *he* was the object of its dedication. Such distinctions as these, however, are too hyper-critically nice for French flattery and military pride to see, or to value, if seen. The metallic covering imparts a sounding vibration, and even the sensation of a *tremblement* in windy weather—and, owing to the glare of its polished surface, as well as to the spiral direction of the plates, the examination of the different groups on the shaft is attended with a painful effort.

But, whether considered for the style of the sculpture which is of the most masterly kind; whether for the ingenuity employed in its construction, in which difficulties of the most complicated nature were surmounted; or whether for the general disposition and effect, which is that of sublimity and beauty united, this BRAZEN PILLAR is every way calculated to excite our wonder and our praise. Raised by Napoleon to perpetuate "*the Glory of the Grand French Army*;" but converted by events into a more lasting record of his own vanity and ruinous extravagance, it does indeed deserve, for its executive merits, to be distinguished as *the Triumph of Art*. If, however, the mortal remains of *all* the victims to this "bold bad man's" ambition could be accumulated to form the materials of a pyramid, the enormous fabrics of Egypt would be, compared to it, even as a "Wart" to "Ossa." A pyramid of human skulls, cemented with human blood, and varnished o'er with human tears—the lofty summit crowned with the sculptured personification of *Earthly Misery* seeking its only refuge in the arms of *Death*. *This* is the monument which "the imagination," undazzled by false greatness, and undebauched by false principles, "bodies forth"

to the fame of *Buonaparte the Conqueror*. This, appalling as it is in idea, dreadful and disgusting were it capable of realization, would nevertheless be the *Triumph of Truth!*

The French of our days have been very fond of giving themselves Roman *airs*. “*Delenda est Carthago*” was their invading war-whoop against England. Proud Paris, however, has, *par hasard*, been in somewhat greater jeopardy of being *blotted out* of the map than *shop-keeping* London. Equally unfortunate seems to have been their selection, for a model, of the *Columna Trajana*. The Conqueror of the Dacians played *his* part better than to lose *all* the fruits of his own and his predecessors’ victories : *he* did not devote his grand army to inevitable destruction, nor did *he* desert them at their utmost need : *he* did not live to see his capital *twice* in the power of an enemy, nor survive the ignominy of a *second abdication!* Yet, in one point, there is a coincidence. Ancient Dacia now forms part of the hereditary dominions of the House of Austria ; and was subdued, or at least beaten into submission, by the French, under Buonaparte, as it was of old by the Emperor to whose renown the “*Senatus Populusque Romanus*” elevated the sculptured pillar of the *Forum*. Here the similitude of destiny ceases : more fortunate than their barbarous ancestors, the Hungarians with the rest of “mighty Germany,” recovering from their state of thralldom, have at length dictated in turn to their oppressors ; and might, “*mutato nomine*,” have re-inscribed the tablet which proclaimed their disasters, to the honour of their own Monarch, as having had a personal share in the glories of a War, not of “*three months*,” but of less than “*six weeks*” duration !

CHAP. VI.

PARIS—*Second Perambulation—New Market Place des Jacobins—Churches of the Magdalen and the Assumption—The Elysian Fields—Place of Louis XV.—Grandeur of its surrounding objects—Reflections on the Murder of the King and Queen of France—Place des Victoires—Palais Royal.*

MAY 21st.

IN commencing our walk, this day, we passed through the *ci-devant Place des Jacobins*, where on the scite of the hall of the *political Pandemonium* of that name, a most excellent covered market has been erected by the late Government. Proceeding thence to the Boulevards, we observed that the Church of the *Madeleine*, the cemetery of numerous victims to the tribunal of iniquity in the time of Robespierre, still remaining a rude heap of stones, although its completion is essential to form one of the finest vistas in Paris, and although it is actually represented as a *finished* building in the print-shops of that metropolis. Passing through the *Rue St. Honoré*, we looked into the Church of the Assumption, a small temple with a prodigiously great cupola, formerly celebrated for its collection of altar paintings; the interior of the dome is finely ornamented by the pencil of La Fosse.

Continuing our way along the *faubourg St. Honoré*, in which are some fine edifices, (among the rest the hotel of the British Ambassador) we made application for admission at the *Elysée Bourbon*, which (by the description given of it) has in no point fallen off

from its splendour and elegance since the time when it was the abode of the voluptuous mistress of Louis XV.* Unluckily for us the apartments of this palace were under the hands of the colourer and the painter, and all entrance prohibited. Along the walls of its extensive gardens, we next proceeded to the *Champs Elysées*, the Hyde Park of Paris, and the present favourite resort of our English fashionables, with whose dashing equipages and equestrian appointments the Parisians of the *bon ton*, although much improved in these appendages of gentility, are yet unable to vie with success. The trees of the *Champs Elysées*, notwithstanding the destruction made among them by the *bivouacs* of the English troops who were encamped there, still afford a pleasant shade, and though planted in the formal *quincunx* style, have a handsome and appropriate appearance. In the midst and on all sides of these plantations are the *guinguettes*, *salles à danser*, *laiteries*, and pleasure gardens, where the Parisians, *chacun à son gout*, enjoy their *tête à tête* or convivial and conversational parties. On a fine Sunday afternoon the *Champs Elysées* are the very picture of vivacity, and the scene of varied amusement to persons of both sexes, and of all ranks, ages, and conditions.

Returning through the Elysian Fields, grandeur increased on us at every step ; till arrived in the centre of the *Grande Place* which intervenes between them and the *Thuilleries*, we were compelled to acknowledge that the capital of the British Empire, superior as it is in point of wealth and extent to Paris, and abounding as it does with numerous insulated specimens of architectural excellence, yet offers no equal to the concentrated splen-

* Madame de Pompadour.

dour that here surrounded us. In our front, (as we stood) were the Gardens of the Thuilleries, the spacious entrance to which, marked by two noble pieces of equestrian sculpture,* discovers, at the extremity of a far stretched line, the stately palace of the King. Turning our eyes to the right, the bridge of Louis XVI. leads them to the modern *façade* of the *Palais Bourbon*, the present Chamber of Deputies, with the golden dome of the Invalids shining in the distance. On the left the collonade of the *Garde Meuble* presents a princely elevation, the continuity of which is broken by a fine street, leading to the Church of the Magdalen, whose completion (as I have already remarked) is indispensably necessary to the intended perfection of this part of the capital: it now forms a blank which one is astonished should have been suffered to remain unsupplied, by men so studious of *effect* as the *artificial* French. Lastly, looking back in the direction of the Elysian Fields decorated at their *entrée* with sculptural designs, corresponding in subject and in merit with those at the opposite face of the square, the perspective is equally interesting and extensive through the avenue of Neuilly, where, on an eminence beyond the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, a view of three quarters of a mile in extent is terminated by an unfinished *arc de triomphe*, begun about nine years ago, to commemorate the conquests. It is built on a very grand scale, but the scaffolding opposes all inspection. The situation is extremely well chosen: from the esplanade on which it stands, the traveller passing from the bridge of Neuilly obtains the first view of the palace and garden of the Thuilleries, then separated from him by a distance of nearly a mile and a

* Coysevox's winged horses of Mercury and Fame.

half—an approach which forms the grandest entrance to Paris ; and constitutes, indeed, one of the most superb and commanding avenues that can be beheld. It is difficult to account for the tardiness of Buonaparte in completing this monument to his own glory. That meteor star being set (I trust for ever) the arch will in all likelihood be embellished with illustrations of other events than those of victories, the fruits of which have all been lost—aye, and more than lost—even before the masses of stone which were to have composed their exulting memorial could all be laid one upon another !

Such is the *ensemble* of objects that environ the *Place de Louis XV.* and it is perhaps not to be matched on this side of the Alps : the extent, the variety, and grandeur of the view received additional brilliancy from a beautiful sky, and from the gay crouds flitting past us in all directions, over the place to which a sensual monarch, in an age of fascinating but corrupted manners, gave his name in exchange for unmeaning adulation, and unmerited panegyric. The French are still true to this trait of their old character, (as ascribed to them by the discriminating Goldsmith)

“ They please, are pleased ; they give to get esteem,

“ Till seeming blest, they grow to what they seem :

“ The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,

“ Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.”

No monument has yet been substituted in the room of Bouchardon's equestrian statue of Louis XV. This would unquestionably have been the preferable spot for the military column, instead of the more circumscribed inclosure of the Place Vendome : but it would seem as if the Parisians superstitiously dreaded to “ mark the marble with the name” of *public glory*, on a spot where

the blood of the illustrious and the innocent was poured out (*horribile dictu*) in overflowing libations at the altar of Democracy and Atheism. They now talk of erecting an *expiatory monument* to the memory of Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette : it is to stand on the very pavement where, in sight of objects identified with their former greatness and prosperity, objects afterwards changed to scenes of massacre for their faithful guards, and of indelible shame to civilized subjects “ in their strange and frightful transformation” *—that august, that royal pair, suffered the revolutionary death of the Guillotine. History offers no parallel to this atrocious deed—this blackest act of judicial murder. More justly entitled to the appellation of Martyrs than either our own Charles, or Scottish Mary, the King and Queen of France fell a sacrifice to that excess of tenderness, which prompted them to spare the lives even of those rebellious subjects who panted for, and at length accomplished their destruction. A revolution accompanied by such a “ triumph of *Anthropophagi*” over rank, birth, and beauty ; over humanity, fortitude, patience, piety ; every amiable quality, and every elevated virtue—would not, and could not “ come to good.” No, from that moment, “ for aye accursed in the calendar,” France became a Volcano, scattering abroad, to the annoyance, plague, and ruin of surrounding nations, the fire of civil discord and irreligious frenzy that consumed her own bowels. In vain she swore “ eternal hatred to Royalty”—the iron sceptre of a Military Emperor was laid heavily on her : in vain she coupled in one “ powerful form of incantation” *La Liberté ou la Mort*—millions on millions she doomed to the grave ; but the

* Burke.

prisons were filled with the victims of oppression ; whilst the blessings and the smiles of Freedom fled from her polluted fields, and still retreated in dismay where e'er her troops of furies followed. A long ascendancy of guilt succeeded ; and the People, lost to religion and to honour, felicitating themselves with possessing the vain bubble of military glory, amidst the total extirpation of every institute of constitutional liberty, had already imagined that outraged humanity and insulted Heaven, would permit the crime of the 21st of January* to pass for ever with impunity. Presumptuous race—the blow to unrighteous power and to impious pride was preparing by Providence even at a time when they thought least of it ; and when their Ruler, puffed up with the conceit of “ brief authority,” said in his heart, “ my tower is so strong it shall never be cast down.”—Great as was his elevation, so rapid and profound was his fall : the colossal fabric of the “ EMPIRE ” crumbled into pieces. And here, where the descendant of Saint Louis, and “ the daughter of Emperors and Kings”—breathing the christian accents of love for all mankind, and praying forgiveness for their murderers—perished by the ignominious hands of jacobin executioners : here, in this *Place de la Révolution*, the armies of Europe, united in one just, one common cause, have recently attested their power and their moderation, tho' surrounded by monuments that boasted the joy and pride of a single nation in the subjugation and misery of a whole continent ! Making a retrograde circuit, we returned by the *Place des Victoires*, from the plan of which the Circus at Bath was probably copied. It will be recollected, that its founder, the Duke of Feuillearde, placed in the middle of

it a Statue of "the Immortal Man,"* as, with that pagan-like prostration of flattery, which is truly French, the monument was inscribed to the honour of Louis XIV. This decoration of the *Place des Victoires* was destroyed in 1792. And the "*Christ of Providence*" (as Buonaparte was called, on his assumption of the Imperial title, by the *pious* Archbishop Cambaceres), had intended to replace it with a trophy to his own renown.—Whatever the design might be, the completion is of course suspended *sine die*; and, when the screen is removed which at present covers the central point of the Place, we shall in all probability be favoured with a further sample of adulation, drawn from the same inexhaustible source, and fashioned to the *cut* of the present moment, which, with these folks, is *every thing*!

We finished this our second round of perambulation with the PALAIS ROYAL; the point of attraction to foreigners in general, and to our *own countrymen* in particular. It used to be said of the *Pont Neuf*, formerly, that the police, if in search of a person, would watch for him there, and if he did not pass in a given time, they concluded he was not in Paris. The criterion of that bridge, as a *thoroughfare*, might be applied now to the Palais Royal, as a *lounge*, in which one Englishman, on the *look-out* for another, would doubtless experience the same success, or otherwise be warranted in drawing the same positive inference.

It would be difficult, however, to say what are the superior attractions of the Palais Royal, that should render it a place of such universal and favourite resort. It is certainly not the architecture, which, like the finery, both *animate* and *inanimate*, displayed under

* "*Viro Immortali*" was its inscriptive dedication.

its arcades, presents a heterogeneous mixture of splendour, meretriciousness, and trumpery. It is not the arrangements of the enclosure of the principal Court, where not a single improvement, either in care or taste, considerable enough for me to discover, has been made in the dry insipid *promenade* of what is called the Garden. Nevertheless, the *Palais Royal* is the most amusing and the most convenient, as it is the most frequented place in Paris. Many circumstances unite in producing this result; and these being chiefly such as involve considerations of local and national character, it is only by attaining some degree of acquaintance with its little world of men and things, that one becomes capable of deriving that degree of interest which it has the power of affording. Doomed from the very first to be an example of mutability, its construction and its appropriation have varied according to the ministerial ambition, the regal voluptuousness, or the princely avarice of its successive owners. Its history (an epitome of that of France, for the like period), exhibits all the striking features of opposition and contrast, a record of extremes in government and in destiny. The *Palais Royal* has in turn witnessed the prevailing power of slavery and of anarchy; the reign of refinement and of vandalism; the period of glory and of humiliation. As the *Palais Cardinal*, made worthy even of a King's acceptance, by the arbitrary artful Richelieu; the seat of luxury and taste, during the Regency of the Duke of Orleans; converted into a *Bazaar* of more than Eastern brilliancy, by his speculative and abandoned successor; the focus and engine of debauchery, blasphemy, and treason, in the hands of the same disgrace to rank and birth, the self-nick-named *Citoyen Egalité* of the Revolution—and

lastly, it has been seen placed under the protecting guard of BRITISH soldiers, to save it from falling a prey to tumultuous conflicts between the irritated Parisians and the retaliating sons of Prussia !

The outside of this celebrated structure is hidden by the surrounding houses, except the first court on the side of the *Rue St. Honoré* (comprising the apartments of the present Duke of Orleans). The interior, built of stone, is a spacious parrallelogram, three faces of which are supported by arcades, affording a convenient piazza to walk under, and lined with shops and coffee-houses. Above these is a story occupied by the *Restaurateurs* and the Gaming Tables ; and these again are surmounted with a third range, tenanted by Brothel-keepers ; a fourth or attic tier, as disreputably inhabited, crown the lofty pile. Such are the purposes to which this Royal palace has been appropriated since the commencement of the Revolution. The shops in the arcades are among its greatest peculiarities : in these, Parisian ingenuity out-does itself in forming a *multum in parvo*. Within the space of an hundred yards, one sees specimens of every trade and calling : the jewellery, armory, porcelaine, and cut-glass *magazins*, (as these petty receptacles are pompously denominated) are shiningly conspicuous ; and, among the various successful devices for giving consequence to the stock in trade, that of covering the walls with looking glasses is not the least.—The intermixture of character and costume, of nations and complexions, in constant circulation through its walks ; the showy and motley scene presented during the nocturnal illuminations—all combine to give an *unique* character to this interesting, though in many respects very objectionable *rendezvous* of business and pleasure.

CHAP. VII.

EXCURSION TO ST. GERMAIN AND MAL MAISON—*Cabriolets*—*Environs of Paris*—Gardes du Corps of the King of France—Château and Terrace of St. Germain—House-keeping in France—Walk in the Forest of St. Germain—Mal Maison—Reflections on the Character of Josephine and of Napoleon.

MAY 22d and 23d.

HAVING determined to devote a portion of time to the pleasure of visiting our friend the *Chevalier de B.* at *St. Germain en Laye*, we breakfasted early, and proceeded to the *Quai des Thuilleries*, for the purpose of taking our place in one of those numerous *cabriolets*, that ply at all hours of the day, between the capital and the towns in its environs. In the neighbourhood of the different *Barrières*, long rows of these *voitures de place* are continually to be seen; and happy is the stranger who approaches the stand, if he escape from the herd of *cochers* and *commissionaires*, (by whom, as soon as seen, he is sure to be surrounded) without any considerable loss of either time or temper. It was truly ridiculous to see ourselves parading with a mob of these voluble sons of *Phaeton*, at our heels, each praising his own carriage, as *le plus propre, le plus commode du monde, excellent cheval, &c.** And then they are always ready to start *dans la minute*, though, when they have boxed you up, the cry is “*place pour deux,† pour trois,*

* The cleanest, the most convenient in the world, excellent horse.

† Room for two, for three, &c.

à *St. Germain*, à *Versailles*, &c. and thus the unfortunate first customer is kept stewing with heat and impatience, till they have filled the clumsy two-wheel machine, with as many as their *conscience* and their *humanity* will allow: the extent of the former goes to the admission of from six to ten passengers; and the tenderness of the latter may easily be conceived, when it is understood that the whole dreadful weight comes on one miserably lean horse, which they drive down-hill with unrelenting whip, to make up for time consumed on level ground in dragging “his slow length along.”

Nothing can be more variable than the incidents one meets with in this description of *cabriolets*, which corresponds in object though not in accommodation, with the *short stages* in London. If, by chance, one finds oneself among decent company, the horse proves a rank jade—the wheels give way—or the state of the vehicle possibly corresponds too closely with the appellation commonly given to it by the Parisians.* Sometimes again, after fixing on one that is pretty well appointed, the probability is that you are joined by shabby fellow travellers—and, at other times, circumstances are unfavourable in all three respects at once. Besides the inside passengers, there is room made for two to sit on the seat in front, with the driver. The persons so placed are called *lapins*.† A gentleman of M’s. acquaintance, who had engaged a whole machine for himself and party, was asked by the *conducteur* if he had any objection to his taking up a couple of *lapins*.—“Certainly not,” said our unsuspecting countryman, (taking the word in its literal acceptation) “three or four if you like.” The consequence was, that the Eng-

* “Pot de chambre.” † French for “rabbit.”

lishman's view was impeded, and his anticipated *comfort* destroyed, by the driver's using this special privilege, in favour of two fat frowzy old dames whom he overtook on the road ; and, before John Bull arrived at his journey's end, he confessed, that

“ Of all such *rabbits* old and tough,

“ He thank'd the Lord he'd had enough.”

But whatever their imperfections and inconveniences, these *voitures* are often acceptably useful ; and those who are desirous of consulting economy, as well as of studying the character of the *gens du peuple*, (which has an inexhaustible fund of originality and variety in it), will find both their interest and their amusement in occasionally condescending to use them.

The moment we have passed the walls of Paris, we find ourselves completely out of town. Our way to St. Germain lay through the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, of which as the scite of the new Triumphal Arch, I have already spoken. The country in this direction is replete with picturesque scenery, but it is deficient in those objects which indicate the affluence of individuals, and which give a social finish to the landscape. The *maisons de plaisance* are here and there very thinly scattered ; and these few being for the most part embosomed in woods, or situated on eminences distant from the main road, are not to be compared with the cheerful and commodious appearance of the countless villas, and country boxes, in the neighbourhood of London. The Seine, which, at setting out, we saw receding from us widely to the left, now crosses our path, after making almost the circuit of the *Bois de Boulogne*, and we pass over it by the beautiful bridge of Neuilly. The banks of this fine river, which, in its winding course, presents itself

three times in our short journey of twelve miles, abound with diversified views most enchantingly adapted to the study of the painter. English taste and English industry would, however, enrich the natural charms of the prospect in a thousand ways, unknown to those who have never traversed the borders of the majestic Thames. The soil, which is chalky, appears every where fertile and well cultivated : undivided by hedges, or any kind of enclosure, the whole face of the country is chequered with innumerable small strips of varied produce—a rood of lucerne ; a slip of rye ; a planting of peas ; a vineyard ; all in the space of an acre : it looks more like gardening than farming ; and is the agricultural system all round Paris.

The usual stop was made at *Nanterre* : a village much honoured by the good Catholic Parisians of old, as the birth-place of their patron Saint, the Virgin *Geneviève* ; but now regarded by the graceless *badauds** of the present day only for its cakes, the insipid crumbs of which they wash down with half a dozen *demi verres d'Eau de Vie*.† From this place the ride becomes more and more agreeable : the rising grounds of *Ruel* and *La Malmaison*, with their respective *chateaux* and barracks, on the left ; and the line of luxuriant meadows watered by the Seine, extending wide to the right of us, conduct our regards, as in the perspective of some Italian picture, to the fine heights crowned by the aqueduct of Marli ; and the equally commanding though more distant eminence of St. Germain castle. The *Machine* constructed by the founder of Versailles, to supply that arid region

* This term, as applied to the inhabitants of Paris, corresponds with that of *Cockney*, by which the Londoners are nick-named.

† Half glasses of brandy.

of artificial grandeur with "nature's bounty," to squander in *jets d'eau*, is an ingenious piece of intricacy; but whilst its purposes could so easily be effected by the simpler and more powerful operation of the steam engine, such an object so terrifying to horses would not be suffered to cross a public way, nor such an obstacle to impede the free course of a navigable river in England. But the truth is, the Seine here has the least appearance of business or pleasure of any stream I ever beheld: unwieldy rafts and miserable barges compose the gayest flotilla that floats on her bosom.

Arrived at the *Chateau* of St. Germain, we were received with great friendship by Col. *De B.* whom we found *en militaire*, exercising the Company of the King's *Gardes du Corps*, of which he is the acting Commandant. In this employment he has for some time past been kept six hours every day, on foot and on horseback; a service of no little fatigue for the officer, who has the training of the squadron, composed as it is almost entirely of recruits: for the gentlemen who accompanied their *bon paire des Gants** (*père de Ghent*) as they punningly call the King, to and from Flanders, have on account of their fidelity been subsequently placed as officers in the Royal Army, now re-organizing. They are selected from families of noble origin, and of known devotion to the Royal cause; and are for the most part as fine a set of fellows as one would desire to see: but so young, so volatile, so careless, and withal so proud of their *rank* as officers, and their *dignity* as body-guardsmen, that to manage them properly can be no easy task. *M. De B.* however, has evidently acquired the method of bringing all these mettlesome and quarrelsome tempers

* Good pair of gloves.

into a practicable form of subordination, if not as yet into a perfect state of discipline.* The native cheerfulness and liberality of his disposition, and the knowledge which he has acquired of men, manners, and events, operate in the regulation of his own conduct towards these new *pupils*, by the happy medium between over indulgence and excessive severity. He is beloved and respected by them all.

The *Chevalier de Saint Louis* pointed out to us a gentleman of his Company, not more than 25 years of age, decorated with several orders; of whom he related some interesting particulars both of his bravery and devotion to the good cause. This young Frenchman, at that time in the Russian service, was the first to plant the allied standard on the walls of Leipsic, at the great battle of 1813. Being on Alexander's staff, on that ever memorable day, he solicited and obtained permission to lead 50 chosen men to the attack of one of the gates of the city; and with this gallant little band, though reduced to less

* The full dress of the *Gardes du Corps* has an extremely martial appearance: the coat is dark blue, faced with red, and richly embroidered with silver lace and bullion; *epaulettes* and *aiguillettes* of the same; the *schako* or hairy cap; cocked hat, sabre, & other cavalry appointments of corresponding costliness and splendour. The corps is but indifferently mounted, but that is a falling off in which they only partake with other regiments of that arm, in the French military establishment. There are four companies of these Household troops of the King of France, each of 400 men; they are named and commanded as follows, being distinguished from each other by the colour of their feathers.

1st. *La Compagnie Ecossoise*, the Duc d'Havré. Plumet pourpre.

2d. *La Compagnie de Grammont*, Duc de Grammont. Plumet vert.

3d. *La Compagnie Luxembourg*, Duc de Luxembourg. Plumet jaune.

4th. *La Compagnie de Noailles*, Prince de Poix. Plumet bleu.

Their turn of duty on the King's person at the *Thuilleries*, is every three months.

than half its number by the enemies' fire, before they could reach the top of the rampart, he succeeded in forcing an entrance for the assailant troops to enter the place. The immediate consequence to him was, that he was honoured with the Russian, Prussian, and Swedish orders; and the further result, his being placed in the *Gardes du Corps* !

The avocations of the drill being finished, the Colonel conducted us to his apartments in the Castle, where we had the honour of being introduced to Madame *De B.* who received us with the utmost politeness as her husband's friends, and with a hospitable cordiality as her fellow countrymen. After partaking of some refreshment, we were favoured with the Lady's company in a walk through the castle. This building, the birth place and residence of several kings, is now in a most forlorn and dilapidated state. The substructure is of stone; and, rising out of a deep and broad *fosse*, it has in this part all the massiveness and gloom of the castellated mansions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. About midway from the base, the materials of which the exterior of the Palace is composed are of red and grey bricks, and it is evidently of later architecture: its lofty walls are encircled at this point of change with a balcony defended by an iron balustrade; but all in so ruined and dangerous a condition as to make one pay somewhat dearly, in the agitation of the nerves, for the satisfaction which a noble prospect affords to the curiosity.

From this balcony, ranging through the long suite of apartments, small and great, that look out upon it, we saw nothing but the emblems of human grandeur in adversity—so lonely, dismantled, and woe-begone is now that friendly asylum, where the *abdicated Majesty* of

England breathed forth the expiring sigh of "rooted sorrow," and unavailing vexation. When, however, the manifold signs of that decay into which the Castle has fallen, were attributed, (and that too by *Royalistes*) to the scurvy treatment which it had experienced, during its recent appropriation as the barracks of the British troops, I made bold, for the *information* of such *grateful* folks, to offer a recollection or two which my mind still retained of the Castle of St. Germain, at the period of Napoleon's Consulate; when it was nothing better than the *caserne* of *his* guard, whom I had seen lounging on these same balconies, and of course committing the usual nuisances of military licence, and unrestrained mischievousness. Really, *Messieurs les Gardes du Corps*, it was, to say the truth, not *much* in my expectation, and I dare say as little in your own, at that time, to see the defenders of *Louis le Desiré*, in the undisturbed occupation of this *ci-devant dépôt* of the chosen veterans of Buonaparte! Nevertheless, such things have actually taken place; and I am very far from being of the number of those who are sorry for the change. Be it remembered, however, that, in order to *confirm* this happy restoration, the Duke of Wellington and the British Army were under the imperious necessity of arriving here *before* the Guards of the King of France, and if in thus doing his Most Christian Majesty "a great right," our thoughtless but not wrong-hearted countrymen, have done his castle "a little wrong;" why, let it be a point of friendship, on your part, "to wipe all clean again, and say no more about it."

What a spring of ideas forces itself on the mind, as one pursues in this dreary pile the endless maze of stair-

case, hall, and corridor, and “ passages that lead to nothing.” Methought, what would be the feelings of “ THE STUART,” if, revisiting this mutable scene of earth, his wounded spirit could “ walk in death ;” and still gifted with the mortal faculties of reminiscence and speculation, have comprehended the wondrous series of events, that brought hither the descendants of his *once obedient* people, to support in all *just* rights the great grandson of his royal brother and benefactor ! Among the faults of our Second James, arbitrary, bigotted, and infatuated as he was, that of being devoid of the love of country, and of attachment for his English subjects, will not, I apprehend, be ranked by the impartial reviewer of his character and conduct.

On quitting the Palace, we directed our walk to the famous *Terrace*, which for the picturesque charms of the prospect, as well as for the great extent of landscape embraced in the *coup d'œil*, deserves the praises with which it has ever been celebrated. But I decidedly differ from the opinion expressed by Colonel *De B.* (in the national pride of heart inherent in a Frenchman), that it is even *equal*, and much less am I disposed to agree that it is *superior* (as he considers it), to the rich, the varied, the always novel beauties of the view from Richmond Hill, or from Windsor Castle. The *alignement* of this elevated promenade, from the Pavillion, (where Louis XIV. is said to have been born) to the grand entrance into the forest, is upwards of a mile and a half. It is delicious to inhale the health that comes floating hither on the wings of the pure air, from the expansive plain which it commands. The sinuosities of the Seine, however, form the only really striking feature of the prospect : the spires of St. Denis and the cupola of the Pan-

theon, are the marks by which alone we trace the vicinity of the capital. Still, the situation of St. Germain is altogether so fine—so worthy of being the residence of Royalty, that one can imagine no reasonable motive which could have induced the “*Grand Monarque*” to exchange it for that of Versailles.

The hour of dinner drawing near, we returned to the *Chateau*. With the exception of our friend’s and another officer’s rooms, together with a suite belonging to the Duke of Grammont, this vast place is uninhabited; and so intricate is its ichnography, that a person losing himself in the dark, in passing from one quarter of the building to another, would find it both difficult and dangerous to attempt regaining the clue, till the return of day light. Welcomed with a kind reception by our host and hostess, we passed an hour or two after dinner in a most agreeable manner. The party consisted, besides ourselves, of two brother officers of the Colonel’s, very gentlemanly young men, and great *amateurs de musique*. Madame *De B.* keeps up as much of the English mode of living as possible. With a flattering reproach to my friend and myself, for omitting the social *insular* custom of the table, she observed she anticipated the pleasure of *drinking healths* that day. The French, who boast so much of their polite assiduities to the sex, have no relish for, nor conception of that pleasing act of convivial gallantry—the ceremonial of drinking wine with a lady. I told Madame *De B.* that I recognized the hand of English neatness and good order in the state and arrangement of the apartments. “Yet no one (she remarked) but those who have kept house in France, can imagine the inconveniences and difficulties to be encountered, in the attempt to overcome, though in

never so small a degree; the dirty and slovenly habits of French servants." The Colonel; afterwards, speaking of what he laughingly denominated his wife's *miseries*, acknowledged that his countrymen were sometimes most unaccountable folks, both in their ideas and actions. He then illustrated the subject with a few appropriate anecdotes, relating them to us with a glee which evinced his own correct idea as to the impression they were sure to make on *our* minds. Suffice it to say of these *traits caractéristiques*, that they pointedly served to shew the difference of perception between the two nations, in regard to the constituent qualities of what is called *delicacy*, in reference to expression and manners.

We finished our afternoon with a walk about the town; in which, however, there is little to interest the stranger; or apparently to accommodate the resident. The two or three only decent looking streets have a deserted appearance: no symptoms of business, and but a scanty shew of property: yet in this, among other places, our English *émigrés*, our *economists* flock together; here they plant themselves and vegetate. Discontented with the state of their own country, they are still everlastingly grumbling at what they encounter with here: indulging in that waywardness of temper, which they so egregiously mistake for independence of spirit, they evince their *patriotic* opposition to the policy of their own government by openly eulogizing the system of *Buonaparte*; and manifest their respect for the constituted authorities of the realm in which they are now domiciliated by ridiculing and abusing the *Bourbons*! Yet, with all this language, (unseasonable and indiscreet to speak of it in the mildest terms) accompanied too by what the French call "*une manière méprisante*,"

they wonder that they are not received with more consideration and cordiality ; and they incontinently proceed to denounce French society altogether, as equally devoid of hospitality, and unsusceptible of friendship : when the fact is, that they themselves neither study those points of urbanity, which can alone give them claims to the one ; nor do they take the trouble of shewing themselves possessed of those amiable qualities which are so peculiarly adapted to elicit and confirm the sentiments of the other.

After enjoying the refreshing air of a serene and cloudless evening, we retired well pleased with our day. The nights here are delicious : no damps, no noisome vapours. Such is the advantage which France possesses over England—in point of *climate*. Next morning before breakfast, we walked to the esplanade before the castle, and there found the *Gardes du Corps* already on horseback, and a General inspecting them. Though one of Buonaparte's officers, he commands the district. Immediately after the second restoration of the King, a promise was held out to the little band of faithful soldiers, who had followed his Majesty to Ghent, that they should all be advanced a *grade* in rank : that promised recompence, it seems, has not been yet bestowed. Several instances of favour have been shewn to old scholars of Napoleon (unimplicated in the last treasons) ; but to this system of conciliation (prudent no doubt) have not hitherto been conjoined any corresponding marks of attention and encouragement to those men of approved loyalty, who had so often risked life, and so long sacrificed property, in the Royal cause. With this small but honourable class it would appear, that “ Virtue must be its *own* and *only* reward.” Possessed of these facts on

the spot, it was no difficult matter to efface from my mind the erroneous impression, so industriously inculcated by some of our *home* politicians, that the present government of France was influenced by the spirit, and made subservient to the views of the *Ultra Royalists* !

After breakfast, we bent our course into the forest of St. Germain, which is upwards of eight leagues in circumference, occupying between two and three thousand acres, and presenting, in full perfection, the various diversifications of woodland scenery. The plantations chiefly consist of oak and beech ; but the timber, being suffered to remain in too crowded a state, does not grow to any considerable size. About a mile into the forest is a house called *Les Loges* : at the period of my first visit it was an academy for the education of young gentlemen, and where I passed several agreeable days in the society of my worthy friend H. I beheld its walls and turrets of conventual origin and construction with a pleasing—mourning emotion : they reminded me of past enjoyments ; and they warned me of the rapid march of time. The present appropriation of this establishment is that of a *Maison d'Education* for the daughters of *Members of the Legion of Honour* ; an endowment of the *Ex-Emperor*, which does him honour ; and which is very properly supported by the Royal Government. “ *O si sic omnia !* ” Would that Buonaparte’s institutions had in general been so deserving of commendation : how gratifying would the record of them be to that disposition which “ nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice.”

We were perpetually charmed in observing the effect of light and shade produced on the foliage, as, favoured with a serene and brilliant sky, we advanced into the

heart, or ranged along the skirt of this vast wood. At intervals we find circular openings (called by the woodmen *etoiles*, or stars) : from these central points, four and sometimes six or seven paths radiate to a greater or lesser extent. In rambling through the different paths, our admiration is continually excited, either by the view of a beautiful country opening at their extremity, or by the luxuriant verdure of their branches, which intertwining form long alcoves. The tints of the embowering leaves, now sinking into a gloomy shade, now bursting into light and vivacity, as their degree of density renders them exposed or impervious to the sun, keep the eye unceasingly fascinated by the rapidity of transition or by the boldness of contrast. As we emerge from the forest, in the direction of the ancient and picturesque town of *Poissy*, the landscape becomes quite Arcadian. The course of the Seine, marked out by an extensive and elevated ridge of woodland is bordered with villages and country seats, whose walls of white stone, and roofs of blue slate, are in lively opposition to the green landscape. The stag and wild boar are hunted in this forest : we saw none of either ; indeed, “ *as to game*” of any kind, it was little more than Boniface’s “ *couple of rabbits*.” The Royal *Gardes de Chasse* seem to have here a very scanty charge compared with what generally devolves to the keeper of an English gentleman’s preserve.

Early in the afternoon we took leave of our friends at the Castle, and set out on our return to Paris. We this time noticed an old mansion, situated close to the road side, not far from the foot of the steep ascent that forms the approach to St. Germain : this piece of domestic architecture, which we had passed unheedingly before,

being then ignorant of its history, we now surveyed with interest and reflection, as pointed out to be the *Hotel d'Estrée*, once a residence of the beautiful *Gabrielle*, for whose "dear sake" *Henri Quatre*, of *amorous* and *galant*, no less than of *brave* and *pious* memory, would, like another Antony, "all for love and the world well lost," encounter an hundred risks not only of life but of honour:

- " Quelque temps de Henri la valeur immortelle
- " Vers ses drapeaux vainqueurs en secret le rappelle :
- " Une invisible Main le retient malgré lui,
- " Dans sa vertu première il cherche un vain appui :
- " Sa vertu l'abandonne ; et son âme enivrée
- " N'aime, ne voit, n'entend, ne connoit que D'Estrée.

HENRIADE.

We stopped our cabriolet at the entrance to *Mal Maison*, and alighted full of high expectations : far from being disappointed they were exceeded by the result of our visit. All the objects we there saw proved of a kind so congenial to the dictates of nature, and to the spirit of true taste, that we experienced from them a pleasure beyond even what the reported merits of the place had led us to anticipate. When I passed *Mal-Maison* in the First Consul's time, it was not accessible to the inspection of the public. Detachments of his Guards defended the approach from the intrusion of the "profane vulgar," and enshrouded their General's favourite retreat, with the fierce but characteristic feature of military restriction. Since that epocha of *liberty, equality, and indivisibility* of *Republicanism*, the body politic of France has sustained great alterations, and *Mal-Maison* has changed both its owners and its aspect. On Buonaparte's marriage with the Austrian Princess, he gave this little *Chateau* and its grounds

to his repudiated Empress. Of the state of perfection, both with regard to interior embellishments, and the ornamental arrangement of the gardens, to which it attained under the fostering care of JOSEPHINE, a slight idea may be gathered from what I am about to add as a *souvenir* of our visit. The estate devolved at her death, in 1814, to her son Eugene Beauharnois, late "Prince Viceroy of Italy;" but he resides out of the kingdom, and this fair domain, in whose shades and lawns already the chilling breath of neglect has imprinted a desolate air, and within whose portals "the spoiler's hand is seen," appears destined to experience all the disadvantages of an *absentee* proprietorship.

The house is a small stone building in the old chateau stile, with four *corps de logis*, or pavillions, at the angles. The entrance front is by no means prepossessing: that towards the garden presents an appearance so much out of the common way, as bespeaks the care and cost of which it has been made an object. Statues of very fine workmanship; granite columns of *à l'Egyptienne*, intermingled with orange and tulip trees, and shrubs and flowers of rare beauty, both indigenous and exotic, form a *parterre*, in which the Arts seem to honour themselves by an unostentatious and harmonious union with the superior productions of Nature. The interior is fitted up with exact attention to classic simplicity. The form of the apartments; the manner in which the walls are painted or hung with drapery; the decorations of the ceilings;* the construction and materials of the floors; the admission of light; the various articles of furniture, whether for ornament or use; are all in most striking conformity to the ideas one has conceived of a *Ro-*

* Painted by Blondel.

man Villa. Unlike the usual abodes of the rich, it has all the attractions of elegance—all the advantages of luxury, comprised within a scale the most favourable to domestic ease and retirement. The *Gallery of Pictures* is the largest and most shewy of the rooms: the greater part of the *bijoux* of the pencil and chissel, which had of late years rendered it so celebrated among the connoisseurs, has either been purchased by the Emperor of Russia, or claimed as stolen property, under the *restorative* system, by Prussia and the Italian powers. There are still left some excellent paintings and statuary; and the floor of the gallery is beautifully inlaid. A superb table, in mosaic work, shews that in that curious and laborious art, the French have attained a degree of perfection equal to what is exhibited in some of the finest remains of the *antique*. Among the portraits is a half length, size of life, of General Dessaix, said to be a most correct likeness: the person is warrior-like, and the physiognomy expressive and dignified. Also a picture of the Ex-Queen of Holland, wife to Louis Buonaparte, and of her son; the boy who, as the scandal of that day used to affirm, was, for *near* and *dear* considerations, adopted at one time by Napoleon as his successor to the Imperial Throne. Among the statues is an admirably executed figure of Josephine. The same consistency of refinement, equally removed from an insipid plainness, and an overcharged or tawdry display of ornament, pervades the upper suite of apartments, where we were shewn her bath, and *boudoir*, and also the bed chamber where she died. The neighbouring church of Ruelle is the place of her interment. In the *Salle à déjeuner* I noticed two choice water-colour drawings, which, from their appearance and the cir-

cumstances in which they were placed, it seems correct to conclude were the *original* designs by *M. Denon* of the *Battles of the Pyramids*, and of *Aboukir*, contained in his great work. These were not the only indications of a partiality and preference existing in the mind of Josephine for the Egyptian epocha of Buonaparte's glory. The chapel of Grecian architecture and of proportions corresponding with those of the Chateau, is of white marble, and contains a handsome altar piece.—The person who conducted us through the house, a respectable looking man, of the middle age, dressed in a dark green suit of livery, informed us he had been *maître d'hôtel* (house-steward) to the "*Impératrice*," (as he invariably stiled her), and was now in the service of "Prince Eugene." I said, I had always understood "the Empress" was very kind and good to her family and domestics. "Sir, (replied the man with quickness), she was good to *every body* (*elle était bonne à tout le monde*), and every body loved and respected her." It was no more than I had previously heard respecting the character of Josephine; but there was something so zealous in the manner, and so affectionate in the tone, with which the servant uttered his laconic eulogy on the departed mistress, that his words went forcibly and welcomely to my heart; and the gardens which we were then entering had not the fewer charms in my eyes, for having been arranged in their present enchanting stile by a person whose taste was equalled by her benevolence.

Both the grounds and gardens are laid out completely à l'Anglaise. The English model, however, has not been merely imitated, but rather made the foundation for a happy fancy to work on, with judgement

and success. The land rises in a gentle slope for some distance from the house, when it assumes a more decided eminence, the extended ridge of which is adorned with fine plantations. The lowland part, marked with perpetual undulations, offers every where the desired *capabilities*; and no advantage of locality has been lost, in order to multiply the views and give the animation of novelty to the successive points of scenery. The objects of embellishment are well selected and correctly placed. *Tours de Vue* rise above the groves on the hills—light *cassinos* peep through the intervals of the clustered trees—conservatories for plants—forcing houses for fruit, point out the area occupied by the gardens, which equally abound with supplies for the *bouquet* and the *kitchen*. Along a valley between the gardens and the house, a canal is made to wander with the easy windings of a natural stream; its banks were covered with rose trees in bloom, and other flowers; and here and there shaded with cypresses, willows, and lilacs. Close to this piece of water is a cascade issuing from a grotto of artificial rock; the gloomy shade of which we enter only to be the more sensibly struck on reaching its further extremity, by the charming situation in which is placed a choice *morceau* of Grecian architecture. This little peristyle, which announces itself as the “*Temple de l'Amour*,” contains a pretty figure of Cupid, and on the plinth of the statue this couplet is inscribed :

“ *Qui que tu sois, voici ton maitre :*

“ *Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être.*”*

Returning back to the house, we seized a lingering

* Whoe'er thou art, thy Master see:

He is, or was, or ought to be.

look from the garden front, where, crowning their majestic heights, the aqueduct of Marli, and the Chateau of St. Germain compose the appropriate distance to a picture replete with all the charms of elegant retirement. There was something impressive in the historical association, as thus, from the recent tenure of ephemeral sovereignty, we viewed those former seats of the ancient dynasty of the French throne!—" *Adieu, Mal Maison,*" was our almost involuntary exclamation; and whilst, with reluctant steps we quitted the captivating spot, a thought once more reverted to its last possessor, nor could our minds withhold a tributary feeling of consideration for the memory of a woman who, although indebted for elevation to the intrigues and profligacy of civil troubles, and not wholly free from their taint, had yet "borne her faculties" with exemplary meekness—who had possessed the creative genius which this fairy land developes, and given practical scope to the beneficent qualities which all around most gratefully assign to her praise. Josephine, united in marriage to the person and fortunes of Napoléon, might truly be said to have been the *better part* of that extraordinary man. She was to him as a good genius; his fame was her idol; her advice, whilst followed, was his guardian and guide: and could she have softened the stern and stubborn stuff of his vaulting ambition, by transfusing into it some portion of that benign regard for the interests of suffering humanity which distinguished her own character—the reign of Buonaparte, instead of impoverishment and humiliation, might have heaped blessings upon France; and his policy, instead of pouring desolation, might have shed an ameliorative influence over the rest of Europe!

CHAP. VIII.

PARIS—*Third Perambulation—The King's Library—Boulevards of Montmartre and the Temple—Place de la Bastille—Fountain of the Elephant—The Duchess of Angoulême—Manufactory of Mirrors—Place Royale—Marché des Innocens—Rue de la Ferronnerie—Halle au Blés—Church of St. Eustache—The New Exchange.*

WE commenced this day's perambulation with a visit to the King's Library, in the *Rue de Richelieu*; and as with tip-toe steps we hastily crossed the first suite of apartments in this vast treasure-house of learning and genius, anxious not to disturb, by the sound of our feet, the silent men whom we found seated at the book-covered tables, we bethought ourselves of from what small beginnings great results proceed. Like the grain of mustard seed in the parable, the little library of Charles the Wise has, by the diffusion of knowledge, the revival of arts, and the developement of science, accumulating volume on volume, as more than 400 years have since rolled on, encreased from some nine hundred books, (kept in the Old Louvre) to the prodigious and unparralleled assemblage of 358 thousand printed volumes, 72 thousand manuscripts, and five thousand port-folios of engravings. In this estimate, however, I believe are included some inestimable additions from Italy and Germany, which (having been obtained subsequent to the Revolution, by means to which neither Literature, nor Justice, nor Honour give their sanction) were last year surrendered to the reclamations of their

former possessors and lawful owners, backed by the *convincing strength of argument*, the *ultima ratio of compulsion*, used by the Allied Powers previous to their second evacuation of this capital. To those who enter this great intellectual depository for the simple purpose of a cursory inspection, a facility of access to the books is not to be attained, except thro' introduction to the librarians; but if a stranger has either study or research in view, it is only necessary for him to intimate his wishes to the proper persons in constant attendance, when every accommodation is afforded, and every attention paid him. Whatever book, manuscript, or other article he requires, is brought; a seat at the table assigned him; at the end of each day's avocation his papers are taken care of, and at his next visit presented to him with the most punctual observance. This is indeed an arrangement worthy of a public library: similar regulations, I believe, are now established at our own national Museum in London; but, to give the credit where it is justly due, it was the admirable example long held out in the administration of this and other collections at Paris, to which the increased facilities of our own are mainly attributable.

In these rooms, we begin with "the French Parnassus," by M. Titon du Tillet, 1721, in which, by a puerile climax of flattery, Louis the XIVth is represented as *Magnus Apollo* to the artists and poets of his reign. There is also a fine model or plan of the Pyramids of Ghisé. Among the sculptural embellishments of the principal saloon, the statue of Voltaire presents itself conspicuously to the eye of the stranger—serving to remind him how "dangerous a thing" is Literature, when perverted by the presumption of Genius to the

purposes of Impiety ! As among the chief *wonders* of this *depôt*, must be noticed the globes, celestial and terrestrial, by Coronelli, 35 feet in circumference, and 12 feet in diameter. In the cabinet of medals and antiquities are some objects of great curiosity : such, for instance, as the articles found in the tomb of Childeric, in 1643 ; the sword of that early Frankish monarch ; and the *bees* that formed parts of the ornaments of his Royal mantle : in that *emblem of industry*, as assumed by Napoleon, we see therefore only the faculty of imitation. Perhaps a *wasp* would have been the happier choice for the armorials of the Ex-Emperor—a *selfish insect, busy about mischief*, is more *pointedly* emblematic of the “injurious man,” who “fed upon *sweet honey*, and and killed the *bees* that yielded it.”—In the compartment of Egyptian remains, are some extraordinary preservations of mummies, both human and of the Ibis ; and a manuscript of hieroglyphics on papyrus. There is a most beautiful collection of antique cameos and seals ; and among the rest, the *Ducal seal of Milan*. The plate of silver, improperly called the Buckler of Scipio, found in the Rhone, in 1626, is charged with a fine bas relief, of which the true subject is pronounced to be “The restoration of Briseis to Achilles.” But one of the most interesting remains of the middle ages deposited here, is a sort of *curule chair*, in chased and damaskened iron, carved and gilt, known under the name of *le fauteuil du Roi Dagobert*, and which *M. Le Noir** observes, “may give a perfect idea of the domestic furniture in use under the first and second race :” the workmanship and stile of it are such as to impress one with no mean opinion of the state of the arts in the seventh century.

* *Musée des Mnumens Français*, p. 51.

Leaving the Royal Library, we proceeded to the extremity of the *Rue de Richelieu*, one of the finest in Paris, (in which are the Opera House and the *Theatre Francais*) and continued our walk by taking the course of the *Boulevards* of Montmartre and the Temple, which abound with fine buildings, and are a most amusing and agreeable walk ; some parts of them are shaded with a double row on each side of fine trees. Many of the minor *spectacles* are situated on the *Boulevards*, and the *Caffés*, pleasure gardens, and baths offer a perpetual succession of objects, some of them extremely pretty, both in their situation and appointments ; among these the *Caffé Turc*, *de Tortoni*, and the *Bains Chinois*, stand foremost in point of luxury and elegance. Pursuing our course towards the *Place de la Bastille*, we noticed and admired the majestic proportions of the gates *St. Denis* and *St. Martin*, erected by Louis XIV. (on the scite of two of the *oldest* entrances to *old Paris*) in commemoration of *his* conquests, which still remain to *France*.—On the esplanade of the *Boulevard de Bondi*, Buonaparte has erected a fountain much too grand for the out-of-the-way place in which it is (perhaps unavoidably) fixed : it is really a superb basin, and its waters fall with that delightful effect which reminds one of *Piranesi's* representations of some of the Italian monuments of this description.

The *Place de la Bastille* has been considerably enlarged since I visited it before : houses then closely encompassed the scite of that ancient fortress and celebrated state prison—never, perhaps, less to be dreaded than at the time when the people of Paris, worked up into frenzy by the agitators of the day, rushed from all points to effect its destruction. Those habitations in

1802 still bore the marks of the cannon-shot fired from its towers during that work of havoc, from which has most consistently been dated a revolution of blood. They are now all cleared away ; and in front of the *grand fosse* stands the foundation of a colossal monument which Buonaparte was rearing “to attest to future generations” that “Tide of Victory” which happened to be just then approaching to an ebb. In a wooden building of corresponding bulk we were shewn the model, in plaster, of an elephant, on a most gigantic scale. It was intended for a fountain : a huge work, but surely in very indifferent taste. The form of an elephant is that of a very ungraceful animal : to represent its form and to increase its magnitude, twenty times beyond the natural size, was only to render its want of symmetry and elegance (qualifications not unimportant in sculptural subjects) the more conspicuous and disgusting. This, at least, was the effect, in my eyes, of the plaster cast finished to the projected dimensions. In the same building, or work-shop, is a small model of the whole design, according to which there was to have been a vast marble basin, in which a rotunda was to have been raised, and on the summit of this the elephant was to have stood. There were to have been *promenades* and *galleries*, (as we were told) for people to have walked under, whilst the *long-snouted* monster blew forth into the air an ocean of water, which falling would have produced a grand cascade.

Just as we were quitting the *Place de la Bastille*, one of the Royal carriages, drawn by six horses, and attended by an escort of Dragoons, crossed our path, at an easy pace, and gave us the opportunity of seeing the Duchess of ANGOULEME, who was in it. Her Royal

Highness possesses much dignity and expression of countenance. It was rather a singular coincidence to witness *such a personage* passing *such a spot*: that scene of “the beginning of sorrows,” traversed by Her who had been made to drink the cup of revolutionary misery to the dregs. What affecting recollections of family misfortunes—what tender regrets for slaughtered friends—what feelings of horror, and may we not add, what excitements to devotion, as the only assuaging balm to the poignant wounds of memory, must it renew in the mind of one who had suffered so long and so well! Restored at length to her high rank and place; once more surrounded with the insignia of Royal state, in the land of her ancestors, how must almost every object, in her excursions through this capital, bring back to her remembrance, the transactions which followed that day of shame, that portentous spectacle of insulted greatness, when the illustrious victims to ambitious and treasonable factions were paraded by the cannibal mob from Versailles to Paris—this very princess and her brother, the Dauphin, being with the King and Queen, and (to use the words of the eloquent Burke) “insensible, only through infancy and innocence, of the cruel outrages to which their parents were exposed.”

We extended our walk into the *Faubourg St. Antoine*, (the *St. Giles's* of Paris) famous or rather infamous during “the reign of terror,” for furnishing from its populous quarters the largest quota of the bands of plunderers and assassins, who after pillaging the hotels of the rich, went from prison to prison and slaughtered those whom the Jacobin Ministers of *Justice* had there incarcerated! Since the abolition of the religious orders, this spacious suburb, and the opposite one of *St.*

Marcel, has been the seat of great manufacturing industry (carried on in the situations of the old convents that abounded there,) in iron founderies, cotton establishments, &c. : it still, however, retains its insurrectionary spirit ; and the *fédérés* whom Buonaparte, *au desespoir*, vainly called around him to prop up his last act of usurpation, were drawn chiefly from the numerous body of the lowest class in this part of the town : a precious rabble to keep in pay, more dangerous to their friends than formidable to the enemy, as the event shortly proved. Here, in the *Rue de Reuilly*, we inspected the great Manufactory of Mirrors, or to speak with more correctness, the vast workshop where looking glasses are polished and silvered ; for the plates are run at *St. Gobin*, thirty miles from Paris. Eight hundred workmen, women, and children, are employed in this establishment.* Like the still more celebrated Manufac-

* *Le Manufacture des Glaces* (as it is called) is interesting to the stranger, chiefly on account of the extraordinary size of the mirrors which are made there. To grind the glass smooth, which is the first operation, the plates are bedded on tables of marble, constructed on the utmost nicety of level. Two men stand at opposite sides of this table, drawing and turning about in every possible direction over the glass that is to be ground, another thick rough plate to which is affixed an apparatus of the wheel form, the hob part of which is heavily weighted, and the spoke and rim of which serve for handles to pull it about by. The laborious exertions of two men are thus constantly required on the large mirrors, for a month together, in order to give them the requisite smoothness, in effecting which water and coarse sand are first poured in between the two bodies in collision, and afterwards a finer sort of sand is used. The next process which is that of polishing, is as laborious as the preceding : it is performed by drawing backward and forward a kind of cushion pressed on the surface of the glass by a wooden spring attached to the ceiling, and which cushion is supplied with an impalpable powder of emery. The qualities of perfect smoothness and of exquisite polish having thus been attained, the next and last operation is that of converting the plates into looking-glasses. A very thin paper is laid on the table, covered with a coating

tory of Tapestry, at the *Gobelins*,* and the *Porcelaine* Manufactory at *Sevre*, it is a Governmental concern.—The Parisians, though become more commercial of late years, are still but children in speculations of business, compared with the Londoners : they have yet very imperfect ideas of what is to be effected in trading concerns by the employment of vast capitals united to consummate skill and judicious management. They have breweries in this quarter. A steam engine is a rarity with them. What would they not say, in the way of boasting and self-praise, if they had an establishment like our Barclays' and Whitbreads' ! They have nothing so extraordinary in point of magnitude, and at the same time so gratifying in point of utility, in the whole list of their curiosities and ingenuities. I had visited the former, previous to my crossing the water, and cannot speak in adequate terms of the wonders, both *animate* and *inanimate*, of that stupendous manufactory of *Brown Stout*.

of chalk : over that are placed leaves of tin foil ; the whole is surrounded by a wooden frame, having a raised ledge to keep in the quick silver, which is poured on so as completely and equally to cover the tin foil. The plate is then laid upon this liquid mass of metal, and loaded with an immense weight, which causes the greater part of the Mercury to force its way from under the glass, whilst the remainder amalgamates with the tin foil which facilitates its adhesion to the glass. We were shewn mirrors of all dimensions, from 3 feet to 10 feet in height, and of proportionate width, and from one-eighth of an inch to 3 inches in thickness. The price of one, which measured ten French feet by nine, was 5000 francs or £208 sterling. The effect of the subtile mineral employed in the foliation is dreadful, producing salivation and its miserable concomitants, notwithstanding every measure of precaution.

* This Manufactory of Tapestry, so highly prized throughout Europe for the brilliancy of its colours, and the incomparably magnificent and beautiful stile in which it is executed, is carried on in the *Faubourg St. Marcel*. A visit, made to this establishment in 1802, afforded me a

Returning back to our hotel, we took a peep at the *Place Royale*, an old square of red brick houses, and of a formal heavy stile ; deserving, however, of consideration as one of the many embellishments and improvements which that able and active Prince, Henry the Fourth, effected, amidst the alarms of foreigners and the factions of his subjects, for Paris of his day. In lieu of the statue of Louis XIII. destroyed by the anarchists, a fountain has been placed there by Buonaparte, which throws water fifteen feet high from a *jet* of eight *gerbs*. The Prussians, whose artillery were last year stationed here, have made fire-wood of all the trees that ornamented this square, and not left a bit of the green turf to walk on. Continuing our route homewards, we passed through the *Marché des Innocens*, the great

very high degree of gratification. The first scene of inspection was a long room, occupied by ranges of looms or frames : at each of these, one and sometimes two weavers were employed, and behind them hung the designs from which they copied. The threads of the warp run in a vertical direction, and the woof is inserted with a long wooden needle. It is a work purely of a mechanical nature : the outline being first correctly traced in black chalk on the warp, the artisan, looking back every instant to his design, selects from innumerable little pipes of worsted the requisite hue, with the minutest attention to the infinitely various tints necessary to produce the effect of light and shade. This is done with a wonderful, an almost intuitive accuracy ; for the workman himself does not see at the time the result of his labour. The process is extremely tedious and slow : those pieces which we saw, in different stages, though of ordinary size, would (we were informed) take several years to complete.— After surveying the operative department, we were conducted to a spacious gallery of exposition, the walls of which were covered with the choicest specimens of the loom. Among these we beheld many from Le Brun's historical pieces, several after Rubens, and not a few from the *chefs d'œuvre* of Raphael and other masters of the Italian school, all of such magically deceptive resemblance to the pictures of those great artists, as almost required a tangible proof to convince the spectator that the effect was produced by a texture of worsted thread !

vegetable market, established on the ground which, though surrounded by the most populous part of Paris, had till the year 1785 been a *cemetery*, exhaling contagion, and exhibiting all the hideousness of half-entombed corpses. The area is apparently that of Norwich Market-place, but is clogged up by pent houses, like Covent Garden—the appearance, however, is very different from an English market. Here we find ourselves among the *Poissardes* of Revolution fame, and the *Dames de la Halle*, of whom we have more lately read, that a *choice* deputation exercised the ancient privilege of their *august* body, to present a bouquet of flowers, &c. to *Louis le Desiré*. Amidst the confusion, crowd, dirt, and vulgarity of the place, an object is to be found which is justly dear to taste and to the arts: I mean the *Fontaine des Innocens*, the *chef d'œuvre* of *Jean Goujon*, and one of the most beautiful monuments in Paris. A work of the sixteenth century, it is a paragon of elegance and purity, both in design and sculpture, and has very properly of late years been made the object of reparation and protection. In this situation, however, it reminds one of “the jewel in a swine’s snout,” worthy as it is to decorate the court of a Royal palace.

In passing from the Market-place of the Innocents to the *Halle au Blés*, we turned a little out of the way to take a look at the *Rue de la Ferronnerie*, which reminds us of an historical fact no less important than the assassination of Henry IV. A bust of that great King points out the spot where he was in a moment deprived of life, and France delivered over into the hands of political priests—and priestly politicians—to suffer all the miseries of a long minority, and a reign that revived the minis-

terial domination of ancient times ; when the *Maires du Palais* acted as *Viceroy*s over the race of *Slothful Kings*.* The extreme narrowness of this street at that time contributed, with other unaccountably strange circumstances, (that almost seem to countenance the application of the term *fatality*), to give a sure direction and but too successful result to the murderous aim of *Ravaillac*.

The *Halle au Blés*, (the Mark-lane of Paris) is a well-arranged corn and flour market : its curious cupola of wood (destroyed by fire soon after my visit in 1802) has just been supplied by an equally excellent piece of workmanship, in the same form, but less accessible to the effects of fire, being constructed of cast iron bars, covered with plates of copper. The corn is not bought and sold by sample, but the *Halle au Blés* of Paris, like the rest in France and Flanders, is what in England is called a "*Pitch Market*."

We next took a cursory view of the exterior and interior of the parochial church of *St. Eustache*. The grand portal, which was begun in 1754, remains in an imperfect state : it is on a very enlarged scale, but heavy in design. As to the interior construction and embellishment of this building, it is precisely what the zealous admirer of the early ecclesiastical architecture, and the equally fastidious advocate for Grecian purity and symmetry, would call disproportioned and fantastical. Its appearance is strongly characteristic of the age in which it was erected, viz. that of Francis I. In fact, it is the massive and lofty form of the Gothic ornamented after the *antique* details of decoration : it was an age in which learning had commenced its struggle against igno-

* Les Rois Fainéans.

rance; in which taste was contending with prejudice; and of which the monuments, therefore, ought to be looked on with an eye indulgent to whatever may be found irregular in their stile, and regardful chiefly of their grandeur and richness. Before the revolution, this church, which has been greatly restored and beautified, possessed the tomb of the great minister Colbert, and several other elegant mausoleums, busts, and sculptured epitaphs of French statesmen and warriors; men of genius and wit; patrons and professors of the fine arts. These remembrances of departed worthies still exist: but where? in the Halls of the *Petits Augustins*! on a system of retention that would surely be “more honoured in the breach than the *continuance* ;” it is the mark of a vitiated taste, to say no more of it, thus to keep disunited—objects which respect and piety had religiously joined together.

Bringing our perambulation to an end, near the *Rue Vivienne*, we noticed a large building, rearing its stately proportions through the scaffolding by which it was encompassed. We inquired its intended appropriation; and we learnt, that it had been destined by Buonaparte for the *Bourse* or *Exchange*, with feelings somewhat akin to those which SWIFT is related to have expressed, when he made the construction of a public *depôt* for ammunition in Dublin, a subject for the following epigram:—

“ Behold a proof of Irish sense,

“ Here Irish Wit is seen—

“ Where nothing’s left that’s worth defence

“ They build—a Magazine.”

When Napoleon, in his mad ambition to ruin *La Nation Boutiquière*, had lost “ships, colonies, and commerce;” when he had stopped the course of industry and crushed the merchant—he erects an IMPERIAL Exchange!

CHAP. IX.

PARIS—*Fourth Perambulation—The Cité—Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois—Pont Neuf—Vigier's Baths—Palais de Justice—Cathedral of Notre Dame—Preparations for a Royal Fête—Hotel Dieu—Sœurs de la Charité—Place de Grève and Hotel de Ville—Reflections on the French Revolution.*

MAY 25th.

WE dedicated this day principally to a walk through the most ancient part of Paris—the *Isle de la Cité* or *du Palais*, as it is called at the present day. The *Lu-tetia* of the Cæsars, inhabited by the *Nautæ Parisiaci*, the Parisian commercial navigators, who worshipped “*Jupiter the most high and the most good.*” * It is a very dirty, close, and in regard to residence a very uncomfortable quarter of the capital; but abounding with objects of antiquarian and historical interest.—Amongst its public and domestic edifices, and even in the costume and manners of the inhabitants, we find traces more or less palpable of the state of the arts, and of the taste and acquirements of the people, in times long antecedent to the present.

* In the Museum of French Monuments (see Lenoir's Catalogue) are four stone altars, erected to Jupiter, in the reign of Tiberius, which were discovered, in 1711, beneath the pavement of Notre Dame. One of these is charged with the following inscription :

TIB. CAESARE
AUG. JOVI OPTVMO
MAXSVMO (ara) M
NAVTAÆ PARISIACI
PVBLICE POSIERVNT.

In our way, we did not omit to visit the Church of *St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, which is considered to offer a fine specimen of the *open portico*, in its western *façade*, said to have been rebuilt in 1438; but, without disparaging the French sample, I can safely affirm, that we have in England one both older and more splendid—viz. that of Peterborough Cathedral. The interior of this church exhibits, particularly at its east end, many evidences of its early foundation. Being the parish church to the Louvre, it has been the burial place of numerous celebrated men, of whose monuments none now remain. Some have been totally destroyed; and others are kept in that Grand Repository, the Monumental Museum. But surely the *names* of persons so illustrious should still be identified with the places where their once honoured ashes reposed? Dacier, Cœypel, Coysevox, and a multitude of other ornaments to Literature, Science, and the Arts, would still of themselves form a tablet of inscription most eloquent and most impressive! But the name of *St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, and its connection with the history and situation of the Louvre, (to the collonade of which palace it forms an opposite object of but very inferior importance), remind us of bloody tragedies—of an action so barbarous, so execrable, that the French historian has said of it, “it never had, and I trust in God it never will have, its like.” If, however, *Perefixe* had lived at the conclusion of the 18th century, he would have found it equally difficult to vindicate the character of his nation, from the charge of cruelty, in the immolations of the Septemberers to the sanguinary Goddess of Liberty—he would then have found the Parisian populace acting with the same *tiger-like* spirit of ferocity, as at the pe-

riod of the dreadful *massacre of St. Bartholomew*, when the ringing of the bells in this sacred temple, was the signal for beginning the slaughter. The quarter of the Old Louvre facing the river is still pointed out, where that female monster of wickedness and dissimulation, Catherine de Medicis, contemplated the scene of detestable butchery; and where the Crowned Leader of the cut-throats, Charles the Ninth, (worse even than Nero, who fiddled whilst Rome was burning), stationed himself, during the massacre, with a carbine in his hand, which he fired upon the Huguenots, exclaiming, *kill! kill!*

“Que dis je! ô crime! ô honte! ô comble des maux!

“Le roi, le roi lui même, au milieu des bourreaux,

“Poursuivant des proscrits les troupes égarées,

“Du sang de ses sujets souillait ses mains sacrées!”

HENRIADE.

From thence we continued our course to the fine bridge, so well known by its appellation of the *Pont Neuf*, a structure both of utility and ornament, which was not thrown over the Seine till more than 30 years after the execution of those deeds of horror above alluded to—the lamentable consequences of civil dissensions, and of religious bigotry and intolerance. Since the King's restoration, a new statue of Henry the Fourth, on horseback, modelled in *plaster*, has, temporarily at least, replaced that of *marble*, destroyed by the same *constant* and *steady* people who, a little while before, in the incipient movements of licentiousness—misnamed freedom—infested this bridge with *loyal* clamours, and obliged every passenger to *bow* to the image of a Monarch, who had said—“If God grants me life, I will bring it to pass that there shall not be a labourer in my

kingdom, who may not possess the means of having a chicken in his pot." * It was just then that (as Mr. Burke observes) "the childish affectation prevailed of idolizing the memory of Henry the Fourth." "The persons (he truly adds) who worked that engine the most busily, were those who ended their panegyrics in dethroning [and *murdering*] his successor and descendant: a man as good natured, at least, as Henry the Fourth; altogether as fond of his people; and who did infinitely more to correct the ancient vices of the State than that great Monarch did, or ever meant to do."

At one of *Vigier's* floating machines, stationed against a central pier of this bridge, we took the luxury of a *warm bath*. The boat on which the ranges of apartments are built is as long as the keel of a moderate sized frigate: it is constructed with two stories, with galleries; and the communication from the parapet of the bridge is by a staircase of wood. The establishment is divided into two distinct compartments: one for the use of the MEN and the other appropriated to the WOMEN. Nothing can surpass the cleanliness, convenience, and decency, with which the business is conducted:—Each person has a separate cabinet; the bath is cleaned and filled before his face; and the price is 30 sous a bath—but this does not include a supply of towels, &c. which must be paid for *extra*. There are two turn-cocks in each bath, giving an ample supply both of hot and cold water, and the bather mixes them to his own temperature. The *parterre* before the galleries is ornamented with orange trees, flowers, and shrubs. The water is conveyed to the different bathing rooms by means of a large reservoir

* "Si Dieu me donne la vie, je ferai qu'il n'y aura point de laboureur en mon royaume qui n'ait moyen d'avoir une poule dans son pot."

and forcing pump, placed in an adjoining boat and worked by a horse. In this vessel there cannot be less than a hundred bathing rooms. The people are extremely civil and attentive; extending their services to the furnishing of every comfort and refreshment, even to a supply of lemonade, breakfasts, &c. if required. The influx of bathers in the summer season is perpetual, from morning till evening—and on a Sunday morning these baths are all engaged, ten deep, by persons of both sexes. We used to frequent this establishment the oftenest, on account of its proximity to our Hotel; but there is another belonging to the same proprietor, opposite the Thuilleries, which is on a larger scale, and fitted up in a very superb manner.

Passing through the *Place Dauphine*, a triangular enclosure of old fashioned buildings, in the midst of which stands a column to the memory of *Gen. Dessaix*, we continued our progress through a labyrinth of narrow filthy passages, called *Streets*, the gloomy influence of which is relieved by a feeling of agreeable surprise at the view of the dignified, though somewhat heavy elevation of the *Palais de Justice*, the grand *escalier* of which we ascended, and found ourselves in their Westminster Hall. This spacious place, which they call *La salle des pas perdus*, was built in the early part of the 17th century; it is a handsome hall, and displays much ingenuity of construction, but has neither the magnitude nor the boldness of the famous Gothic room of our William Rufus. It has been cleared of the book-stalls which formerly used to encumber the pillars of the arcades: driven from their old asylum in this great apartment where, according to its sarcastic appellation, people follow Justice and *have their walk for their*

pains, the tribes of *marchands* have now taken up their ground in the avenues. The tribunals of every kind are concentrated here. The *Court of Cassation* holds its sittings in the ancient Chamber of the Parliament. The lawyers wear a gown similar to that of English barristers; but instead of the disguising formality of tail wigs, they wear their hair long and flowing down their back, surmounted by a square black cap, like a Canon's—the appearance is far preferable. The Great Officers are dressed in black robes: the court of *Cassation* is presided over by three learned Judges of the Law; and its province is to decide upon and give final judgment of cases, the merits of which have been previously investigated at the Court of Assize, but the decision appealed against. The pleadings are made with great energy and apparent warmth, and the arguments enforced with pretty frequent percussions of the *hand* on the *table*. In the Court of Assize, and the *Cour Royal*, there are Juries; but the course of judicial proceedings is very different from those of an English Court of Justice. Here the rule, that no man should be made to answer questions to his own crimination, is completely transgressed by the mode of interrogating, which indeed commences even before arraignment. Equally disregarded is our maxim that the wholesome ordinary course of Law requires no aid from military presence and protection:—*Soldiers* here continue, as in Buonaparte's day, “*and in the old time before him*,” to guard the entrances; and a *gens d'armes*, sword in hand, sits by the side of each prisoner. A beautiful relic of the ancient building, belonging to this place, when, as its name imports, it was the Palace of the Kings of France, remains in the *Sainte Chapelle*:

the upper story of the portal presents a most elaborate and delicate example of florid architecture.

Pursuing our perambulation, the majestic west front of the ancient Cathedral of *Notre Dame* next commanded our attention. In the plan of this truly grand *facade* is displayed so much of that unity of disposition and regularity of form which distinguish the stile and genius of Greece and Rome, that the most fastidious eye may dwell on it with unalloyed satisfaction. It is its sublime yet elegant character which gives this portal so striking an effect, notwithstanding the losses and degradations it has sustained. The multitude of statues that were ranged in its galleries and gates, have nearly all been pulled down, or miserably defaced, (*because* they represented the persons of *Kings* and *Saints*) by the enlightened planters of *Trees of Liberty*.*

On entering this magnificent place of divine worship, we found it filled with workmen, making arrangements for celebrating, with all due pomp and *éclat*, the ceremonial of the approaching marriage of the Duke of Berri. Yes, the vaulted roof of this vast fabric resounded to the noise of the saw, the adze, and the hammer; and its superb nave and spacious aisles were blocked up with planks and other impediments to the gratification of a stranger's curiosity. So much for the preparations of a *fête*, which is certainly one of the chief

* One of these, I remember, adorned the *Parris*, or great quadrangle before this Cathedral. The tree generally used for this *regenerative* purpose was a *poplar* (*Le peuplier*) and the French, (of whom it is observed by an author of their own nation, that they have a propensity to turn the most dreadful events, and the greatest public evils, into subjects of *calembourg* and pleasantry) used to characterise this hopeful plant, under whose sheltering branches the guillotine and the bayonet flourished, by the equivoque of *le Peuple lié*, (the people bound).

“things needful” to keep the Parisians in good humour with their Government, let who will or may be at the head of it. It is as indispensable a point of policy with their rulers, as the *punis et circenses*, that served to feed and amuse the degenerate Romans. The *badauds* around us appeared impressed with as pleasurable an anticipation of the royal nuptials of two branches of the House of Bourbon, as they most likely felt at the festivities of Buonaparte’s consecration as Emperor, by the Pope, in this very Cathedral; and again at his marriage with the Austrian Emperor’s daughter, when, poor Josephine being thrown in the back ground, “*Vive Napoleon et Marie Louise*” was the order of the day. The consequence, however, of these successive solemnities has been to restore the inside of Notre Dame to almost its former renowned degree of splendour. In some respects I should apprehend, it has undergone considerable improvement: the pictorial decorations, if not so intrinsically valuable, are disposed in a way less interceptive of the architectural beauties: indeed, the marble pavements, and curious mosaic of the choir and sanctuary; the superbly gilt chandeliers and eagles—and the extraordinarily fine carving and sculpture in the choir and Lady’s Chapel, present an assemblage of embellishment worthy of the Metropolitan Church of France.

On the north side of the *Parvis de Notre Dame* stands the very ancient hospital for the sick, called the *Hotel Dieu*: it is distinguished by a portal of recent date, in a studiously simple and unornamented stile, not *very much* in unison with the surrounding buildings.—We did not seek admittance into this ancient and venerable institution for the relief of human misfortunes and

infirmities. Something like a prejudice operated to deter me from indulging my curiosity by an inspection of its interior, arising from former accounts of bad management and want of proper attention to the requisites of air and cleanliness: from what I have since heard, I believe these defects no longer exist, but that this and other establishments of the same humane description are most respectably, ably, and efficiently conducted. There is a religious society of females; a solitary relic of the conventual orders, known under the appellation of *Les Sœurs de la Charité*, (similar to the *Beguines* of Austrian and French Flanders) who are unremittingly assiduous in their benevolent attendance on the unfortunate tenants of these abodes of mortal suffering. It appears that these "Sisters" are every way deserving of their honourable, most amiable, and truly Christian designation: at the threshold of want, at the bed of sickness, they act the part of almoners and comforters; and, like their Divine Master to whose service they have dedicated themselves, and whose attribute of love they seek to personify on earth, it is equally their vow of obligation, and their tenour of practice to "*go about every where doing good!*"

On our way back, still threading the intricate maze of squeezed-up passages, and of bridges* on which you no sooner set foot than you find yourself across the river, we entered the *Place de Grève*, where the *Hotel de Ville*, or town-house, (or, as in London, we should call it the Mansion-house) is situated. It is the seat of the Municipality, and is one of those buildings in which we recognize the progress of transition from the Gothic to the Grecian: but neither in the scale of the edifice, nor

* *Le Pont Notre Dame, le Petit Pont, le Pont de la Tournelle, &c.*

in the proportions of the place before it, do we find any thing that sufficiently corresponds with pre-conceived ideas of civic wealth and dignity, as they ought to display themselves in a great capital. All the avenues to it partake of the same contracted dimensions and inconvenient direction, that prevail in other parts of what is called *La Cité*, and which, far from participating in a due share of those more or less realized plans of improvement and decoration on which such immense sums have been expended, presents an almost uniform aspect of being a century behind the present age.

The lately replaced statue of Henry IV. over the middle entrance of the gateway, reminded us of the ravages which the *Hotel de Ville* sustained during the Revolution, and of the assassination of *Flesselles* on the steps of the door below it : and the *lamp iron*, that still remains fixed up against a corner shop, on the opposite side of the square, recalls the fate of *Foulon* ; together with all the other deeds of cruelty and massacre which that detestable convulsion caused to be perpetrated near the same spot. The *Hotel de Ville* and the *Place de Grève* are indeed objects which, though they can boast of little else that is attractive, yet possess a fund but too copious of *moral* interest. A theatre, on which the character of the French has been exposed in all its varied and contrasted features, what remembrances and what reflections was it not calculated to excite, even in thus passing over it. At one time the scene of festive triumph, re-echoing to the shouts of *loyalty*, in welcoming the visit of a patriot King : yet a little while, and it is filled with a crowded assemblage of the *same* people, become insurrectionary and rebellious ; its pavement reeking with the gore of dismembered wretches, fallen under the blows of mid-day murderers. Now

graced with the splendid *cortége* of an idolized Sovereign, and the acclaim of *Vive le Roi* quivering on every tongue : now paraded by a troop of savages, howling the dreadful cry of *Les Aristocrates à la lanterne*, and bearing on a pike's point the livid head of some untried, unheard victim to the *Justice of the People* ! O may Divine Providence, who hath hitherto so conspicuously interposed, to prevent our own beloved country from becoming a prey to such indescribable, such unparralleled calamities—may Providence instil into the hearts of “all ranks and conditions of men” in it, a forcible and just sense of the duties and rights that belong to their respective stations : and, in all the vicissitudes of prosperity and distress, to which as a Commonwealth we are necessarily exposed, may these two most important lessons, taught us in the awful example of France, have practical effect upon the conduct both of our Rulers and ourselves. First—that no danger, which can impend over a nation, is more to be dreaded than the too long deferred redress of **REAL** public grievances ; for then the best intentions—the wisest measures seldom succeed in conciliating the shaken affections and attachments of the people. And, secondly, that to the people themselves, no case is so utterly hopeless of a good result, as when they blindly and profligately lend their minds and strength to the violent, the impious proceedings of men who, devoid of religion and virtue, uninfluenced by moderation or honour, appeal only to the basest of human passions for the vilest of purposes ; and who use the lower classes of the community as stepping stones to ambition and power—only to trample on them with greater contempt and severity, when that ambition has been gratified, and that power attained !

CHAP. X.

EXCURSION to VERSAILLES—*Public Carriages—Streets of Paris, dangerous for foot passengers—Communicativeness of the Parisians—The Bois de Boulogne—Place of encampment of the British troops—Bridge of St. Cloud—Hatred of the French to the Prussians—Town of Versailles—Ciceroni—Buonaparte's Federés—Former and present state of Versailles—Trianon—Gardens—Baths of Apollo—Orangery—Grand Terrace—Interior of the Palace—Gallerie du Roi—Remarks on the character and policy of Louis XIV.*

MAY 26th.

THIS lovely morning a trip into the country would be delightful. Where shall we go? To Versailles. It is agreed; and “resolved in due splendour to make our approach,” we order “*our own hackney*” cabriolet to the gate. Cabriolets of this sort are respectable accommodations, and having a leathern hood to them, are rather an improvement upon *gigs*, for travelling under a summer sun through a soil of chalk dust; the one melting and the other blinding you. But the said hoods, being immoveable, would not answer quite so well in London, where the “*kiddy, rum, and queer*” sons of the whip, from the Herculean drayman, with his gigantic team, to the *knowing hand*, who *spanks* along his four *bits of blood*, are in mischievous combination to “*run their rigs on all that they come near.*” These Parisian one-horse chaises hold two people and the driver conveniently enough; but they may also be hired without a conductor. They are numbered both

inside and out, and carry a single lamp, which must always be lighted at dusk. The horses which they drive in them are generally of very good appearance, and travel well. With respect to fares, they are subject to the same regulations as the *fiacres*, (hackney-coaches) which are not quite so numerous as in London, but are infinitely better appointed in every respect. Thirty sous (15d.) is charged for *le cours*, or to go from one end of the city to the other; every time a stop is made, the charge is by the hour; and if you go beyond the *Barrière*, it then becomes an affair of negociation (*gré à gré*) between parties.

Drivers of public carriages are forbidden by a law of the police, to go through the streets of Paris at any quicker pace than a trot: but that, (it should seem) is quite quick enough to put foot passengers in perpetual jeopardy. What, indeed, can be more dangerous than narrow streets, without side pavement, and with horses and carriages rushing along as close to the wall as the riders or drivers are pleased to make them go? The cry of *gare, gare*, thrills through the ear of the pedestrian; startled at the warning voice, he looks sharp round, and sees peril at his heels: it is a word and almost a blow: besides, a hundred to one, that in skipping out of the way of this *cabriolet*, he hops into the track of that *fiacre*. "*Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.*" And you know, my dear Sir, one may as well be killed as frightened to death! Well, 'tis no use grumbling and growling: all will be right in our streets of Paris, *when* we get a *trottoir*; which will be *when* the inhabitants cease to be dirty in their houses—which will be *when* they learn to be fond of their homes, to hate *fêtes champêtres*, and go gravely

to church, which will be—*Ah! God knows when! And so—Allons nous en, vite, vite, Mons. Le Conducteur.*

Monsieur le Conducteur took the road that leads through the *Bois de Boulogne*. This he did, he said, that we might see the ground where the British Army were encamped last summer. Would an English *coachey* (*ceteris paribus*) have spontaneously undertaken to travel a single yard out of his way, for any such a reason? Certainly, there was more of civility than of nationality in the act. We had heard a great deal in England about the excitability and irritability of the Parisian character, in public concerns; and how the feelings of the *whole people* had been outraged into madness on this last occasion. Perhaps these red-hot assertions were founded on facts greatly exaggerated and distorted. It is no easy matter to graduate the scale of patriotism and enthusiasm in a people who are “*all things by turns, and nothing long.*” The *love of talk* predominating even over the love of country, may operate probably in making them communicative upon subjects associated with the tenderest circumstances of public disaster. Be this as it may, we never found our *conducteurs* either surly or sulky on such topics. We had in these little excursions *Bonapartists*, *Bourbonists*, and *Patriotes*, in alternate succession; yet none were deficient in their province of *Ciceroni*, through delicate reluctance to touch the sore places of political or military humiliation. With apparent equanimity, they would reply to all questions that came within the sphere of their superficial intelligence to resolve, whether such interrogatories related to “*the Emperor*” or to “*the King*,” and would be alike ready to point out a monument of public glory, and the em-

placement of a Prussian *bivouac*—a trophy of the victories of France, and the evidences of her misfortunes as a conquered nation !

The wood of Boulogne is a Royal chase, intersected, like the forest of *St. Germain*, with carriage ways, and footpaths, branching from various centres, and forming the favourite ride of the Parisian fashionables. That part of it which was occupied by our troops is marked by a total destruction both of trees and underwood : our soldiers formed their huts and barracks of the timber, and the remainder served for firewood. From *Passy* to the village of *Boulogne*, the whole spot is cleared of its leavy covering, save one poor solitary *beech*, which our driver designated as the usual *rendezvous de chasse*, at the Ex-Emperor's hunting parties. Our brave fellows having left behind them a *Wellington tree* on the *plateau* of *Mont St. Jean*, might think perhaps that they could do no less than preserve the *Buonaparte tree*, in the *Bois de Boulogne*. Certain it is, they both stand, each in its respective position, as memorials of the victor and the vanquished.

We asked our Frenchman several questions, respecting the conduct of our troops, during the time they were quartered here. We even affected to suppose they had been guilty of great excesses and disorders ; and instanced the altered scene before us, as a presumptive proof of their irregular habits. No, he answered, the English behaved as well as soldiers could behave ; better than most soldiers do behave. What they had destroyed here was for necessary purposes : there was no help for it : but, continued he, they treated no one ill, and paid for every thing they took from the inhabitants. Enough, enough, (thought I) let us then no longer he-

sitate to indulge the proud emotions with which our bosoms glow, in passing over ground which has been rendered illustrious, as the seat of repose to a British army, after the full consummation of its matchless achievements. The triumph of arms is truly glorious, only when the olive leaf appears in the same wreath with the laurel. Heroic countrymen, this meed of twofold and transcendant merit is your own. VICTORY led you hither to reclaim the faith of treaties broken by perfidy and violence; and PEACE found you faithful to *her* cause. Yes, History will record to an admiring and appreciating posterity that the skill and valour which confirmed your fame as *warriors*, were equalled by the honour and the humanity which dignified your conduct as *men*!

The little hamlet of Boulogne is agreeably situated, and contains many handsome residences. From thence the road runs through a fine level, bounded by the Seine, on the further bank of which rise the heights of *St. Cloud*. The approach is pleasant and striking, and offers another *memento* of the late campaign, the bridge having had its two centre arches blown up to retard the march of the Prussians for *half a day*. We cross the gap made by the explosion on a strong pontoon frame of wood; in rumbling over which the Parisians are *happily* put in mind of those *brigands*, as they call the army of Old Blucher, and they bestow vollies of *sacrés* on their *absent friends*, with all the bluster of conscious impunity. "*Banditti*" and "*Thieves*" are the mildest epithets which are bestowed on the Prussians by the French. They hate them—cruelly, mortally, irreconcilably hate them, not less as they have injured, than as they have been injured by them. *Bri-*

gandage indeed ! why the Prussians may say to the French, “ we thank ye much for *teaching us* that *trade*, and but for an interposition, which you are neither deserving of, nor grateful for, *it should have gone hard but we had bettered the instruction.*” More than once have I ventured to interrupt a Parisian, as he was running on in abuse of our Wellington’s noble companion in arms, by asking what he thought was the difference between the quantum of oppression, extortion, and barbarity exercised by the Prussian troops in France, and that of which the French were guilty during their previous occupation of the Prussian States ? “ Comparisons are odourous ” and facts unsuited to “ the humour ” of these chatterers ; and besides, if answers were “ as plenty as blackberries,” none were to be had “ on compulsion.” I will tell you (said I, to one more rational and practicable than the generality of his *compatriotes*) : the measure of *their* retaliation on *your* aggressive injuries, is (I conceive) as the pressure of my little finger to the weight of a giant’s arm !

Of Saint Cloud, I shall have occasion hereafter to speak more particularly, as the exclusive object of another visit. Suffice it, therefore, at present to say, that we enjoyed our ride through its park, and the adjoining forest of *Avry*, the termination of which brought us in sight of Versailles. The *Château* elevates its glittering pavillions high above the surrounding edifices—a sort of *imperium in imperio*. The width and straitness of the road, lined with double rows of noble timber trees, and studded, as we get nearer, with the *portes cochères* of fine old hotels, announce the consequence of the place we are about to enter : and as we traversed its handsome *Boulevards* and spacious well-

paved streets, regularly pierced, and adorned with buildings of heavy yet sumptuous architecture, the pervading air of deserted grandeur inspired a reflection on the changes that await the highest *glories* of a mortal's creation.

At places of this sort we must fully make up our minds to be teased and imposed upon. The "*ragged regiment*" for instance, which furnishes walking *guides aux étrangers*, is so numerous and importunate a body, that to *out-manœuvre* their *tactique* of assailing you in succession, the best way is to accept the first that offers. Acting on this principle, with one of these gentry we instantly proceeded from the *Hotel de Rimbault*, and commenced our *tour de promenade*.

On the way, our guide seemed to think it no dereliction of his *professional* duty towards *us*, to launch out into a strain of mouth loyalty to the *King*. Supposing this anti-revolutionary *tirade* to have been *sincere*, the mystery of such sentiments existing in this man's mind was not difficult to develope. Buonaparte, as he stated, neglected Versailles, the seat of the Bourbons, whom the towns-people now hope to see once more residents among them. It seems, that during the *hundred days' interregnum*, (as the Royalists call it) the armed *fédérés*, that resurrection of Jacobin scum, threatened to renew their former ravages here; but the inhabitants were on their guard, and prevented it. The mischief which these degraded objects of Buonaparte's last coquetry did in the neighbourhood of Paris, as well by their ridiculous gasconades as by their indiscriminate depredations, was from all accounts very considerable. A party of fifty of these marauding *patriotes* pretended to defend the bridge of *St. Germain*

against 3000 Prussian cavalry! Fortunately the Allied General was a sensible and humane man, or the whole town would have suffered in the conflict with these desperadoes. The employment of such vile instruments stands, in my mind, among the numerous proofs, that Napoleon's regard for France was always secondary to his love for *himself*.

To those who remember Versailles *before the Revolution*, it now can offer but the shadow of its former splendour. No longer the residence of a brilliant and luxurious Court—no longer “the glass of fashion” to regulate, by *etiquette*, the costume and manners of a gay and frivolous people, it may be compared to the human form to which the statuary's genius has given all the semblances of life, without being able to communicate the vivifying soul: it wants, indeed, to be retouched with (what it can never have again) a spark of that “Promethean heat;” such as it received from the presiding spirit of its magnificent founder, when, in the fascinating but false taste, which flattery inspires in a proud mind, he here sat down surrounded with all the *éclat* of earthly majesty, and rejoiced in the vain, the transient victory, which Art and Talent, enlisted on his side, had gained over opposing Nature.

To me, however, who had visited this celebrated Palace thirteen years after its royal inhabitants had been dragged away by the “many-headed monster,” to suffer insult, and cruelty, imprisonment, and death: and while as yet the brutal hands of modern Vandalism remained impressed on its defaced walls and forsaken groves, to me it appeared now, like a Phoenix risen from its ashes. The *Gränd Château*, as well as the *Trianons*, has been repaired and beautified both in its

interior and exterior ; and the *chefs d'œuvre* of architecture, sculpture, and painting present themselves in almost their pristine freshness and perfection. The groups, statues, termini, and vases, which adorn the various *bosquets*, walks, parterres, and terraces, combine in offering a rich and almost inexhaustible treat to the lovers of the arts of design, as well in subjects of the antique, and *after* the antique, as in original specimens of the modern school. And though the casual visitor is seldom favoured with a sight of the *water-works* in actual play, yet next to such a piece of good fortune is the gratification which is always to be derived from an attentive inspection of the basins, fountains, and baths, in the construction and diversification of which (independently of the management of their *gerbes* and *jettes dardans* of which the operations are magical) one knows not which is most to be admired, whether the extraordinary fertility of invention, or the bold, noble, and masterly stile of embellishment and execution, displayed in them all.

The gardens are restored to an equal state of arrangement and neatness ; and, as far as practicable, the formality of their original design has, in some cases, conceded to assume the easier air and more graceful features which characterize the horticulture of the present day. Still however, the instances of decided uniformity are so prevalent, that the eye becomes tired with the sameness of effect ; and the sensations of pleasurable surprize evaporate amidst the fatigue produced by an endless repetition of natural objects displayed in studied and constrained forms. The lines of the Poet forcibly recur to our minds, and we acknowledge the justice of the satire on that faculty of elaborate constraint and meta-

morphosis, by whose instrumentality, as here so pre-eminently exemplified—

“Grove nods at grove, each alley hath its brother,

“And every platform but reflects the other.”

A particular detail even of what is comprehended in the usual round of inspection at Versailles, is not less out of my plan than it would be out of my power to give. Whole volumes have been written and engraved to explain and to illustrate the beauties, the riches, the wonders of this realm of art; and whole weeks would pass away in the examination of them with the eye of the artist and the connoisseur. As the aim, however, of this amplified transcript of my notes is to amuse those who have not themselves seen the subjects of them, I shall proceed to enumerate the principal objects included in our walk, which commenced by crossing the inclosure of the park, and directing our course to *Trianon*, the favourite Palace of poor *Marie Antoinette*. A most elegant and enchanting place it must have been, in the days of *her* enjoyment of it; before the envenomed tongue of calumny and malevolence had rendered an amiable and a virtuous Queen, an object of hatred, scorn, and vengeance to the fickle and deluded people that once adored both her and her martyred husband. It was the retreat to which this unfortunate personage loved to repair from State fatigues and courtly scenes, at the time alluded to by a Great Luminary of political and moral wisdom, when, with “words sweet as honey” distilling from his *pen*, he thus describes her:—“It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and “surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly “seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw

“her just above the horison, decorating and cheering
 “the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glit-
 “tering like the morning star, full of life, and splen-
 “dour, and joy. O! what a revolution; and what a
 “heart must I have, to coutemplate without emotion
 “that elevation and that fall.”*

The whole exterior of this little palace is pleasing to the eye; and its peristyle of Italian marble, remarkably handsome. Many of the columns, however, bear indelible impressions of the frenzied violence of the mob who pillaged it. Those were the days of “*war to the Palace.*” The miserable wretches employed in it—tools of political hypocrites—found, when too late, that they were not the days of “*peace to the Cottage.*” I had not forgotten the state of the double suite of apartments, to which they serve as the connecting collonade, at the period of my former visit: these then presented only ruins, completely despoiled of their costly furniture; and the paintings, gildings, and carved work that remained, were either mutilated or covered with white wash. But the work of *restoration* (and *fiat justitia*, be it spoken to Buonaparte’s credit), has again put an aspect on things here also, suitable to so charming a spot.

We passed through the marble vestibule to the Gallery on one side, and the apartments of the Dauphin on the other, in which there are some fine pictures by Vernet and Poussin; some excellent models of marine architecture; and several views of Versailles and the Trianons, by *Martin* and others. The gardens are delicious, full of flowers of all kinds, and superbly ornamented with busts, groups, and fountains. Trianon used to be termed *par excellence*, “*the Garden of Flowers.*”

* Burke, on the French Revolution, p. 112.

Leaving Trianon and the Park, we approached the *Chateau*, and took a turn round the *Garden of the Queen*, laid out not only professedly but correctly in the English stile—thence to the *Bosquet de la Collonade*, in the middle of which is a circular peristyle of marble, and a superb groupe, representing *the rape of Proserpine*. But of all the objects that claim the stranger's attention in the Gardens of Versailles, the *Baths of Apollo* unquestionably deserve a preference. It afforded me real satisfaction to see completely re-converted from its state of confusion and neglect, the charming plantation in which the *chef d'œuvre* of Girardon is enveloped, amidst a most appropriate and skilfully-disposed mass of artificial rock. Every body knows that this celebrated design consists of three groupes: the principal of which represents Apollo, attended by nymphs—the two subordinate groups, placed on each side the first, are the horses belonging to the chariot of that fabled divinity in the attitude of drinking: the symmetry of these animals, and the spirited forms of the Tritons who hold them, are admirable. And when the water, issuing from the picturesque recesses of the *grotto of Thetis*, and falling in a cascade that fills the great basin below, imparts to this superb work all the animation and force of which it is susceptible, the effect is surpassingly delightful.

After satiating ourselves with the costly and marvellous decorations of these vast gardens, we ascended one of the *escaliers* of the *Orangery*, and in our way up looked from the balustrades into that superb conservatory; some of the numerous trees of which are said to be as old as the reign of Francis the First. At length we placed ourselves in the middle of the *Grande Terrace*, before

the northern façade of the Palace, which, in combination with the surrounding objects, presents a scene of princely grandeur. It is indeed an aggregate of astonishing magnificence ; and as it offers ample attractions for the eye, so with equal fruitfulness does it “*furnish food for contemplation.*” There is, however, a considerable falling off in the appearance of the Great Canal, in front of the Chateau, which is not a fourth part filled with water—another proof of the inadequacy of the machine at Marli to supply the demands at Versailles ! The landscape too, in the direction of the canal, is flat and insipid.

For admission to the interior of the Palace, we were obliged to apply for tickets. The *Salle de l'Opéra* remains as much in the dark as it did when I saw it before ; and what is worse, it serves to conceal some pictures which are excellent enough to deserve plenty of light—and the plan of this Theatre, and its decorations, are on a scale infinitely superior in extent and splendour to that of Paris. The *fêtes* in honour of Louis XVI's. marriage, were celebrated in the *Salle*, which was finished for the occasion. Here also the banquet was given by the *Gardes du Corps* to the *Regiment of Flandres*, the proceedings at which were of that imprudent and impolitic kind which gave a handle to the factious, and led to the dreadful transactions of the 6th of October, 1789. The exhilarations of the entertainment, the air of “*O Richard, O mon Roi,*” the presence of the Sovereign and his family, offered circumstances of extenuation more than sufficient for liberal minds ; but *that* was an epocha when the *enthusiasts of Freedom*, (as it was called), excused *every thing* but the *enthusiasm of Loyalty* ! The Chapel is an exquisite specimen of Corinthian richness,

and all its ornaments worthy of the sacred appropriation; marbles, painted cieling, bronze and gilt figures, and a magnificent altar piece give a superb finish to this noble temple. We now came to that suite of apartments which constitutes the climax of magnificence in this immense Palace. In these the architectural designs of a *Mansard*, and the pencil of a *Le Brun*, display the utmost exertions of their transcendent genius: to those two great artists, joined to *Le Notre*, who planned the Gardens, the *Grand Monarque* confided the execution of his intentions, and the employment of those funds which the financial abilities of his Minister *Colbert* had amassed for him.

The *Petits Maitres*, who now conduct us through these splendid rooms, oblige us to march at a quicker step than one relishes to proceed with, amidst such a world of fine things: and I verily believe, that though they took our money for what used to be shewn gratis, yet they cheated us out of a peep or two. There used to be a Cabinet of Natural History, and a Gallery of Pictures, appropriated specially to the works of the modern French school; neither of which we this time saw. On passing through the bed chamber of the Queen, we were shewn the door in the tapestry, through which *Marie Antoinette* escaped from the rioters of Paris, and only saved her life by a speedy flight to another part of the Castle.* Yes, this was the very chamber!

* "On the morning of the 6th of October, 1789, (I quote from Mr. Burke, the most concise yet the most faithful and eloquent narrative ever written of that appalling event) the King and Queen of France, after a day of confusion, alarm, dismay, and slaughter, lay down, under the pledged security of public faith, to indulge nature in a few hours respite, and troubled melancholy repose. From this sleep the

There is no furniture in the apartments of the *Grand Chateau* as at *Trianon*, but the walls are all regilt, and the cielings covered with the finest paintings, by the pencils, as well of *Champagne* and *La Fosse*, as of *Le Brun*. The latter master, in the *Grande Gallerie du Roi*, has produced an effect of which no one can form an adequate idea who has not seen it. To add to the grandeur which reigns here, are seventeen prodigious mirrors, which being placed opposite the same number of spacious windows, reflect not only the objects in the gallery, but also the gardens and fountains, in a manner indescribably fine. The Monarch, whose love of flattery, and whose stomach for ostentation, the great artists and poets of the time, knew well how to supply with the high-seasoned stimulus and the luscious food, appears personified in every compartment of this glorious room, which serves as a monument at once to indicate his character, and to commemorate his triumphs.

If, indeed, the fondness of Louis the Fourteenth for *building* had been the only propensity which he carried to excess, its consequences probably would not have proved very injurious to the interests of his subjects. The money thus expended was immense, but it was ex-

“Queen was first startled by the voice of the sentinel at her door, who
 “cried out to her to save herself by flight—that this was the last proof of
 “fidelity he could give—that they were upon him, and he was dead.
 “Instantly he was cut down: a band of cruel ruffians and assassins,
 “recking with his blood, rushed into the *Chamber of the Queen*, and
 “pierced with a hundred strokes of bayonets and poniards the bed from
 “whence this persecuted woman had but just time to fly, almost naked,
 “and, through ways unknown to the murderers, had escaped to seek
 “refuge at the feet of a king and husband, not secure of his own life for
 “a moment!”—*Remarks on the French Revolution*, p. 105.

pended in and on the country. The objects to which for the most part it was devoted were "*the public ornament, they were the public consolation; they nourished the public hope,*"* and they still remain to adorn and delight not only France herself, but the Continent of which she forms so considerable and beautiful a portion. On the lamentable choice made of such a spot for such a purpose, I have already taken occasion to offer a remark, which no doubt has suggested itself to most people who have visited it. When the famous *Bernini* proposed, for sixty millions of livres, to rebuild the Castle of St. Germain, in a style worthy of Louis's magnificence, the King was frightened at the expence: he relinquished the advantages of that superlatively fine locality; and directed his attention to a little hunting seat of his father's, where, on a most unpromising and (as it proved) unfavourable soil, without water, and without prospects, he misapplied talents and wealth beyond all calculation, and Versailles at length became what it now appears.

In taking the question of expence into consideration, it should, however, be remembered, that when this stupendous monument of human ingenuity and labour was in its progress towards accomplishment, the Monarch of whom we are speaking was in the plenitude of his power, and at the zenith of his greatness. Under the energetic and wisely directed measures of his Government, France had risen to a pitch of glory and prosperity, such as could not even have been hoped for at the stormy and perilous commencement of his reign over a then factious and impoverished people. Having already wrought a great amelioration in the resources

* Burke.

of the State by regulations of salutary reform, and by works of the highest public utility, this great Prince called around him the genius and talent of France to realize a trophy to his and to his kingdom's honour and renown, which, while it displays all the minuter and more highly-finished combinations of embellishment, that characterise the art of modern times, has been achieved on a scale which reminds us of the gigantic works of the ancients. And, surely, if we are not reluctant in admitting that it was the developement of encreased knowledge, and the evidences of improved civilization, that gave a just title of pre-eminence, in the annals of Rome, to the *age of Augustus*, then indeed we can hardly refuse to recognize a claim to the same illustrious distinction, for an epocha in the history of France, illuminated by so vast and brilliant a constellation of human intellect, and distinguished by so active a spring in the various sources of social and national welfare as that of *Louis the Fourteenth*! No: it is not in erecting palaces; it is not in maintaining the dignity, state, and pomp of his Crown, by decorating and endowing the capital and the realm which owned his supreme authority with splendid edifices and with beneficent and liberal institutions: it is not in these acts that his memory has incurred a just reproach. It was the passion of Louis for conquest and foreign controul; it was his being perpetually embroiled on points of false honour, and in wars of unprincipled ambition; it was his bad faith abroad, and his libertine extravagance at home, that beggared his means, tarnished his reputation, exposed his vanity to ridicule, reduced his pride to the severest humiliations; and which adding the

pangs of vexation and disquietude to the infirmities of advanced years, clouded with gloomy bigotry that closing moment, when no remembrances, however flattering, of having acted a *great* part, can carry with them to the soul that consolation which is to be found in the consciousness of having performed a *good* one.

CHAP. XI.

PARIS—*Visit to the Thuilleries—Hall of the Marshals—Ceremony of the King's going to Mass—Visit to the Picture and Statue Galleries at the Louvre—Remarks on the restitution of the Works of Art.*

MAY 27th.

INTENDING to visit the Palace to-day, for the purpose of seeing the King go to Chapel, we attended, *in our dressing*, to the only regulation required from strangers, namely, that of *not* wearing *boots*; and after breakfast whiled away the time till noon in a stroll through the Gardens of the Thuilleries, enjoying the refreshing breezes of a fine morning in that ever agreeable and interesting promenade. At half-past eleven the gates of the Palace were opened, and the concourse of people assembled at them was permitted to enter. Proceeding with the rest through the magnificent vestibule, we ascended the *grand escalier*, which is on a scale well calculated to prepare the mind for the sumptuous and rich apartments to which it leads. Passing through two handsome anti-chambers, we arrived at the *Salle des Mareschaux*, a spacious and noble room in the middle Pavillion, on the walls of which are placed portraits of the *Marshals of France*, of Buonaparte's creation;* for the most part personages of appearance

* Among these I observed the Prince of Neufchatel (Berthier), the Duke of Corneghiano (Moncey), the Prince of Esling and Rivoli (Massena), the Duke of Montebello (Lasnes), the Duke of Valmi (Kellerman), the Duke of Belluno (Victor), the Duke of Castiglione (Angereau), the Duke of Tarentum (Macdonald), the Duke of Reggio (Oudinot), and Marshals Serrurier and Jourdan.

neither dignified nor commanding, and the paintings themselves of ordinary merit. One of the companies of the *Gardes du Corps* did duty in this saloon; and the National Guard and *Garde Royale* were on service in the antichamber, on the staircase, and at the Gates of the Thuilleries: and thus the claims of the *ancien* and pretensions of the *nouveau régime* are conciliated, and the different military bodies amalgamated on seemingly good terms of united service.

At twelve o'clock the approach of his Majesty was announced: the word *aux armes* brought the Body Guardsmen to their stations; and a line was preserved diagonally across the saloon from the Royal Apartments to the doors leading to the Chapel. The Bishop Almoner, followed by several General and State Officers, appeared first. A loud cry of "*Vive Monsieur*" prepared us for seeing the King's brother pass next. The Prince is a man of plain but cheerful countenance; about 60, but looks younger, wears his hair without powder; he was dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, of which he is Colonel-General: he bowed with affability to all who saluted him; indeed his manner and physiognomy had much in them of that unaffected unostentatious character which distinguishes an English nobleman or gentleman of consequence. Louis XVIII. then followed the procession, as fast as his poor gouty joints and corpulent person would let him. The likenesses of the King, in the print shops, are extremely correct, except perhaps that his face has a greater expression of benignity in it than is generally communicated to the portraits. His habit of body appears to be very plethoric. His countenance was flushed with heat by the mere exertion of going along the rooms, and re-

ceiving the various *Requêtes* (Petitions) that were at every step presented to him. These he instantly transferred to one of his attendant Noblesse ; but I understand he reads and gives answers to them all. He was dressed in a dark blue coat, with gold epaulettes and star, with different orders at his breast.—His Majesty was saluted with loud cries of “ *Vive le Roi* ”—“ *Vive notre bon père*,” and the voices of the *female* part of the spectators were particularly exerted in these loyal acclaims, which were repeated incessantly, in the usual chanting key of French aspiration, until the Sovereign had entered the Chapel. Having thus paid our respects, (as sincere as the most vociferous of his subjects then present) to *Louis Dix Huit*, in the palace of his ancestors, we stopped a few minutes to witness the ceremony of *La Garde Montante*, from the windows of the *Thuilleries*, and retired. The military *spectacle* on these occasions is not to be compared with that in Buonaparte’s time. That day certainly was “ *the soldier’s pride*,” in this country ; but I hope, although the rightful king cannot “ ride on horseback,” that his good sense, good intentions, and no less zealous endeavours, will make his reign “ *the nation’s blessing*.” Such is my worst wish to France ; yet I envy not *his* lot, whose task it is to realize it : his throne is no “ bed of roses ;” but a wise liberality and an enlightened firmness may, under Providence, work political miracles.

Our next visit was to the *Louvre Gallery*. When we first applied for admission at the gate of this once unrivalled Museum, our curiosity was tantalized with a sort of *wild-geese* reference for tickets à *Monsieur le Ministre du Roi, Pavillon de Flore, aux Thuilleries*. It was easy to read in the countenances of those to whom

we addressed ourselves, the expression of a sullen reply to our desire of seeing the pictures and statues—" *Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land ye are come.*" I suspect that the cast of our own features, in receiving this intelligence, was any thing but a denial of the correctness of the Frenchman's supposition. How little disposed soever one may be to "tread on the kibe" of national feeling in those towards whom both good nature and policy prompt us to maintain a courteous behaviour, yet there are circumstances in which the obnoxious sentiment in our own heart will interpret itself (maugre the best intentioned effort of polite dissimulation) to the mind from which we are all the while studying to conceal it. Nor would I be sworn that our worthy friend *La B.* to whom we successfully resorted in our difficulty, did not participate in the same train of apprehension, as to the *object* of our request, and the same degree of reluctance as to a compliance with it: although it was only to ask and we had what we wanted. But every Frenchman (and I speak of the *trait* as covering a multitude of sins) is alive to the *love of country*. Our friend, intelligent and amiable in his general character, was in that particular point of it a true son of France: but he was also a Royalist—a man who had dared to be an honest and staunch friend to his King, even "in the worst of times." And he kept himself perfectly aloof from all share in the blame and the shame of losing the *chefs d'œuvre*. That misfortune, with numberless others, he observed, was the work of the *Buonapartistes*. To them, and to their *darling Emperor*, by whose mad and selfish projects France had been made to drink deep of the bitter cup she had so often prepared for others, exclusively belonged the humiliating responsibility of

surrendering the *Keys of the Louvre* to the Allies, who have opened the plunder-room only to *help themselves to their own again!* “After all (added he) the act of restoring to every state its stolen property, or, in other words, what was taken from it by that law of the strongest, the assumed right of conquest, had nothing in it but what might have been done with a good grace: we, however, did it with a bad one. Yet (continued M. La B.) there may at least be this excuse urged for our repugnance at parting with those treasures of the world of art: an excuse more deserving of consideration than all that can be urged in the spirit of mortified pride (which with us has too long had a false glory for its object) it is that we had *naturalized* these foreign productions—we had in one sense made them our own, not indeed by the legality of their original acquisition, but by using them well, and freely displaying them, during the long period we had them in our possession.” It is never my disposition to push subjects of this peculiar kind to the extreme of disputation and fastidious argument. My French friend had made concessions of principle far beyond the usual scope of Gallic rationality on such topics of excitement to their *susceptibilité*; and he seemed on every ground of candour and indulgence, to deserve the privilege of retreating by “*the golden bridge*” of sophistry, which he had thus thrown over the ugly defile of *barefaced rapine* ending in *forced restitution!* I accepted the *weak* defence which he had made for his countrymen, for the sake of his own *strong* support of personal character; and I soothed his *patriot feelings* (using the term in a national not an anarchical sense) by saying, that I wished all the real owners of

these riches of genius might shew themselves worthy of their good fortune, by evincing the same capability which the French had done, to appreciate the value of such enviable possessions.

Accompanied by Mons. La B. who, having transferable tickets of his own, obtained entrance for us without further trouble, we entered the Grand Saloon, or Anti-Chamber, that leads to the Long Gallery. The walls of this introductory apartment I had seen covered with the pictures captured by the French armies in Italy; some of the choicest productions of the Florentine, Venetian, and Roman schools. All were gone: none remained to conceal the dirty walls, except one single solitary object, viz. *Paul Veronese's* large painting of "*the Marriage of Cana.*" Here was "a fell swoop!" What a desert to begin our travels in! We ceased to accuse the Parisians of incivility in manifesting their wish that strangers, for the present at least, should *make themselves scarce* at the *Louvre*. There was something so whimsically *triste* in the shrug of our conductor as he noticed the involuntary gesticulation which indicated my astonishment; something so much in unison with the ruefulness of the surrounding void, that I was obliged to avert my eyes from the significant glance of my worthy *compagnon de voyage*, lest by a sympathetic impulse, the restrained muscles of both our countenances should be betrayed into risibility. But the events which had led to this extraordinary and total change were of a nature creative of other emotions than those of a laughable tendency. The "*eternal*" trophies of Napoleon's Italian campaigns reduced to this! His Empire reduced to less than this, were serious—were awful subjects of reflection. Yet, the re-

membrance of that insolent bombast and servile adulation with which his "*victorious destinies*" have ever been blazoned by his adherents, recurring as it naturally did, at the moment to which I am adverting, had the effect of superadding the poignancy of ridicule to the grave impression of "*the great moral lesson.*"

Detained no longer by the beauties and excellencies that were wont to adorn the *Grand Saloon*, we followed the officer to the door of the *Gallerie d'Apollon*, which opening, presented to our view the prodigiously lengthened *Visto*, which a twelvemonth ago was justly ranked for its precious contents as one of the wonders of the world. Its worth and splendour are no longer the same, but the scene was not so dreary as the one just quitted. Great and numerous, however, have been its losses. As we paced down this room of 400 yards in length, with steps proportioned to the hurried strides of our attendant, the walls continually presented to us *hiatū maximè deflendi*—the places once honoured by the canvas of the finest painters. But although the pictures, which thus remain scattered up and down, "*rari in gurgite vasto*," serve but feebly to shadow forth the magnificence of the former *coup d'œil*; still in the aggregate, they unquestionably constitute a collection, "if not the first, in the very first line" of merit and extent. *Le Brun* (his battles of Alexander) *Poussin* (all his *chefs d'œuvre*) and *Phillipe de Champagne*, of the French school: *Rubens*, *Jordaens*, *Teniers*, *Rembrandt*, *Van Dycke*, *Bassan*, &c. of the Flemish and Dutch schools: *Leonardo de Vinci*, *Caravaggio*, *Guccino*, *Julio Romano*, *Titian*, *Guido*, *Domenichino*, and the "divine" *Raphael* (his Holy Family) of the different Italian Academies: and *Murillo*, of the Spanish

school. These transcendant masters still display here a rich and exquisitely interesting tribute of their labours. Yet, few in number as they now are, compared with the immense accumulation of the *Musée Napoléon*, it may nevertheless correctly be asserted, that too many yet remain to condemn the vain theatric pride, which has chosen to place pictures in an apartment where the windows admit the glare and perplexity of cross lights. The Gallery of the Louvre, originally constructed for a very different purpose, can never be made fit for the exhibition of pictures : such at least is my own opinion, but so think not the French ; and they are now busily occupied in a new arrangement of them, with the intention to fill up the *lamented* vacancies from the cabinet at Versailles, the Luxembourg Gallery, and the Borghese Collection, including a large proportion of the modern school of France.

Descending into the Museum of *Statues*, we beheld, in the most striking light, the consequences of that *purgative* system which had caused the *French Daws* to moult their *borrowed* plumes. Here we saw, on one side, pedestals without statues ; on another, statues without pedestals. “ A mighty maze but *not* without a plan ;” for, as in the *Long Room* above stairs, so in the suite of halls below, the *lucidus ordo* has begun to re-appear, in the new organization of the statuary, a business which employs a number of workmen, and is proceeding with great dispatch. In every respect are the subjects worthy of this considerate zeal : and could we forget *what it was* ; could we forget this museum as the repository of the *Laocoon*, the *Venus*, and the *Apollo* ; one should then, perhaps, be prompted to speak in warmer expressions of admiration of *what it is*, or rather,

what it soon will be. With the exception, indeed, of those unrivalled objects, forming as they would do of themselves alone a *Museum more than Imperial*, there will still be found assembled here what, I should conceive, may justly be deemed the finest collection of antique sculpture in the world: and I shall, with still greater confidence, venture to assert, in opposition to all which the tribe, who have so long made a sport of old-fashioned distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*, may say to the contrary, that the Galleries of the Louvre, even now, retain treasures of such worth and brilliancy as reflect back on the Allied Powers that superior claim to praise—the merit of having resisted temptation, uninfected by the contagion of a bad example!

CHAP. XII.

PARIS—*The Pont des Arts—Palace of the Institute—The Monnaies—Museum of French Monuments—Observations on the magnitude, arrangement, and object of that collection—strictures on the principle on which it is now continued.*

May 20th.

THIS day was principally occupied in visiting the Museum of FRENCH MONUMENTS, at the *Petits Augustins*; in our way thither we crossed the *Pont des Arts*, one of the new bridges; its foundations were laid in 1802: the piers are of stone, and the arches of cast iron, but it is only for foot passengers, and each pays a *sous*. On enquiring why this bridge was so restricted, an anecdote was related to us, that when it was opened in 1804 to the public, so large a concourse of people rushed over the platform at once, that the cast iron work was lifted up an-end with them; great consternation ensued, but happily no serious mischief was done: ever since, however, only a certain number of persons are allowed to pass the bridge at one time. The view from this little bridge, between the noble quays extending from the Pont Neuf to the Pont Royal, is extremely fine, and would be more so if the objects on the river were more seemly and more dignified, but the Seine is lumbered up with rafts and washing houses, and its banks clogged with piles of firewood, and with accumulations of filth.

Directly opposite the southern entrance of the *Pont des Arts* stands the *Church and College of the Four*

Nations, founded by Cardinal *Mazarin*, a very fine combination of architecture. The former is now appropriated to the public sittings of the *Institute*, and the latter is occupied by the different academies and schools of art connected with that great literary and scientific establishment. The entablature of the portal is inscribed “AUX SCIENCES, AUX LETTRES, ET AUX ARTS.” I cannot say that the interior arrangements of the building appeared to correspond with the requisites of those various departments to which it is at present dedicated. In a dark confined antichamber are placed statues of the great theologians, poets, historians, painters, statesmen, and philosophers of France : viz. *Bosuet*, *Fenelon*, *Sully*, *Descartes*, *Rollin*, *Montausier*, *Corneille*, *Pascal*, *Molière*, *La Fontaine*, *Poussin*, *Racine*, *Montesquieu*, *Molé*, and *Montaigne*. On the plinth of the latter are the words “*Que sais je ?*” (what know I ?) The heart, surely, of every wise and every pious man must respond to the sentiment of modesty and ingenuousness developed in these three emphatic monosyllables ; and he who knows the most will be the most apt to ask himself the self-humiliating question ! The body of the church underneath the dome has been converted into a kind of amphitheatre, for the assembly of the body of *savans*, in a manner best calculated, no doubt, for encreasing the *coup de spectacle*, which the French so much study, whether in the opera or the senate, in the pulpit or the field ! Our Royal Society would feel themselves but little at their ease, in making such an exposition of their persons as well as of their talents, before a crowded audience, placed in a semi-circular array before them. The *School of Architecture*, in a room of much too circum-

scribed dimensions, contains an interesting collection of plaster and cork models, representing in their present, and in their supposed perfect state, the temples and other celebrated public edifices of Egypt, India, Persia, Greece, and Rome. Among these the temple of Jupiter at Palmyra; the Parthenon at Athens, and the plan of the Capitol at Rome; the Tomb of Diogenes, the Temple of the Winds, and a Roman Theatre of elaborate workmanship, and minuteness of detail, appeared deserving of particular notice and commendation.

Close by this recently christened *Palais des Beaux Arts*, is the *Hotel de Monnaies*, (the Mint) a building justly admired for the grandeur and elegant decorations of its principal façade. I did not this time visit its interior, in which, besides the whole curious apparatus belonging to the national coinage, there is a superb collection of mineralogy, contained in one of the finest public apartments in Paris.

The Museum of French Monuments, completed in all its arrangements, now forms the most striking, comprehensive, and valuable collection of the kind that *can*, or indeed *ought* to exist in the *civilized* world. It presents a picture of the state of the arts of design and sculpture, from the glimmering of the middle ages, and the *Aurora* of the fifteenth century, proceeding onwards to the meridian splendour of the epocha of Louis XIV. and the continued lustre of the present era. The space, in grounds and in buildings occupied by this Museum, is considerably enlarged since I visited it in 1802. The plan, not confined to cenotaphs, statues, urns, and busts, has extended itself to the transportation hither of prodigious portions of architectural workmanship, from castles and abbies

rained by the edicts of that immortal “*assembly which sat for public confiscation.*” * These choice fragments have certainly been most ingeniously restored, and form a sort of connecting chain between the sister arts of building and statuary. The portal of the celebrated and beautiful *Chateau d’Anet*, built by Phillibert de Lorme, for Henry the Second’s mistress, *Diana of Poitiers*, now serves as the gate of entrance to the *Salle d’Introduction*. The second Court of the Museum is (we are told) wholly composed with the restored ruins of the *Chateau de Gaillon*, built by that Mæcenas of the fifteenth century, Cardinal *George d’Amboise*, Minister of Louis the Twelfth. This *Château* lay on the road side between Vernon and Rouen ; and it fell to my lot, on my return from Paris the former time, to visit these ruins on the very spot. In their restored state—(ah ! *how* restored !) I therefore surveyed them again with something like the feelings of old acquaintanceship. †

* Burke.

† This famous Castle was, in 1789, the residence of *Cardinal de Rochefaucault*, Archbishop of Rouen, and the condition in which I beheld it in 1802, it may not be unacceptable to state, in the plain narrative of my Journal of that excursion, wherein it is mentioned in the following words :—“ The once superb and elegant Chateau de Gaillon is
“ situated on an eminence, which commands on every side a fine and
“ extensive prospect, (it is indeed situated in the richest and most
“ picturesque part of Normandy :) and before the Revolution was re-
“ plete with every thing that was tasteful, magnificent, luxurious, and
“ convenient ; but the barbarous frenzy of that time has made the most
“ exquisite specimen of ornamental architecture little better than a heap
“ of stones. A curious winding staircase in a tower of beautiful work-
“ manship, gives entrance, mid-way, to a small chapel of equally florid
“ architecture, but nearly destroyed : the remains of this, however, are
“ almost the only reliques in a tolerably perfect state, as to the sculp-
“ tural decorations : and although of vast size, is bought by Mr.
“ *Lenoir, Administrateur des Monumens Français*, and will be carried

Owing its riches and its worth to circumstances and to acquisitions like these, what, after all, is this magnificent *Musée des Monumens Français*, but a museum of the monuments of Vandalism?

The gardens of the Museum, or, as they are called, the *Elisée*, display the happiest success of French ingenuity and taste in producing and multiplying the *effet pittoresque*. But though cypresses and weeping willows, and trees and shrubs of various kinds, gracefully disposed, and grouped among the monuments, impart what is termed a *movement* to architecture and an animation to sculpture, yet the climate of Paris is not so constantly free from humidity, but that there are occasions, even in the summer season, when the state of this *Elisium* is far from proving congenial to an indulgence in those dreams of romantic ecstacy which they are avowedly designed to inspire and to cherish. And yet there are in this part of the establishment, some objects of so curious and excellent a kind, that the occasions for inspecting them to advantage ought not to depend on the weather. Among the rest, strangely deposited by the side (as it were) of modern pieces, is placed one of the most curious *morceaux* of the middle

“to that Museum at Paris, together with some other choice things.
 “The present proprietor, like an egregious blockhead, on taking possession of it, sold off all the lead from the roof, and not being able
 “now to place it in a condition to be inhabited, is obliged to dispose of
 “the materials at a great loss to himself, and to the still deeper and
 “lasting regret of every admirer of the beautiful antique. The connected buildings of this vast palace, the stables, the orangery, the terraces, and gardens, (of which latter we can only judge by the walls)
 “were on the grandest scale. The whole, including a quantity of surrounding land, he holds in consideration of 24,000 livres paid to the
 “Revolutionary Government, which at the ejectment of its lawful possessor, was valued at 600,000 livres.”

ages that have survived the wreck of time or of sacrilege ; I mean the *Tomb of Dagobert*, a sepulchral chapel which originally adorned the church of St. Denis, forming one of the number of those pious memorials which Saint Louis caused to be erected to the honour and (according to the Romish Faith) for the souls of his predecessors. It is covered with bass reliefs, representing, in a most singular succession of groupes, the monkish legend of King Dagobert's soul rescued, at its departure, from the claws of the Devil and his angels, by the interposition of Saint Denis ! This monument, from being continually exposed, contrary to intention, to the action of the atmosphere in a confined situation, has already become spotted with a green vegetable mould, and is, with many others, evidently suffering injury : and this for no other apparent reason in the world than that of making them subservient to the purposes of fantastical remark and of sentimental rhapsody.*

The objects contained in the interior compartments of the Museum do not appear to have received any material additions either to their number or their importance, since my former visit. The whole prodigious assemblage has undergone a new disposition : the number of halls has been increased ; and the *Introductory Saloon*, considerably enlarged and of the most appropriate construction, presents a *coup d'œil* of a very magnificent and interesting kind. One cannot indeed, sufficiently express one's admiration at the able and learned classification, and the extraordinary variety of these works of ancient and modern art : these correct and splendid illustrations of human character and of

* Description du Musée par Lenoir.—See Observations sur l'Elysée, p. 277.

national genius, saved, as they have been, from the fury, and restored from the mutilating grasp of the revolutionary French—a blind multitude, who, with manners unsoftened by a knowledge of the liberal arts, unchecked by their mild, their sober and enlightening influence, and above all, unresponsive to the operations of a still higher spring of moral conduct, that religious disposition which is “the basis of civil society, and source of all good and of all comfort,”* were rendered fit instruments in the hands of demagogues, by whom whatever opposed their own demoniac ambition, however glorious, precious, or venerable, was swept away in one wide torrent of indiscriminate destruction. A tribute of great praise the founder claims; and such an homage is justly due to *Monsieur Le Noir*: to him is the stranger indebted for the opportunity of tracing, with an *unique* facility, the progress of the imitative powers, from the earliest ages of the French Monarchy down to the present time: beginning with the simple monumental effigies of Clovis, Dagobert, Charlemagne, and Hugh Capet; then proceeding to those patterns of sculptural anatomy in the figures, and those elaborately rich and costly designs in the tombs, of Louis XII. Francis the First, Henry the Second, and Henry the Fourth; and lastly, the consecration of refined taste and brilliant workmanship to the highest *eclat* of sepulchral honours, such as are displayed in the mausoleums of *Mazarin* and *Richelieu*, and in the works contemporaneous with, and subsequent to the age of Louis XIV. These form at once a regular and complete climax of perfection in Art, and a most interesting series of historical elucidation.

It is impossible, however, for me to refrain from observing, (at the same time that I acknowledge its value) that the impression produced in a MUSEUM like this is of too technical a kind. There seems too much of the affectation of connoisseurship, and too little of the force of just sentiment in the principle on which such a collection is supported. Most respectable as an asylum to the Works of Art, when they stood in need of protection, yet it surely loses much of its merit, in still withholding so many of them from their original sanctuaries, where they were directly identified with the ages of which they represent the most memorable traits. No superiority of advantage afforded to the study of the Artist; no increase of facility offered to the researches of the Antiquary; no corroborative strength of evidence communicated to the records of the Historian; can, indeed in my humble view and feeling of the subject, compensate for thus continuing to keep severed the original ties of local and moral connection, whence objects like these, giving exercise, as they were intended to do, to the delightful faculty of associative thought, derive their greatest power to satisfy the understanding, and to charm the imagination.

CHAP. XIII.

EXCURSION to ST. DENIS and MONTMARTRE—*State of the Abbey of St. Denis in 1802 and in 1816—Its Monuments still remain deposited in the Museum at Paris—Objections to this retention—Architecture of the Church—Modern Sacristy—Expiatory Altars—Exhumations in 93 Montmartre—Traces of War—View from the summit of the Heights—Connection, historical and moral, between Montmartre and St. Denis—Church of Montmartre—Ruins of the Abbey—New-built Slaughter-houses at the entrance of the Suburbs of Paris.*

May 29th.

THIS day was employed in visiting *St Denis* and *Montmartre*. When I passed through the former place in 1802, the celebrated Abbey, the sumptuous mausoleum of Kings and Great Men, was little more than a mouldering ruin. Stripped, by licensed robbers and incendiaries, of its funds of ecclesiastical wealth, and of its more valuable objects of Antiquity and the Arts; its vaulted roofs fallen in and covering the pavement with undistinguishable wrecks, the Holy Place seemed absolutely abandoned to "*the abomination of desolation*"—a gloomy remembrancer to the events of that evil hour, when impiety and rebellion, displaying abroad their audacious fronts, and thirsting to share in the spoils of disorganized society, had inflamed the ignorant and barbarous populace to the commission of unutterable horrors. Different, however, and more consolatory is the appearance which the Church has of late years as-

sumed. Napoleon, whose *kingly* propensities were but ill-disguised even beneath the Consular robe, had not long worn the mantle of Imperialism, before he began to manifest a respect, till then unavowed, for the Burial Place of Monarchs. Accordingly, under his auspices, the work of renovation was extended to the shattered walls and unweeded floor of poor Saint Denis. The church has been made completely wind and water-tight; the new parts have been executed in strict conformity to the old, and the whole shell of the building is in a state of extreme neatness and good order. The only thing still needful, is the *trifling* desideratum of restoring its *treasure* and its *monuments*: and the Abbey will probably be put into repossession of the *one* quite as soon as of the *other*. That most *honourable* and *responsible* body, the National Convention, (in 1793) *took charge* of all the ornaments of the *Church*: the chalices, pyxes, and other rich offerings of ancient piety. And the truly precious remains of the tombs and statues, are now in the *Musée des Monumens Français*.

Now, it is *here*, in this very place—the Abbey of St. Denis, that one feels, in the strongest sense, the objections to which the present plan and principle of the Parisian Institution are liable. Giving all the praise due to *M. Le Noir*, for what he did, at a very critical and dangerous moment, to preserve and restore those inestimable works, I must still contend, that they should on no account have been considered otherwise than as a sacred deposit for *temporary* security. To rescue the national monuments from popular fury and fanaticism; to supply their mutilations; and to place them where they might be studied and admired, till happier times should render their former sanctuaries again fit for their

reception—this was an object worthy the aim and exertion of the intrepid, the judicious, the consistent friend to the Liberal Arts: *all the rest* (in my own apprehension) amounts to nothing more than the mere *dilletanti* whim of *Museum making*!

The founder of the *Musée Français* has, it seem, the ambition of rendering it what he is pleased to term, “*une véritable histoire monumentale de la Monarchie Française.*” * But *Monsieur Le Noir* appears to have forgotten, that before Crowned Heads, and Mitred Brows were denounced by his countrymen, as efficacious and indispensable sacrifices to human *Reason* and *Rights*, at the shrine of *Saint Guillotine*; and before the work of *Regeneration* was commenced, by strewing the land with carcasses and ashes, this venerable pile so miserably outraged, and so long neglected; this once bright star of antiquity, still divested of those rays that gave it lustre and beauty, was to all the best interests and purposes for which such Institutions are established and maintained, the true monumental History of the Monarchy of France.—“*Les chef d’œuvres de beaux arts* (it is elegantly and correctly observed by Madame de Stael) *les ruines antiques, nous apprennent l’histoire par l’imagination et le sentiment.*”—And it was in this famous *basilick*, coeval in some of its parts with the earliest of the three regal dynasties of the French nation, that the tributary respect of successive ages had united in amassing a collection, directly calculated to influence the feelings of the heart through the only correct medium, that of the understanding— a permanent and satisfactory kind of impression, which the nicely ordered refinements, and factitious analogies, of the

* *Musée*, p. 154.

Petits Augustins, however ingenious and however imposing, must inevitably fall short of producing on the mind of the reflecting observer.

The east and west ends of the Church are obviously of earlier date than the nave and transepts; and it is not a little curious to note the skill with which the architects of the later portion of the building have adapted it to the old work; amalgamating the pointed with the circular architecture; and strengthening the superstructure they have raised by means of flying buttresses and other expedients for supporting weak masonry. The west front possesses a remarkable, I had almost said an affected degree of simplicity; so little promise does it give of the architectural grandeur and beauty within. Its two flanking towers, though unlike in design, and of unequal loftiness, have yet a boldness in them that almost exceeds belief. The portals are covered with a sort of *Zodiac* and *Hieroglyphic* designs. Their sculptures, however, are shockingly defaced; the heads of the figures being, as it were *systematically* knocked off by the decapitators. The nave, which is of extraordinary height,* is of the lightest and most elegant description of the pointed stile. To supply the collection of painted glass, great part of which was put up by *Abbot Suger*, in 1110, the windows are glazed with pieces of various colours, cut in lozenge form. The superb rose windows in the transepts are tained in the same manner: but the effect is glaring;

* In reference to this circumstance, Mr. Whittingham, in his able and interesting work on "the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of France," observes, that "the bold and striking elevation which distinguishes the works of the French Architects, and to which their lightness is in a great measure to be attributed, is very remarkable in this Church, where the nave is 90 feet high and only 39 wide."

it is not in harmony with the tranquil solemnity of the edifice. There is something singular in the appearance of *Buonaparte's* initial N. and the *bees* (which he copied from Childeric and Clovis) in the same lights with the *fleurs de lis*, and other symbols of the *Bourbons*! We now find, what our friend Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in the Play, would call "*very snug lying in the Abbey*."—The crypts are all cleaned out and spruced up; and in short, rendered proper for the *Ultima Domus* of an *Emperor*. This was Buonaparte's opinion of them, as we gathered from our conductor, who shews us a door of bronze highly ornamented with gold work, intended for the *caveau*, which, at a time, when "good easy man, full sure he thought his greatness was a ripening," instead of decaying, his Imperial Majesty chose for the sepulchre of the "Fourth Dynasty."—Modern statues of the Kings of France fill the niches formerly occupied by their coffins. These vaults form part of the subterranean church of the Monastery, the construction of which is attributed to the time of Pepin.* The capitals of the short massive columns and pilasters are beautifully ornamented with foliage and grotesque.

The *concierge* pointed out to us three *autels expiatoires*, (I prefer giving the jargon in their own language)—the two former of these *semi-pagan* monuments are erected to the memory of the *Merovingian* and the *Carlovingian* race of Kings—the third is dedicated to the *Capetian* race, of which the *Bourbons* are descendants. *Expiation*, indeed;—Grant me patience, gentle Heaven!—This is the Gallic doctrine of atonement. They can laugh at and despise the wretched compromise (for such it was) which Dagobert offered for his licentious and

* Lenoir.—Musée, p. 173.

cruel life, by founding this very Abbey; but is *their* subterfuge, in these paltry *succedanea*, less ridiculous and contemptible, than *his* superstition. Or rather, might we not say, that the darkly ignorant suggestions of that Monarch's perturbed conscience may plead a better excuse than can the wilfully deceptive dictates of their *enlightened* minds? But Human Nature, that compound of virtues and vices, of dignity and infirmity, has still proved itself the same, in spite of the blighting power of ancient priestcraft to *denaturalize*, and of the presumptuous attempts of modern philosophy to *perfectionate* it.

The Sacristy to the east of the High Altar is a handsome piece of *Grecian* architecture. It was built by Napoleon, and contains some pictures by *Grenier*, a living artist. Among the subjects are Dagobert approving the design of the Church: the funeral obsequies of the same Monarch: the visits made to the Abbey by Charlemagne, and by Francis I. and the Emperor Charles the Fifth. They are not works of superlative merit; but they serve in some measure to revive that interest, which is apt to become dormant in a place divested of monumental attractions. It is not, indeed, the mere view of architectural beauties; nor the picturesque effect of ancient ruins, that constitutes the most rational and substantial source of gratification. When we contemplate a great Cathedral, or a dilapidated Convent Church, we involuntarily fall into a sort of discourse with ourselves. These doors, we say, have been passed many ages ago by such and such illustrious visitors—this pavement has formed the route of a procession on such a renowned occasion—that sacred object has rivetted the attention, and warmed the devotions of such

a monarch—that shrine has been knelt at by such a warrior—at this altar such a prelate has officiated.—And, for my own part, never do I reap, from the scanty acquisitions and humble measure of intellectual powers that have fallen to my lot, any results more pleasurable than those which produce themselves when thus the rein is given to Fancy, under the lively excitement of objects in themselves so venerable and so impressive.

Opposite the portal of the South Transept, at the extremity of an enclosed piece of ground of circumscribed dimensions, and clogged with fragments of sculptured stone, is a little green hillock, on the top of which stands a small wooden cross. It marks the spot where the sepulchral tenants of this dignified cemetery—this Westminster Abbey of France, were, in the *annus detestabilis* of ninety-three, flung into a deep hole, dug there for that purpose. The bodies and bones of more than an hundred personages, more or less renowned in history; statesmen, churchmen, warriors, princes and princesses, queens and kings, were, in a ferocious hatred of the priesthood, of nobility, and of royalty; and with a stupid contempt for every thing great and virtuous; consigned to the same oblivious ignominy which attends the scattered remnants of “the beasts that perish!” O days of impiety—O deeds of sacrilege—provocatives of divine vengeance on that guilty people of which ye attest the *mind-destroying* change; why have ye been so circumstantially recorded? Why, in the same pit where still “unhonoured lie” the illustrious dead of France, were not committed, as to “dull forgetfulness a prey,” all details, and if possible all proof, of her children’s degeneracy and infamy? Posterity might hesitate in giving credence to the narrative of those

transactions, of which the mere traditionary accounts would scarcely be received as authentic, even at this short period of time elapsed since their occurrence.— But *Monsieur Le Noir*, who was present at the whole *procès*, has published the disgusting yet curious particulars.* It is worth while to note the originators of that measure which (with his characteristic felicity and emphasis of expression) Mr. Burke called “anplumbing the dead to assassinate the living.” We might hear, at least without surprise, that the incarnate fiends whose delight was in crime, who rioted in the wreck of property, and wantoned in the waste of human life; that those miscreants, urged by insatiate cupidity or brutal curiosity, should have made no scruple of violating the awful recesses of the tomb. But these exhumations were made by order of—the Committee of Public Safety—popular representatives—professed opposers of Vandalism! From these *high-minded*—consistent patriots, and guardians of the public honour, emanated the decree for disinterring the departed, in order to appropriate the *lead* that enwrapped their skeletons and mummies, to encrease the military resources of “the Great Nation!” One exception, and only one, was made in the general fate of these disturbed remains. Marshal Turenne’s was saved; and *Citoyen Carnot*, now *Count Carnot*, afterwards made a blubbing oration over the body of a hero, who, had he been *alive*, would have deemed no dishonour so insupportable as that of being the theme of a *regicide’s* praise! No other distinction was made. Even the Great Henry of Navarre, though so late a subject of panegyric, (whose corpse, like that

* Vide “Notes Historiques sur les exhumations faites, en 1793, dans l’Abbaye de Saint Denis.”

of the brave victor of Turkheim, was found in an almost miraculous state of preservation), only served to furnish a *lock* from its manly beard for a false *moustachio*, to adorn the ferocious lip of some *Sans culotte* soldier.* His reliques afterwards shared the same lot with those of a *Du Guesclin*, a *Francis the First*, a *Suger*, a *Saint Louis*, and a *Dagobert*. Their bones now lie mingled with the rest in one common fellowship of corruption and decay; and the regards of the stranger are permitted to dwell at leisure on a spot, where human depravity has completed the humiliation of human grandeur!

Returning through the close and dirty streets of the town of Saint Denis, we rode some way along the broad avenue leading to the *Bois de Boulogne*: it is called the *Versailles* road. Louis the Fourteenth, who never forgot the day of the *barricadoes*, and the *loyal* conduct of his good city of Paris, during the troubles of the *Fronde*, not caring how seldom he resided in or passed through it, used to go this way on public occasions from *Versailles* to the Abbey. On our arrival opposite *Montmartre*, we discharged our vehicle, and proceeded, walking, across the open fields, which form a continuation of the great plain of *Aubervilliers*, or *Notre Dame*

* The anecdote to which this observation refers, I shall subjoin, as a curiosity of its kind, in M. Alexandre Le Nojr's own words.—“ Un soldat qui était présent (at the disinterment of the remains of King Henry the Fourth) mu par un martial enthousiasme au moment de l'ouverture du cercueil, se précipita sur le cadavre du vainqueur de la Ligue, et, après un long silence d'admiration, il tira son sabre, lui coupa une longue mèche de sa barbe, qui était encore fraîche, s'écria en même tems, en termes énergiques et vraiment militaires: *Et moi aussi, je suis soldat français! Désormais je n'aurai plus d'autre moustache.* En plaçant cette mèche précieuse sur sa levre supérieure: *maintenant je suis sur de vaincre les ennemis de la France, et je marche à la Victoire.* Il se retira!”

de Vertus, where the grand Russian army was reviewed last summer : and we ascended the heights near the point where the allied troops made the principal assault, in the sanguinary action, which gave them their *first* possession of Paris (in 1814.) The land around this side of *Montmartre* is a perfect garden :—vineyards, orchards ; corn, clover, vegetables, gooseberry and currant bushes, and vines, covering the rising grounds with variegated patches, form so many grateful indications of restored tranquillity, and agricultural industry : while, in scaling the steep rock of limestone, we trace at every step the recent “form and pressure” of military labours : half levelled entrenchments—banquettes for musketry—platforms and embrasures for cannon—houses (in what are technically called “good positions”) stripped of their roofs, and converted, by piercing their walls with loop holes, into petty fortresses,—these and other strong marks of the iron hand of war, constitute the present peculiar features of *Montmartre*. A small *maison de plaisance*, situated about two thirds of the way up, exhibited a particularly striking epitome of warlike desolation ; and its interior stucco, covered with innumerable scribblings in *French*, *German*, and *English*, told us who had been the last successive occupiers of this forlorn and ruined habitation. The rock is every where perforated with vast quarries, from whence the *gypsum* is dug, so well known under the name of Plaster of Paris.

From the top of the Church, the panorama amply compensates for the exertion required in attaining it.—The brilliant capital of France, spreading forth its *fau-bourgs*, and touching with one of these suburban branches the foot of our lofty situation, extends far and wide into

the vast level below us. From this and other points of superior elevation, to which one occasionally resorts for enlarged views of the city of Paris, the transparency of the air gives distinctness to almost the extreme verge of the *coup d'œil*: the different quarters of this great metropolis are to be marked with precision, and the architectural characters of its most conspicuous edifices distinguished with a facility which communicates a novel pleasure to eyes accustomed, as with us in England, to an atmosphere surcharged with the dense vapours of a humid soil; or still more heavily loaded with the impregnation of sea coal smoke. In turning our regards circuitously to the opposite segment of this circular picture, a fine champaign country is seen, bounded by hills, which, extending in the form of promontories, produce an agreeable alternation of eminence and valley; and the blue tinge of ethereal warmth and purity is imparted to the mountainous horizon of the prospect. In the intermediate distances, however, the uniformity of space is not sufficiently relieved: villages, towns, and the more insulated habitations of men, are scattered through the expanse with somewhat too niggard a hand; and amidst fields, fertile and well cultivated, one looks in vain for the inclosure that diversifies, the verdure that enriches, and the luxuriance of foliage that adorns the generality of our English prospects.

Between Montmartre and St. Denis, independent of local proximity, there is a close historical connection; the former being the scene of martyrdom, and the latter the place of sepulture of the Apostle and Patron Saint of France. Such are the associations of ancient days: but may we not also recognize the ties of reference between these two places, in the still more interesting

and important chain of modern transactions? To my own mind, still warmed, as I confess it was, by the contemplation of the *cross-crowned tumulus*, under the walls of the Abbey we had just quitted, and still occupied with the ideas which it had inspired, the towers of St. Denis, as I beheld them from the dismantled entrenchments of Montmartre, appeared like the principle ascertained from the corollary; like the primary cause traced upwards from the ultimate effect. And as the eye hung alternately on the near and distant features of the *material* prospect, the glances of thought spontaneously reverted to corresponding points in the *moral* picture. The analogy seemed striking. *There* a scene of shame and disgrace to France; *here* a memorial of her punishment and humiliation. When, indeed, we reflect on the spirit, operation, and result of a revolution, which prophaned the Altar, subverted the Throne, and in its march from crime to crime led its infuriate votaries, from the completed work of havoc above ground, down to the regions of the grave, to ransack the chambers and dishonour the ashes of the dead: when we consider the long unchecked career of its atrocities; and the equally long-continued tide of its triumphs, attained over every thing truly good, and great, and valuable, in the community of mankind—when we reflect on this, and then mark the re-acting power by which the huge fabric of conquest and spoliation raised by that hideous and intolerable system has at length been destroyed: in a word, when, looking back to the crisis of pillage, burnings, massacres, and exhumations, we contrast their revolting images with the cheering character of those events, which brought the victorious standards of united Europe, to wave over the capital of her *désolator* and

oppressor, shall not the feelings of gratitude prompt us to exclaim—if there have been days of injustice and violence, there is also a day of retribution and of security ; “ *Verily, there is a GOD, that judgeth the Earth!*”

The Church of Montmartre is a very ancient, but not a very handsome structure : it contains a small set of trumpery pictures (the altar piece, by the bye, is an exception)—and there is a vast deal of what, in *heretical* hearts like our own, excites all sorts of feelings save those of devout faith and serious veneration, which they are placed there expressly to excite. Besides the genuine and *attested* relics of Saint DENIS, Saint BRIDGET, and of our own sturdy English Monk, the Devil-pinching Saint DUNSTAN, we are edified with the *exposition* of a Calvary : this latter is composed of a large Cross, on which the figure of the Saviour, to the natural size, is suspended. Over his head, at his feet, and by his side, are deposited the *hyssop-staff*, the *spear*, the *crown of thorns*, the *nails*, *hammer*, and *St. Veronica's handkerchief*—every one of which, on appointed festivals, is kissed, and at all times adored by the *bons catholiques*. On these objects we looked with regret, not with contempt or hatred—we regarded them as pitiable absurdities, not as unpardonable or detestable profanations.—Convinced, by past experience, that the bigotry of infidelity is as fanatical and intolerant as that of monkery ; that it has a spirit of persecution as virulent, as rapacious, and as sanguinary, as ever was engendered in a convent cell, or displayed itself in the secret halls of the Inquisition, we felt (without being *enamoured* of them), the more indulgence towards these symbols of “ *superstition* ;” which being (as is wisely observed) “ *the religion of feeble minds*, they must be tolerated in

an intermixture of it, in some trifling or some enthusiastic shape or other, else you deprive weak minds of a resource found necessary to the strongest." *

The side aisles and porches of the Church were used as a magazine for bread, hay, and corn, by the English garrison, to whom this important post, the key of Paris, was last year confided. It had the former year been used for the same purpose by the troops of all the five allied nations; but each in turn shewed respect for the sacred character and services of the place; which was more than was observed by the *Patriots* of ninety-two, who levelled almost to the ground the adjoining Monastery. Except the extensive circuit of the garden walls, delightfully situated, scarcely a vestige has been spared of the Abbey; from one of the windows of which, as Sully tells us, King Henry the Fourth surveyed and directed the operations of the dreadful night attack, that put him in possession of all the *faubourgs* of the city at once, during its memorable siege.—From the heights of Montmartre, as the author of the *Henriade* finely expresses it—

“ Il contemplait Paris d’un œil triste et tranquille

“ *Français*, s’écria-t-il, et toi, fatale ville,

“ Citoyens malheureux, peuple faible et sans foi,

“ Jusqu’à quand voulez vous combattre votre roi ?”

The descent from Montmartre towards Paris, by a steep zig zag path, presents the capital and its fine environs in various pleasing points of view. At the foot of the eminence, close to the entry of the suburb, is a spacious quadrangular inclosure, the construction of which was commenced by Buonaparte; and which, when finished, will unquestionably form one of the best

* Burke.

alterations that can be made for the health and cleanliness of a great metropolis. It is a *Tuerie* and *Abbattoir*—a place for graziers to feed, and for butchers to slaughter their cattle in, for the Paris markets. There are several others in different quarters of the outskirts of the town. To what intolerable nuisances, and, I may add, to what dangers are not the inhabitants of London exposed, for the want of an establishment on similar principles, both as to locality and arrangement.

CHAP. XIV.

PARIS—*Ecole de Médecine—Palace of the Luxembourg—Jardin des Plantes—The Pantheon—Visit to the Catacombs—Library of St. Genèviève—Churches of St. Sulpice and St. Etienne du Mont—Parisian Catholicism.*

May 30th and 31st.

WE visited the *Ecole de Médecine et de Chirurgie*, (situated in the *Rue des Cordeliers*, near *Rue St. Jacques*), erected by Louis the Fifteenth into an united establishment, and placed in an edifice of considerable extent, and of great architectural merit. The *façade* towards the street, and the peristyle in the court, are considered as models of classic purity. The bass reliefs with which they are decorated, allusive to the Esculapian Art, are happily conceived and finely executed. Opposite the front of the building is a fountain of modern date, and of studied simplicity; from which the water descends through a perforation in the roof, like a shower-bath. The interior contains a very fine amphitheatre for Lectures, and several spacious shew rooms, &c. Besides a library, and a collection of surgical instruments, it possesses a very extensive Cabinet of Human Anatomy, highly favourable, no doubt, to the views and researches of the physiological and surgical students. We observed many of these young men availing themselves of the opportunities here so gratuitously held out to them: each examining, with book in hand, and eye intent, the particular subject of his investigation, with a mind so absorbed as to be proof against all attacks of inter-

ruption, which, from the frequently too crowded state of the rooms, are perpetually made on his attention.—Skeletons, dissections, prepared natural subjects, and models in wax, the latter executed with an exactness the most deceptive—all these, exhibiting both general and partial views of the human frame, as well in the morbid as in the healthy state, portrayed to us in a manner almost too strong for our *unprofessional nerves*—“how fearfully and wonderfully we are made!”

With every disposition, however, to commend the easy access which is afforded to the public by the administrators of the Parisian Institutions, I am still of opinion, that considerations of high *moral* importance demand exceptions, with respect to some of them; and that those exceptions might, with the greatest propriety, be extended to this School of Medicine and Surgery.—It is impossible, indeed, to see *boys*, and even *women*, inspired with no other possible motive than an ignorant and indelicate curiosity, passing unrestrictedly through the sacred portals of Science, and rashly prying into the awful and mysterious secrets of Nature, without one's wishing that *difficulties* such as those we had previously experienced in obtaining admission to the *Museum of the Louvre*, had rather been opposed to the very objectionable entrance of many of both sexes whom we had the astonishment of meeting in this school.

Palais du Luxembourg.—This grand monument of architecture, exhibiting a mixture of French and Italian taste, built by an *architect of the former nation under a †Princess of the latter country, was in 1802 repairing for the *Conservative Senate* of Buonaparte. It is now the *Palace of the Chamber of Peers*, and few edifices

* Desbrosses.

† Maria de Medicis.

of more regular and appropriate construction could be selected for such a public purpose: the only objection is its locality; being approached through a dirty part of the town, and too far removed from the Royal residence, and from the Lower House of Legislature. The whole building, inside and out, has been greatly beautified, the gardens enlarged and thrown open, are beyond measure improved; forming a striking contrast to the general appearance of this *arrondissement* of Paris; and adorned with basins, statues, and young plantations, afford a *promenade* very little inferior to that of the *Thuilleries*: it is a more tranquil but not less agreeable place of resort; and the avenue from the Palace, extended now as far as the Observatory, is an uncommonly fine piece of perspective. We were disappointed of seeing the handsome *Salle des Seances*, of this French House of Lords: it not being the time of Session, the reason or pretext for excluding strangers was, that it was *cleaning*. The principal object of interior attraction, however, is the collection of pictures, statues, busts, &c. in the galleries; and of those we had the gratification of passing some hours in the inspection. In the anti-chamber to the *Gallery of Rubens*, are some of *Phillipe de Champaigne's* best productions, both in point of design and colouring; among the rest, *The Supper at Simon's the Pharisee's* and *The Last Supper*.—In the well known and universally admired collection painted by *Rubens* to illustrate the chief transactions in the life of *Marie de Medicis*, (wife of Henry the Fourth and mother of Louis XIII.) there are such striking proofs both of knowledge, and of imagination, that it well deserves to be called the "*Poem*" of that astonishing Genius. Had there been

less of *Allegory* and more of *History*; and had the vanquisher of the League, instead of the *Cardinalized* Regency of his widowed Queen been the subject of his glorious pencil, this superb series would have been infinitely enhanced in value before the eyes of posterity: but as it is, they are master pieces of composition, expression, and colouring; such as one is scarcely to be satiated with beholding. In this gallery, are two of *David's* works, esteemed among his best, viz. his *Brutus*, and his *Serment des Horaces*. I leave it to the admirers of that able artist to reconcile to themselves his choice of subjects, which do not and cannot "*explain themselves*." *David* seems, to me, a painter without a *heart*. A man ungifted with *feeling* may delineate and clothe *excellent statues*, may present in perfection the symmetry of *bloodless forms*; but to give them the transparency, the warmth, the glow of intelligence and vivacity, the tenderness and force of expression, requires a soul impressed with the most delicate as well as the truest touches of sensibility; and endowed with the most amiable as well as the most accurate perceptions of the human character. From these apartments we proceed to the Gallery which contains *Vernet's* masterly and delightful paintings of the *Ports of France*: among these, the views of *Marseilles*, *Toulon*, *Brest*, *Bordeaux*, *Malo*, *Antibes*, and *Dieppe*, are particularly fine. This series has been continued since the Revolution by *Citoyen Hue*, who has, in opposition to the *ancien regime* of his greater predecessor, given a republican feature to all his subjects. A very favourite event with the French naval painters is the engagement between the *Baionnaise* and the *Ambuscade*, in the year 96: this sea victory of theirs over *us* was a subject to

make the most of, and accordingly it is multiplied at Versailles, the Thuilleries, and the Luxembourg. It puts one in mind of the fable of the Man and the Lion. The third compartment, is the gallery which comprises the *chefs d'œuvre* of *Le Sueur*, a series not the least meritorious of the whole, formerly belonging to the cloister of the *Chartreux*, and which represents the legendary history of *Saint Bruno*, the founder of that gloomily religious order. The simplicity and grace, the freedom and accuracy of pencil, that pervade the works of *Le Sueur*, impart a charm to the eye and to the mind, which not only forbids one to regret the cold and uniform complexion of his colouring, but even reconciles one to a subject very far from possessing a just claim to so great a share of attention and ability, as that which the "*Raphael of France*" has bestowed upon it.

The farthest point of this day's perambulation, was the *Jardin des Plantes*—an establishment of which the extent, variety, and utility to the naturalist, are not sufficiently expressed by its designation. It is a second *Eden*, where the fruits of the earth, the beasts of the field and forest, and the fowls of the air, seem brought by an ordaining hand into a focus of concentration, for Man to dress and cultivate the one, and to *name* and study the other. Extending over a prodigious space of ground, it encloses a Garden of Botany and of Agriculture, with the most ornamental display of shrubs and flowers—the rarest plants and the most common vegetable productions—in large conservatories, or in open beds. A spot congenial to the growth of aquatic plants, is stocked with every description of water-fowl. And as the nursery grounds and orchards comprise the accumulated tributes both of this and foreign soils—so the

Menagerie presents a general view of quadrupeds and birds, from the lordly lion and the eagle of the sun to the spaniel and the barn-door fowl. Some of the savage animals, such as bears and wild boars, are kept in deep pits. The sentinel at one of these places, told us rather a shocking anecdote of one of the bears, whom we observed limping out of his den:—About two years back, a soldier on guard dropped his bayonet into the fosse, which is about 30 feet deep, and thought, no doubt, as it was dark, that he might venture down to regain it; but the poor fellow had no sooner descended than he was attacked by the bear; and in the morning his bones were found strewed at the bottom of the pit. Shortly after the same ferocious brute, in climbing up one of the trees, placed in the middle of the inclosure, in pursuit of a cat which had gained the summit, fell down and broke his thigh. There is a very noble elephant, nine feet in height, a female: she has a house of proper dimensions for her reception, surrounded by a spacious court, fenced in with high and strong palisadoes. Among the several embellishments which render this place delightful, is an eminence, called *Le Mont du Pavillon (de Buffon)* whence a very excellent view is afforded both of the magnificent structures of the Capital, and the objects of the surrounding country.—Of the *Cabinet of Natural History*, it requires a scientific pen to characterise the perfection of arrangement, and to appreciate the value. I shall not venture to do more than express the pleasure which it affords and the admiration it excites, even on a transient inspection, to minds possessed of any thing like intelligence and capacity for contemplating the wonders of a Creator's hand. The minerals and fossils, methodised and classed by the

celebrated *Cuvier*, are a superb collection, though apparently not so extensive as that in the British Museum. A pair of enormously large antlers, in the fossil state, are inscribed as having been found in Ireland, and presented by the British Museum to *Cuvier*. The fish and reptiles are admirably preserved : among these are a monstrous fish, of a non-descript species, thrown on shore, some years ago, at Dieppe ; and two or three enormous specimens of the Boa. Bullock's peculiar method of exhibiting this terrific serpent is preferable to the manner here adopted. Among the beasts and birds, which are also well preserved, are some grand specimens of the ostrich, eagle, and those of beautiful plumage—a Hippopotamos, a Rhinoceros, and that extraordinary quadruped the Cameleopard, brought over by *Vaillant* ; it is at least twelve feet from the hoof of the fore foot to the crown of its head, standing in an erect posture, while its haunches do not stand higher than those of a moderate sized mule. There is a *half-naked* statue of *Buffon*, and a *stark-naked* statue of Truth, in these Galleries, where, although crowded with company on public days, the most perfect order reigns. Admission is unattended with any preliminary form except that of leaving sticks and umbrellas : and on the whole, whether for the agreeable nature of the promenade, or for the infinite diversity of character among the spectators, a visit to the *Jardin des Plantes* constitutes an object of superior rationality and attraction. At the extremity of the Gardens is the bridge named by Buonaparte *Le Pont d'Austerlitz*, the foundations of which were laid when I was here before ; it was finished in 1807, and is a great convenience and ornament to this quarter of Paris. The piers and buttresses of this handsome struc-

ture are of stone, and its arches, five in number, are of cast iron. Like all the other new bridges, a toll is paid on it by carriages and foot passengers.

MAY 31st.—This morning, resuming our course through the populous but dirty suburbs of *St. Jacques* and *St. Marcel*, we proceeded to the new *Church of Sainte Geneviève*, the PANTHEON of (Revolutionary) France, expecting to find it present the brilliant spectacle of a finished *chef d'œuvre* of architecture; its interior resplendent in Corinthian polish, and filled with the choicest labours of statuary and of the pencil, memorial tributes rendered “AUX GRANDS HOMMES,” by “LA PATRIE RECONNOISANTE,” to use “*the words of promise*,” inscribed on the entablature of the portal. In these anticipations, however, we were disappointed. The new *Sainte Geneviève* (for it has since been restored to its original name and destination) commenced under the reign of Louis XV.* is still in the hands of the artificers, encumbered with the whole apparatus of scaffolds, centres, and supporters of timber and masonry. As this was its apparent state in 1802, I was proceeding, in my own mind, to set it down among the instances which may be found, wherein the modern French evince greater fondness for beginning anew, than for completing what has been interrupted in its accomplishment: such a conclusion, however, would have been an injustice to them in this case, for on inquiring of the *concierge*, we learnt, that about seven or eight years ago the works were so nearly brought to a termination, that this fine building was to have been consecrated and opened with great *eclât*, when tremendous fractures were discovered in the too light and feeble

* 1764, by the architect Soufflot.

pillars that support the dome. Ever since this unfortunate occurrence, the most able architects and the most skilful builders have been employed and still continue their endeavours to remedy these dangerous defects. In consequence, the interior is divested of ornament, except the beautiful circle of Mosaic pavement, in marble, under the dome, and a statue of the late General *Le Clerc* : nor was it permitted us to ascend the dome, so majestic an elevation, and so grand a point of view. We visited, however, the subterranean Church, under the nave, where I found my *old friends* the wooden monuments of *Voltaire* and *Rousseau*, very much the worse for the *worms*, since my visit to them in 1802. These paltry *sarcophagi* are almost rotten. A plaster statue of *Voltaire* stands opposite his ; *Rousseau*'s is not in like manner illustrated. When these personages, according to the Pagan custom revived by the illuminated geniuses of the year One, (who reversing the fate of the *Rotonda* at Rome, converted a *Christian* church into a *Heathen* temple) received the honours of *apotheosis*, it was the fashion to pulverise *marble*, and melt down *bronze*, in order that some *regenerative phoenix* in *timber* or *chalk* might proudly rise in their place ! But we *were* a little surprised to see the tomb of the brave *Duke de Montebello* (Marshal Lasnes) whose dying words on the bloody field of *Asperne* were recorded by *Napoleon* with so deep an expression of regret for his loss—we were surprised to see the tomb of the Emperor's *friend*, constructed of nothing better than these *painted boards* ! The *caveaux* of this *soutterain* consist of four or five little cramped-up holes, against the walls of which are piled up one above another, like *milliners'* band-boxes, the *tombeaux* of sundry officers

of the Ex-imperial Government, ecclesiastical, civil, and military, and various other “*Great Men*,” of no sort of consequence but as having been senators and members of the Legion of Honour. So much for the lower chambers of the Pantheon, intended like the superior parts of this (with all its faults and defects) very beautiful structure to imitate the *antique*: and to speak correctly, these subterranean chambers of the dead, bearing a close analogy to the method of Roman Sepulture, (as described by those who have visited the celebrated funereal grottos of Italy) are the real *Catacombs of Paris*. The extensive and profound quarries, at the southernmost extremity of the same quarter of the capital, which go under that denomination, being no other than a vast charnel or rather *bone house*.

These *soi-disant* Catacombs, nevertheless, were to be visited. *Every* body now goes to see the *Catacombs*—formerly nobody knew there was such a place.—Leaving the *Pantheon*, therefore, we trudged along somewhat beyond the Observatory, to the end of *Rue d’Enfer* (appropriate enough), near which is the entrance to these infernal regions. After waiting the best part of an hour, we found ourselves assembled with between sixty and seventy persons of both sexes: a considerable portion of them English, who have so completely set the vogue of this “Dance of Death,” that I should not be surprised to see it in the Parisian *Affiches des Spectacles*! In our *small* party were several handsome and genteel ladies, English and French. We were ushered into a small stone lodge, and descending by a very narrow staircase to the depth of sixty or seventy feet, each with a lighted taper in our hands, we proceeded through the windings of an immense cavern, formed by

the quarries from which stone has for centuries been dug for the building of Paris and places in its neighbourhood. A black line marked along the roof serves as a clue through this frightful labyrinth ; in which having, by the surer and more satisfactory aid of our guide, advanced some 200 paces, with excavations intersecting our path at right angles, that ever and anon presented masses of rock overhanging each other, in tremendous jeopardy, we arrive at the portal of the Catacombs.—The door, surmounted with these appalling words—*Arrête, c'est ici, l'Empire de la Mort*—is opened ; we enter ; and a most extraordinary sight is beheld : Along the walls of the spacious galleries, and encasing the pillars of unhewn stone that support the vaults of these crypts, prodigious piles of human bones offer themselves to the view, curiously and methodically arranged : the skulls forming a sort of cornice and beading to the mass thrown behind, with thigh and arm bones crossed between them. In this manner the remains of about two millions four hundred thousand human beings have been deposited, since the year 1786, when the pestilential state of the church-yards in Paris, rendered it necessary to remove the half-consumed relics of many ages into these gloomy mansions ; and the revolution subsequently added greatly to the mouldering heaps, from the far less justifiable exhumations in the suppressed churches.—The different divisions are marked by tablets simply specifying the Cemeteries from which the bones were taken ; such as those of *Saint Esprit*,* the Innocents,† &c. The unhappy victims of the *September massacres* repose in a small recess, which our conductor seemed

* Ossemens du Cimetière du St. Esprit, 1804.

† Ossemens du Cimetière des Innocens, 1787.

willing enough to hurry by ; but there was something too peculiar in the features of the spot to pass it unnoticed. The following tablet affixed to the wall which enshrines the bones of this hecatomb, sacrificed to the Moloch of Jacobinism, accords in its mysterious obscurity with those dark deeds of horror to which it bears reference :—

D . M
II ET III
September
M.DCCXCII.

At the further extremity of the Catacombs is a small Chapel, constructed and *decorated* (if I may so express it) with similar emblems and reliques of mortality. Over the altar of this sepulchral place of worship stood the sign of that Divine Faith which deprives Death of his sting, and confers the triumph of victory over the power of the Grave. At the foot of the cross lies this inscription—“ *Silence ! Etres mortels ; et vous vaines Grandeurs ; Silence, c’est ici, les sejours de la Mort !* ”*

* Among other sentences, which I copied as I went along, were the following :—“ *Has ultra metas requiescunt beatam spem expectantes* ”—“ *Insensé que vous êtes, pourquoi vous promettez vous de vivre long tems, qui ne pouvez compter sur un seul jour.* ”—“ *Canet tuba, et mortui resurgant, &c.* ”—Ουχ οση φθιμενοισιν επ’ ανδρασιν ευχετασθαι *Non fas est mortuis insultare.* ”—“ *C’est une impiété que d’insulter aux morts*—Hom. Odys. xxii.”—“ *Où est elle, la Mort ? Toujours future ou passée, à peine est elle présent, que déjà elle n’est plus.* ”—“ *Memento Homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulvere revertetis.* ”—“ *Finis et Principium—Eternitas.* ”—*Protégez les tombeaux, c’est honorer les morts.*—DE LILLE.”—“ *Nos jours sont un instant, c’est la feuille qui tombe.*—DUCRIS.”

“ *Notre sol n’est formé que de poussiere humaine*

“ *Songe donc, quelque soit le motif qui t’amène,*

“ *Que tes pieds vont ici fouler à chaque pas,*

“ *Un être infortuné, victime du trépas.* ”

Two or three of the apothegms of the Encyclopedists—inculcating their

The constituent features of the scene before my eyes were strikingly opposed to each other. So many people of both sexes making a long procession through the fearful meanderings of a chalky cavern, from the pores of which the water oosing on all sides reflected in glittering chrystals the illumination produced by our flambeaux. Occasionally, when our conductor stopped to give his explanations, the numerous party breaking into many groupes, and moving in different directions, produced a singular picture : the little candles, darting their “ ineffectual fires ” upon the awful masses of impenetrable shade, served only to render “ darkness visible.” It was a trial of contrasts—the horror-struck countenances of some were opposed to the ill-timed frivolity of gesture and discourse indulged in by others : rows on rows of chapless jaws grinning contempt on our curiosity, and coated with the unbleached livery of the charnel-house, mocked the alabaster skins and blooming cheeks, and sparkling eyes of the ladies—telling them, and all of us, that “ *to this favour we must come at last,* ” that

“ Nothing can we call our own but Death,

“ And that small model of the barren earth

“ That serves as paste and cover to our bones.”

Yet the sentiments neither of respect nor of fear, though enforced by a sight (which one would be apt to suppose) so powerfully calculated to shock ; to humiliate ; to fill the mind with deep revolving thoughts on time, on judgment, on eternity—could repress the spirit of

false unconsoling philosophy—their unholy revolting doctrine of annihilation are permitted to mingle with these admonitory inscriptions, such as “ *Omne consummatum est* ” “ *Tout est consommé.* ”—“ *La Mort est un sommeil éternel.* ”

jesting in some of the Frenchmen of our company. One of these more merry than wise Parisians, stopping short before a skull, which had an unusual amplitude and elongation of form, exclaimed to his neighbour—“*Tenez, mon ami ; voyez vous bien ; celle-ci doit être la tête d'un Juge—oui, vraiment* (continued he, clapping his hand rudely on it, and chuckling at his own volatile conceit) *c'est la tête d'un Grand Juge !*” Presently after, sticking his finger into a carious orifice in the frontal bone of another skull, he made a remark, not so fit to be repeated, in allusion to the imputed irregularities of the Carmelite order of Friars. Consigning to reprobation these “jokes of shallow wit,” and the fools that laughed at them, I am obliged at the same time to acknowledge, that if the design of these *architectural ossifications*—these prodigious works in *human mosaic*, be to produce an extraordinarily deep impression of reverence for departed generations, and of sentimental interest in the concerns of a future state, my own feelings were not sufficiently susceptible of the influence of the place, to assume the melancholy frame, at least to an enthusiastic extent, nor to retain it long in any degree. After the surprise of novelty was over, and I had passed the first few thousands of the two millions of skulls, I began to think I saw too much of “artificialness” in thus exposing the mementos of our fallen nature. No discrimination of *individual* remains to break the tedious lengthened tenour of multitudinous uniformity—no sculptured bust ; no storied urn ; no epitaph to virtue or to fame—“continuing the regards and connections of life beyond the grave,”* it was indeed the striking *equality*, but not the instructive *moral* of DEATH. I was soon

* Burke.

enabled to muster a *quantum sufficit* of cold blooded attention to look on it "like a scene of this world."— And, in short, when I found in one compartment a *Collection of Minerals*, and in another a *Cabinet of Osteology*, my ideas required little more to recal them to the technical sobriety of philosophic inquisitiveness; and the Catacombs of Paris seemed to me to possess the merit of as ingenious a *classification*; and of an effect as *analogical*, as that which distinguishes its *other Museums!* We returned by a different way to the one we came; and after making a circuit of some hundred yards, arrived again at the staircase where we entered, having occupied in our visit an interval of about 50 minutes. Our guide, observing that I remained sometimes in rear of the others, transcribing the tablets on the walls, told me, by way of caution, of two Prussians who had last year been locked up there the whole of one night. Indeed, without proper attention, there is great liability of being lost, owing to the sudden turns, and continual intersections of the main path by others which lead as well to old excavations, as to quarries still in use. To guard as much as possible against such dangers, directions to "*The Staircase*" are put up at proper distances, and the conductor counts the visitors both at the entrance into, and exit from "this vale of the King of Terrors." At proper intervals, ventilators, communicating with the outward air, afford a salutary refreshment to the lungs; which, notwithstanding the dry and cleansed state of the bones, would otherwise be oppressively affected by so enormous an accumulation of decayed animal substances.

On our return we walked through the Library of *Sainte Geneviève*, in the old abbatial house of that mo-

nastic establishment. It contains 80,000 volumes, and offers every accommodation to the stranger's research. We found indeed a much larger number of readers, in proportion to the size of the Library, than at the *Bibliothèque du Roi*. The Sub-librarians were particularly civil and attentive. The different galleries are ornamented by busts after the antique, and others representing the great men of more modern times, executed by *Coysevox* and *Girardon*. A plan, in model, of the city of Rome, one inch for 90 feet scale, by *Grimani*, 1776. A series of Portraits of the Kings of France, from Louis IX. to Louis XIV.

We also visited the two *parochial* churches of *St. Sulpice* and *St. Etienne du Mont*. The former is the grandest in Paris: and the mass of unsightly old houses opposite the western front having been entirely cleared away (the area of which is now embellished with a fountain) the noble architecture, and beautiful proportions of the *façade*,* are beheld to admiration. The interior has an aspect equally worthy of a Christian Temple: it is majestic, costly—free from taudry decorations—the high altar finely formed and disposed—the choir, before it, sumptuously ornamented with sculptured and carved work: and the circular end of the choir, opening to the Chapel of “*Our Lady*,” displays with magical effect a delightful group of statuary.† The construction of this little Chapel is so

* By Servandoni.

† The skilful hand of the Sculptor has placed in a niche, lighted from above, a pure white marble statue of the Virgin, bearing the Infant Jesus in her arms. She stands on a globe; a dying serpent lies trodden under her feet; her figure is replete with grace and beauty; and her countenance, beaming with benignant sweetness, is directed towards the spectator to whose view she offers the lovely child as the proper object of his

elegant, its materials so rich, and its ornamental constituents so complete, that I know of no object of art connected with the ecclesiastical edifices that adorn the French capital, more deserving the contemplation of an admirer of the *beau ideal*.

St. Etienne du Mont is a very curious church, of exceedingly ancient foundation, but has undergone many restorations both inside and out. It has a most beautiful piece of stone work in its *jubé*, or rood loft, and the two ingenious staircases that lead up to it, of the same materials: also a pulpit of wood, finely carved; the figures of the Cardinal virtues, and the Atlas which supports it, are in a superior stile of design and execution.* This church also contains one of the finest organs in Paris: it is still rich in sculptural ornaments,

regard and adoration; a body of clouds occupying the inner space of the recess, covers half the globe on which the group is supported, and, "light as air" seems about to float into the Chapel itself. The *deception* thus produced by a judicious diffusion of light upon the artist's work, is indeed of that extraordinary kind, of which mere verbal description must ever fail to convey an adequate idea. The Dome of the Chapel is open at the top, and through the circular aperture is seen, as if in the sky, the assumption of the Virgin into Heaven. Arrayed in celestial splendour, and seated amidst a host of angelic forms, the mother of Jesus fixes her regards on the supernal glory of the Triune Deity. In gradation below her appear the Apostles and other Saints; and in a still inferior position of the picture are seen mitred and crowned heads, mixing with a crowd of adoring mortals, and pointing up to the *Mater Intemerata* as to their great patroness and never-failing hope. The design is grand, the execution admirable, and the effect managed with surprising art: but it is produced somewhat at the expence of perspective truth; for the lower circle of figures is made to stand on the earth, whereas from the supposed point of sight none but *ethereal* objects should be visible. This, however, is an impropriety common to most ceiling paintings; and the perception of it in this instance is almost lost in contemplating the sublime and beautiful features of the pictorial scene.—*Journal of 1802.*

* By Estochard.

though its most illustrious subjects, both of the chissel and pencil, are gone to decorate the Louvre and the Monumental Museum. To make *amends* for the lost tombs of *Le Sueur*, *Racine*, *Pascal*, &c. who were buried in this Church, the reliques and sarcophagus of *Sainte Geneviève* are deposited here, and the side aisles are honoured by two pictures, (by *Largilière*) in which the Parliament, in solemn state and full flowing wigs assembled, are acknowledging the efficacious interposition of the Holy Maid who "twice saved Paris!" A *procès verbal* affixed to her shrine, illuminated with many tapers, identifies to "the faithful" (*aux fidèles*) the existence of her genuine remains, preserved by pious hands from infidel profanation, within their ancient repository; and the small lateral chapel in which it stands was filled with persons (chiefly women) paying fervent adoration at her altar. And here, methinks, I hear some vehement English *Anti-Bourbonist* exclaim, "*Aye, these are among the blessed consequences of restoring legitimate Government: that precious legitimacy that brings with it priestcraft, and all the mummeries of superstition in its train!*" Not so fast, honest friend, not quite so fast: these same things were re-established long before *Louis the Eighteenth* came back. Why myself, even *I*, can recognise some of them as *old acquaintances*. The Concordat (be it recollected) between Buonaparte and the Pope, re-opened the French Churches, and restored the Romish worship, of which such objects and ceremonies are constituent parts. Catholicism was the professed state religion of Ex-Imperial France. But really, to hear some folks talk in England, it would seem that they themselves believed, or wished it to be believed

by others, that instead of a *topsy-turvy Revolution*, there had been no other than a *sober, quiet, moderate reformation* of affairs, spiritual as well as political, in France: yet is it a fact, no less notorious and authentic than diametrically opposed to such notions, that Napoleon, succeeding to the power of those impious Men who decreed the total abolition of Christianity, found it necessary, among the first measures of his Consular Republican authority, to proclaim the Roman and Apostolic Church, as restored to its functions, to be the *National Faith*. In doing this he took care indeed to divest it of every species of influence incompatible with *his* governmental policy; but he left the *Mass*, the *Holy Water*, the *Reliquary*, the *Crucifix* (objects so unpleasing to *Protestant* eyes) just in their former hopeful state! And so much for the *religious* benefits derived from the *Revolution* to France. The tempest that fell on her devoted plains was horrible and wasteful, beyond all parallel of precedent and all power of description; but it left the atmosphere as impure and unsettled as before. In this, among other respects, we may say—Happier England, where a similar *reign of terror*, was rendered subservient to the eventual confirmation of a salutary change: thanks, not to the work of rash and selfish and tyrannic *Man*, but to the dispensations of that wise and controuling *Providence*, which can alone produce good from evil, and “*out of darkness call up light.*”

CHAP. XV.

EXCURSION TO VINCENNES.—*The Castle—Remains of the Duke of Enghien lying there in state—Remarks on the murder of that unfortunate Prince.*

JUNE 1st.

THIS morning we proceeded in a cabriolet for Vincennes, about a league distant from Paris. On passing through the *Barrière du Trone*, we noticed that a great many of the trees which line both sides of that broad and handsome avenue, were either reduced to mere stumps, or had their branches knocked off. Our driver informed us, that they were some of the least serious among the consequences of a cannonade between the Allied columns of attack and part of the garrison of Paris, in 1814: he also pointed out the bank and ditch of the little battery, where the spirited young artillerists of the polytechnic school played their part, in the vain attempt to defend this approach to the capital, and where the loss of lives on both sides must have been considerable, to judge merely from the mounds of earth near the spot, which “our deponent further said” were “*the graves of the Russians!*”

On our arrival at Vincennes, we learnt from the sentries on duty at the gate, that no one was allowed to enter the Castle without a written permission from the Governor, *Marquis de Puyvert*, then at Paris. We attributed this refusal (at the time) to their jealousy of foreigners, as the place is a depot of artillery, and even the Chapel is turned into a *Salle d'Armes*; but we were

afterwards informed by a Royalist friend, that the order for excluding the public from the interior of the fortress was given in consequence of some lately detected plots of the disaffected against the garrison. We were, therefore obliged to content ourselves with using the privilege of "an outside ticket;" in other words we proceeded in a *promenade* round the walls, which occupy a large area of ground; standing almost encompassed by the forest, where the *ninth Louis*, that great and just King, whose piety of heart and integrity of conduct entitled him to the *Sainted Name*, (for "even his *failings* leant to Virtue's side,") was accustomed to sit beneath the oak's protecting shade, and administer wise and equal laws to a simple mannered and obedient people.

The Castle consists of an ancient and a modern part; and so different is its aspect, according to the side on which it is approached, that it would cause the *black* and the *white* knights (in the story I remember reading when a boy) to dispute and combat about whether it was Gothic or Grecian, as obstinately as they did about the *shield*, which was *gold* on one face and *silver* on the other. The east *façade* is of as late an architecture as Francis the First; but the western front, and the two other sides of the parrallelogram, date themselves as early as the fourteenth century, and offer a stupendous specimen of the castellated palaces of feudal times, where the Monarchs and great Lords used to "keep wassel," and solace themselves with pleasures as coarse as the scene of their festivity was gloomy. Here we have Ballium, Ditch, and Barbican—Drawbridge and Portcullised Gate, garnished with the thunder of modern war. The lofty towers and the massy curtain

which they support, perforated at intervals with embrasures, discover the mouths of cannon : but the combination serves only to display in its proper light the ridiculous gasconade of the officer who pretended, during the last invasion, that he would hold out the place against the Allies ; although coming as they would have done, (had the object been worth powder and shot) with somewhat more powerful machines than the rams, balistas, and moveable towers of ancient engineers, they might soon have knocked its defenders on the head with fragments of their own ponderous masonry.

Close to the northern angle rises the high tower, called the Donjon, or keep ; the place of durance to many a victim of princely despotism, or of ministerial hatred. The Castle of Vincennes was a state prison long before the revolution. It was afterwards ONE of Buonaparte's *Bastilles* ; and, indeed, a principal object of this visit was to cast our regards over the burial place of an illustrious unfortunate, who, just twelve years ago, was dragged away from a peaceful asylum, and plunged into this abode of despair, at the lawless will of the tyrant. On this point our wish was gratified ; for on further enquiry we found, although it was prohibited to enter the interior Court, yet that the remains of the Duke of Enghien were still lying in state, in the chamber over the southern gate house, for public inspection. In the broad and deep fosse, on the same side of the Castle, at the foot of one of the towers, about a hundred yards from the draw-bridge, is the hole where the executioners threw the body of the grandson of CONDE (like that of a dog) after he was shot. It is distinguished only by a piece of wood at one extremity, and the appearance of the green turf, which covered

it, having been recently disturbed. In fact, the grave was opened by the King's order, on the 20th of March last, in presence of Commissioners, and the various fragments of the body, carefully collected, with parts of the dress identified, were put into a leaden coffin, and conveyed to the chamber prepared for their reception. This apartment, of dimensions not exceeding 14 feet square, the attendants told us, was the place of his mock trial, and where the unprincipled and pre-determined *Judges* condemned their gallant captive to death. In this narrow cell, by the glimmering light of tapers, placed before a small altar of the Virgin, we saw the coffin, half concealed behind a canopy of scarlet and gold, embroidered with the arms of Bourbon. Opposite the altar was a large stone, which (as they informed us also) was found in the hole lying on the top of the skull. A bust of the ill-fated Prince stood on a table in front of the coffin: and its handsome and expressive features corresponded with the spirit and intelligence which were said to distinguish the original.

These solemn objects of religion—these relics of mortality—this display of funereal pomp—were impressive; were affecting. The atrocious act; the melancholy event, to which they bore reference, had already occupied our minds: and could we behold them without emotion? Could we quit the scene, to which our curiosity had led us, without acknowledging that our sensibility was touched by these respectful, though long deferred rites, paid to the memory of one whose birth and rank had promised to his youth a happier destiny; and whose heroic qualities would have inspired sentiments of consideration and clemency in a generous enemy? But the heart that could engender the plan

for the Duke of Enghien's arrest and death, violating as it did both the law of nations and the rights of humanity—that heart, equally a foe to justice and good faith, could never be expected to appreciate merit, to sympathise with misfortune, or to own the soft influence of compassion. Ambition—that “sin by which the Angels fell,” will urge men on to great crimes and cruelties; and Fear will prompt them to the commission of others, in order to secure the object once attained. But neither ambition, nor fear, could have been the passion that prompted this deed of midnight horror. It was envy of unpossessed virtues—it was hatred of a fallen and persecuted, but not a degenerate family—it was malice against an individual, who dared to act a manly and a grateful part. These were, if any, the instigating motives. For a Bourbon to display talent, courage, honesty, gratitude—was, in the eyes of the Corsican, an offence not to be expiated but with life. When, indeed, did Buonaparte ever manifest a single trait of genuine kindness, mercy, or magnanimity? To dispute his genius would be absurd—to deny him the credit of having effected some public good would be uncandid—would be unjust: but of him, who has deluged all Europe with blood—of him who has left France at the foot of the nations she had injured and insulted: of NAPOLEON, as often as, by the thoughtless and unprincipled, *his* name, and character, and actions shall be coupled with the sacred attributes of true greatness; * so often, in emphatic answer to such a flagrant profanation of panegyric, let it be said—“*He was the MURDERER of the DUKE of ENGHIE!*”

* “He is not great who is not greatly good.”—SHAKESPEARE.

CHAP. XVI.

EXCURSION TO ST. CLOUD, &c.—*The Palace—Gardens and Park—A Sunday in Paris and its Environs—Tivoli Gardens.*

JUNE 2nd.

THIS morning, after breakfast, we took coach for Saint Cloud, with some Parisian friends; and, after an agreeable ride of about an hour, alighted at the court gate of the Palace, which is situated on a noble eminence, the esplanade before the principal front commanding a most delightful view of the neighbouring country, and of Paris in the distance. The interior presents a scene of astonishing splendour and elegance. This, as is well known, was the favourite Palace of Buonaparte; and whatever of the magnificence of Louis the Fourteenth and his successors was destroyed at the breaking out of the Revolution, he had caused to be supplied by the equally sumptuous and more classic decorations of modern taste. As our attendant, therefore, designated the different apartments, we for *Royal*, of course, read *Imperial*; and indeed *mementos* were not wanting to remind us of the last occupier, either in the letter N. or in the equally significant device of the *Eagle*.

In the *Saloon of Mars*, with which we commenced from the hall of entrance, is an equestrian portrait of *Dessaix*: the painter has represented this celebrated General of the Republic in the act of falling from his horse into the arms of his *Aide-de-Camp*, after receiving

his death-wound at the battle of Marengo. In the same room are busts of Generals *Hoche* and *Dampier*. The *Gallerie d'Apollon*, though not on so grand a scale as the Gallery of Versailles, has nevertheless an advantage over that stupendous example of magnificence, in being completely and most beautifully furnished. The next is the *Salle de Diane*. The ceilings of these rooms are finely painted with various subjects of Heathen Mythology, by *Mignard*. From thence we proceed through the *Salle du Roi*, *Salle de Reception*, *Salle du Conseil Privé*, all fitted up like the preceding, in a stile which for the costliness of the articles, and the delightful taste of the arrangement, is not perhaps to be surpassed, and in very few instances equalled. In Napoleon's Bedchamber (*chambré à coucher du Roi*) is the celebrated *Phèdre* of *Guerin*, a picture unquestionably of great merit; but it partakes too much of the general character of *David's school* to afford me unqualified satisfaction: the works of the modern French painters evince a great deal of study devoted to the *antiques*, and very little attention to the *pictures* of the Louvre. Their groups and single figures are finely drawn, admirably correct in all points of historic character and of costume; but they strike me as being deficient in freedom of attitude, and in the choice of physiognomy. In vain too, one searches among them for true *fleshiness* in the carnations; their figures look like *painted statues*! The sleeping room of the Ex-Empress Maria Louisa (*chambre à coucher de la Reine*) her *Boudoir*, and *La toilette en sortant du Bain*, exceed any thing that I have ever seen, both in respect to richness of decoration, and the happy effect produced in the adaptation of antique form and ornament to luxurious accommodations of every

description. Through the whole suite of apartments, the eye is constantly attracted by a profusion of the most beautiful porcelaine of *Sèvres*, curious clocks, and other elaborate and beautiful works in bronze, marble, gold, and silver. In the dining room is a highly-finished model of "*La Batterie Napoléon*," at Cherburg.

The Gardens of the Palace display every variety that art and nature combined, or contrasted with each other, can present. All the walks are in excellent order; and the fountains, cascades, basins, statues, and other objects with which they are adorned, and to which they lead, are consistent with the dignity, and worthy the ornamental splendour of a Royal domain; keeping alive the stranger's interest and gratification at every step he takes. In some parts of the grounds, the symmetrical stile of the ingenious *Le Notre* is studiously retained; in others, the less formal taste of our own country prevails: each has its merits and advantages, which are never, perhaps, so clearly perceived, as when thus alternately blended, or brought into opposition one with the other. It is on this account in particular that Saint Cloud is better suited than Versailles to English prepossessions and preferences. From the Gardens we proceeded down to the *Grande Allée* of the Park; walked along the river side, beneath the refreshing shade of noble chesnut trees; and then leisurely ascended the eminence on which stands the Tower of *La Pointe de Vue*. It is well worth while to make a trip from Paris to St. Cloud, merely for the sake of enjoying the delicious optical treat from the top of this observatory.—There is not a blemish in the whole prospect: it is rich, extensive, and picturesque. In making the circuit of the panorama, the eye ranges successively

over the fine forest-crowned ridges of Sèvres, Belle Vue, and Avry; the Park, Palace, Gardens, and Town of Saint Cloud: over the Bois de Boulogne Montmartre rises conspicuously, St. Denis elevates the spires of its Abbey, and at the same advantageous distance Paris displays her Notre Dame and Pantheon; and the gilt dome of the Invalides glared in our eyes like a mock sun. From the direction of the capital we observe the waters of the Seine, taking a sweep of more than half the circle, come flowing beneath our feet in a broad but lazy (and somewhat muddy) current, and continue their snake-like course, further than the eye can reach, through a vast expanse of country.

By this time, fatigued with our exertions, and oppressed with heat, we were glad to direct our steps to some cool place of rest and refreshment. As we retraced the line of walks through the park and gardens, we found them fast filling with parties of pleasure, some of whom wandering among the *bosquets*, some seated on the *tapis vert*, or recumbent beside the river, enlivened the lovely and romantic scene with many a cheerful and frolicsome circle. Here, as at Versailles, and every where else, we met abundance of our own country folks, upon the self-same errand as ourselves; but as (to use the words of Sterne) "Englishmen do not travel to see Englishmen," they were to *us*, and *we* no doubt to *them*, a perfectly indifferent part of the crowd. We soon adjourned to a *restaurateur's* at the entrance of the park, where, in one of the little *cassinos* that overlooked the gay throng as it streamed through the gates, we took our dinner; and had no sooner finished the repast by drinking, *à l'Anglaise*, the healths of the ladies of our party, in a bumper of tolerable Champagne wine,

than we were hurried from our seats with the intelligence that *La Grande Cascade* was pouring down its *water*, and would not have the complaisance to waste a gallon more than its usual stint for e'er a John Bull in the world.

This artificial water-fall, and the *grand jet d'eau* in the adjacent terrace, constitute *chefs d'œuvre*, in their kind, of the age of Louis XIV. We had previously inspected the fine workmanship and intricate arrangement of the cascade: the groups, figures, and other designs with which it is composed and adorned display the fertility of invention and the boldness of execution that characterise the talents of *Mansard* and *Le Poutre*. It is a singular assemblage of stone, rock, and shell work; river gods and sea monsters; pretty nymphs of the fountain, and huge frogs of the marsh! And when *these* empty the limpid contents of their enormous urns, and *those* spout forth each a crystal supply from its leaden entrails; when the reservoirs which they fill, overflowing descend in broad sheets to larger and still larger basins; and a hundred playful streams run the mazes of the hydraulic structure; then, indeed, the effect is astonishing, it is even magical: but they, to whom is

“ More dear, and more congenial to the heart,

“ One native charm than all the gloss of art,”

would not from this *wonder* of Saint Cloud reap half so much real pleasure as in witnessing the unmanaged precipitancy, and in listening to the unassisted murmurings of some rural torrent, less ostentatious but of superior force, and of more permanent volume. On the other hand, the *jet d'eau* is an embellishment perfectly in unison with the artificial character of such a place as

this: it is an ingenious application of philosophical and mechanical principles, and excites no comparison with natural objects. The reflection of the sunbeams on its watery column, and its cooling spray which the air wafts around, render it a splendid and a refreshing object. Several smaller ones, situated in the most commanding parts of the park and gardens, continued to play all the remaining interval of our stay, serving as so many rallying points to numerous throngs, and forming, with the promenade of the *Grande Allée*, a truly animated scene.

It was, to be sure, as motley an assemblage as can possibly be imagined of *paysans*, *bourgeois*, and *bon genre*, for the costume of these three classes (the lower, middle, and upper) is quite distinct, especially that of the females. In England, one sees an evident design, in the lower and middle classes, to imitate, particularly in dress, that which is above them. Even the servant girls, with us, have nothing peculiar to their situation in the make of their clothes: not so the French women; the inferior orders of whom, though in their *Sunday-going* suits, are always in character. To convey an adequate idea of their appearance requires the pencil: it cannot be imparted by the pen. But whoever has seen that charming actress Miss KELLY, in the *Maid of Paliseau* (*La Pie Voleuse*) has seen the exact portrait of a country girl, in the neighbourhood of Paris. The handkerchief *coefure*, the large gold ear-rings, the cross at the breast, and every other *minutia* of costume and ornament, she has adopted with perfect exactitude; nor is she less the counterpart of some of them in a cheerful simplicity of manner, and the expression of good nature beaming from her sparkling black eyes.

Among the various sources of recreation this place affords, there was one which these true sons and daughters of pleasure seemed entirely to neglect. It was with a degree of surprise, we remarked, that not a single boat feathered its dexterous oars, or resigned its white and swelling sails to the breeze, on the winding channel of the Seine. And we contrasted the void, occasioned by this unimproved advantage, with the gallant sight of the well-appointed flotillas that cover the bosom of Old Father Thames, and even of those less numerous but equally ornamental barks that occasionally give an appropriate finish to the scenery of our own humbler Yare. It would hence appear, that neither *salt* nor *fresh* water is a favourite element with the Parisians. But I beg their pardon for this national reflection: it had escaped my recollection, that one of the choice amusements at their *Wauxhall* and *Tivoli* Gardens, is to *splash about* with canoes in *duck puddles*, which they term *canals*: they also, now and then, treat themselves with an aquatic diversion (*jouées sur l'eau*) of ancient origin, which consists in rowing two or more boats against each other, with a man at the head of each, whose part it is to *pink* his opponent overboard with a blunt-pointed lance; this, however, is a *spectacle* reserved for *grandes fêtes*.

On our way back to Paris, we found the road thronged with people in their best suits, passing to and fro—on foot, on horseback; few in dashing equipages; but abundance in humble cabriolets, and multitudes crammed in still humbler *pots-de-chambre*. Every village we passed through was a scene of festivity. In one place, dancing parties on the green, or rather on that which *was green*; in another spot, men and boys playing racket, the *jeu de ballon*, &c. And not only might we

see "The young contending, while the old surveyed ;"
but here still, to all appearance, were

" Alike all ages, dames of ancient days

" Leading their children thro' the mirthful maze,

" And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,

" Frisking beneath the burthen of three score."

Whoever shall make a Sunday excursion, in the environs of Paris, during "the rosy time of the year," will behold the poetic picture, drawn from life, by the charming pencil of GOLDSMITH, still realized in many of its social and exhilarating features. The evening clear, serene, and free from humidity, the most indolent and infirm were seeking their enjoyment in the open air, sitting in little parties at their doors, or on chairs and benches ranged along the road side. What a paradox in this France: with such a disposition for mirth, and ease, and pleasure; such a proneness to mischief, disorder, and cruelty; so much of energy, and of frivolity—so much of urbanity and of ferocity! Can these contrasted qualities form united ingredients in the composition of the same national character? To view the gay smiling face of a land which has been the theatre of so many bloody and destructive convulsions, and which has given birth to such a world of woes for itself and for mankind—one is almost tempted to exclaim, "O! what a goodly outside falsehood hath!" There seems no other way to solve this riddle of a people, than by supposing of them that "what is good is spontaneous, that their faults are their own." That their amiable and estimable qualities; their cheerfulness, wit, intelligence, and good humour, are peculiarly the gift of nature—and that the worst of their vicious propensities are to be laid to a long account of abuses in State Policy and of corruption in Religious

Faith and Rites, attempted to be rectified by hasty schemes of innovation and change, and by the detestable project of building public reform on the ruin of private morality ?

Continuing our course through the beautiful village of *Pussy*, we entered by the *Barrière*, and skirting the *Champs Elisés*, proceeded through the Place de Louis XV. and alighted at the entrance of the Gardens of the *Thuilleries*. The moving scene which all the way had been encreasing in vivacity, here attained its climax of interest and beauty. The extreme favourableness of the weather had filled this whole *arrondissement* with more than its usual influx of company ; and every one who has visited Paris, knows that under such circumstances, the *Thuilleries* offer one of the most delightful as well as the most superb promenades in Europe. On the principle of “doing at Rome as is done at Rome,” we finished our evening with our Parisian friends at the *Jardins de Tivoli*, which being extensive, pleasantly situated, and laid out in tolerably good taste, form the favourite afternoon resort of respectable society, and the grand scene, in the evening, of *Fêtes Champêtres*. The “humours” of *Tivoli* are multifarious : one quarter of it reminds you of our metropolitan *Vauxhall* ; in another you would imagine yourself at a fair : netted swings, see saws, firing at a mark with air guns, the *jeu d’oiseau*, and the *très noble jeu de carousel*, which last is an improvement upon our English *merry-go-rounds* ; the riders, each furnished with a sort of dagger, or rather a “bare bodkin,” endeavour to carry off on the point of their weapon as many rings as possible, from a post which they pass in their whirligig course. It is, *certès*, a most edifying and dignified *spectacle*, to see grown gentle-

men and ladies pursuing with ardour and perseverance this *round-robin race after nothing!* And, as “*dulce est disipere in loco*”—as “it is delightful to play the fool on an occasion,” my friend and myself entered the lists of these puerile amusements, perhaps without duly considering how far we were compromising the character of that “most thinking nation” whence we had come, and whither we were so speedily to return.—Such, however, is the generality of the amusements of the Parisians :

“ With sports like these are all their cares beguil’d—

“ The sports of children satisfy the child !”

Proceeding a little further, we find a necromancer, in appropriate costume, whispering *ses sottises et ses bêtises* in the ears of the ladies, under pretence of foretelling their destinies. In the middle of the garden is a place appropriated to the balls ; *waltzes* and *quadrilles* are here danced to good music : a person, standing in the orchestra, regulates the change of time and figure. As for the dancers, they are here, as elsewhere, good, bad, and indifferent. The women infinitely excel the men in grace and correctness ; some of the *Belles Parisiennes* exhibit, in operatic pride, the springing *pirouettes*, and all the elasticity of the fantastic toe : others less solicitous of admiration, tread with true yet modest step the labyrinth of the intricate figure : while a third description evince little more than a zealous pertinacity, in “ holding out to tire each other down ;” and as boarded floors do not come within the economy of the place, the strain of muscle, and wear and tear of shoe leather, must be considerable. At these dances no introduction is requisite between parties ; nor are any restrictions experienced on either side ; the ladies are

liable to be asked by perfect strangers—they accept or decline, as they please : all this is conducted with perfect good breeding and decorum, and the regulation of the police ensures general tranquillity and individual protection.

Nothing, however, to compare with the brilliancy and splendour of our Vauxhall is to be found at Tivoli : but they make up in variety what they want in grandeur and beauty of effect. The *tout-en-semble* is entertaining enough ; and for the votaries of gallantry, and the lovers of intrigue, there is as accommodating an assortment of bowers, grottos, love-lanes, and dark walks, “ as you shall see in a Midsummer’s Night.” Our *fête* concluded with the usual *feu d’artifice*, in the variety and *éclat* of which they greatly outshine us : the flights of rockets are numerous and brilliant in the extreme.—*Madame Saqui*, now in London, used here to perform her break-neck task of ascending an inclined plane of rope to the elevation of about seventy feet, and descending again in the midst of a discharge of fireworks. On this occasion another lady mounted up to and came down from the same fearful height, to the extatic delight of all those whose admiration of a feat of this kind is exactly commensurate with the risk of life or limb which the party incurs in the performance of it !

CHAP. XVII.

PARIS—*The Chamber of Deputies—The Hotel and Chapel of the Invalides—The Porcelaine Manufactory of Sèvres.*

JUNE 3rd.

THE Hall of the present French Chamber of Deputies (their House of Commons) went, in Buonaparte's time, under the appellation of the *Palais du Corps Legislatif*. Previous to its receiving that destination, the ephemeral creature of the Directory, the *Council of Five Hundred*, held its sittings there: for which purpose, indeed, this *Republican* addition to the *Royal* mansion of *Condé*, was constructed while as yet the rest of that most sumptuous and costly building (pillaged at the breaking out of the revolution) remained in a state of dilapidation and neglect. The *Salle des Séances* is a complete model of the ancient theatre, and is admirably adapted for seeing and hearing: the tribune of the orators is placed in the centre of the cord of this semi-circular apartment—behind that rises the seat of the President. The hall is ornamented with some good bass reliefs and statues. The seats of the Deputies rise one above another; and over them are the galleries for the public. The Saloon of Entrance and the Council Chamber, added by Buonaparte since 1802, are very fine, and contain some good pictures: among the rest the *Hero and Leander*, of *Taillasson*, a living artist—and in the number of the superb sculptural decorations, in the latter saloon, are two basso relievos, one representing the interview of Alexander and Napoleon, on the Niemen; the other

the presentation of colours after the battle of Austerlitz. In both these memorials of Buonaparte's victorious career, his figure is very conspicuous ; but a proper respect for the arts, prevailing over a false zeal for Royalty, has protected these beautiful works from molestation, and manifested the good sense and liberality of Louis XVIII. The exterior of the Grand Palace, as it is called, to distinguish it from that part which is re-occupied by the present Prince of Condé, is approached on the side of the *Place Bourbon*, through a collonade of great richness and grandeur, and at the extremity of two spacious courts, presents a portico of very commanding architecture. The front towards the Seine, consists of a magnificent peristyle of twelve Corinthian columns : the approach on this side is rendered the more striking by two finely-executed figures representing Minerva and the Genius of France, which are placed at the foot of a grand flight of marble stairs. The statues of Sully, Colbert, and other French worthies, serve also to designate the appropriation, and to dignify the appearance of this by far the most elegant front, which commands one of the finest views in Paris. The bass reliefs in the pediments of both fronts, were concealed, and workmen employed in making some alterations—what the designs were I could not learn. If connected with the armorial characteristics of the late Government, such alterations are necessary : but the suicidal act of destroying or defacing national monuments ; trophies of renown, and evidences for history, is only fit for a Convention of King and Priest-killers to instigate, and a *mob* of practical Anarchists to execute. As far, however, as my opportunities of observation have extended, none of the monuments and other works of the late Imperial

Regime have been injured or displaced ; except indeed by altering the *N's.* into *L's.* and the new heraldry of the Napoleon Dynasty into the ancient bearings of the family of Bourbons, and by removing the images and pictures of the Ex-Emperor. All which may be excused by the most ardent lover of the fine arts, valued for themselves alone ; and was doubtless a matter of policy among a people so susceptible of violent impressions from exterior influences.

As long as the *Hotel des Invalides* remained in existence, so long one would have thought that the memory of Louis the Fourteenth would have been held sacred by a nation of so decided a *military* character as the French. The correctness, however, of such an idea, like many others founded on the ordinary basis of human reasonings and calculations, was to be disproved in a Revolution, by whose authors nothing appeared to be held in so criminal a light as an indulgence in the feelings of grateful respect for the labours and beneficence of *departed* Monarchs—except indeed it was the manifestation of a desire to do justice to the actions and motives of a *reigning* Sovereign ! A great deal has been said of the works undertaken by Buonaparte for the use and embellishment of Paris ; the praise to a certain extent has been deservedly assigned to him—the merit of *restoring*, and in some respects *improving*, the architectural character of the capital certainly belongs to Napoleon ; he had formed new markets, opened new streets, and would have doubtless carried them all to that state of completion which, at the epoch of his overthrow, few of them had attained. But when we compare the length of his reign, as First Consul and Emperor ; the extent of his power, the aggregate and enormous encrease of

the means at his uncontrouled disposal, with those possessed by Louis the Fourteenth during the interval of fourteen years that included the building of this truly Royal and munificent Hospital ; and when we ascertain the results produced by each, in the accomplishment of designs for illustrating the genius of his policy, and for attesting the grandeur of his government—we shall see abundant cause, sanctioned alike by impartiality and truth, to adopt the opinion that, if *these* are to be among the *criteria* of superiority, the reign of *Napoléon le Grand* must yield its claim on the suffrages of posterity in favour of that of the *Grand Monarque*, whose name, indeed, serves as the answer to almost every interrogatory that one has occasion to make, as to the *founder* and *patron* of the finest monuments of architecture, sculpture, and painting, that decorate and ennoble the city and environs of Paris.

Between seven and eight thousand invalid warriors find a welcome home and kind attendance in this noble structure, of which the accommodations appear as complete as the extensiveness is prodigious. The matchless display of painted ceilings, the marble tessellated pavement, the superb tombs of Turenne and Vauban, and other objects that interest our feelings and captivate our sight in contemplating the beauties of the Dome, and its four chapels, render the sacred part of the edifice worthy the most attentive observation of the stranger. No longer, however, the Republican *Temple du Mars*, and stripped of the formidable trophies of French victories (by the hands of the veterans themselves, who made a bonfire of the innumerable standards to prevent their falling again into the enemy's hands) its present aspect fell far short of reviving its former

impression on my mind. As the spoils of those conquests, which France never made but to impose on the vanquished nations her iron yoke of slavery, had at no time any charm for me; so the bare walls and columns from which such decorations had been snatched away, proved in my eyes a gratifying rather than a melancholy change.

The church of the Invalids has been regarded as not yielding in architectural merit to St. Paul's, London—the richness of its interior, the exquisite beauty of the materials, and embellishments of the dome, offer a spectacle of magnificence, on a smaller scale, indeed, but of more magical and enchanting effect than the stupendous example of our *Wren's* great genius can fairly boast:—thus much may perhaps be conceded to the ingenuity of a *Mansard*, and the munificence of his Royal employer. But when we speak of sublimity, of purity, of a grand simplicity of design on classic models, the taste formed by a due study of the antique will, it is to be conceived, discover an assemblage more congenial to itself in the portal and dome of our English architect's *chef d'œuvre*, than in those of the French artist, as exemplified in the building in question. The gilding and painting of the outside of the cupola is a highly-finished piece of workmanship; but it has too glaring and too abrupt an effect.

Passing through the principal court, at dinner hour, we saw the rations of bread and cheese and soup, served out to the invalids, who, with these frugal viands, seem to be in possession of much of that comfort and ease which is due to their situation and services. Each inmate has, in the vast space of ground comprised within the walls of the institution, his little slip of garden al-

lotted to him ; this he arranges to his own taste ; and some of them are laid out and ornamented, in a very neat and ingenious manner, with arbours, trellis work, and well-trimmed shrubs and borders—the whole inclosure has a pretty appearance, and forms a healthy, cheerful, and rational source of occupation to “ the broken soldier.”

We next proceeded on a visit to *Sèvres*. In our way thither we passed by the *façade* of the *ci-devant Ecole Militaire*, late the *caserne* (barrack) of the Imperial Guard of Buonaparte (under the name of *Le Quartier Napoléon*), and proceeded through the *Champ de Mars*, where so many State *farces* have successively been enacted, each attended by circumstances so imposingly grand, and by results so tragically serious; beginning with poor Louis’s confederation of eighty-nine, and ending with the “ *nous le jurons*” of the Field of May, 1815! The bridge which Blucher had prepared to blow up, as being commemorative of the defeat of the Prussians at *Jena*, crosses the Seine at the lower extremity of this spacious inclosure. It consists of five arches, and is built in a stile that combines elegance with solidity. The triumphant inscription is erased, and its obnoxious appellation changed to the title of *Pont des Invalides*, an alternative much more creditable to both parties than the destruction of a great public ornament and convenience. The Parisians are very proud of their bridges, and their architecture in general displays great taste and ingenuity ; but would they see the perfection of the art, they should visit London, where we can shew them works of symmetrical construction, and of more than Roman grandeur. In front of the *Bridge of Jena*, on the *Passy* side of the river, and opposite the *Ecole Militaire*, are the foundations of

a palace, projected to have been built for the young "*Roi de Rome*." It was intended to have been the *ne plus* of grandeur and luxury. And, to be sure, as there is so great a scarcity of *Palaces* in Paris and its neighbourhood, his *Imperial papa* judged well to fix on such a spot : for seriously speaking, it has every advantage of locality to recommend it.

A pleasant ride of about four miles brings us again to the Seine : we cross another bridge and are at *Sèvres*.— It is a populous village of considerable extent ; and delightfully situated, between the romantic heights of *Belle Vue* and those of *Saint Cloud*. In all these villages, a principal occupation for the women is that of washing linen for Paris, and excellently well it is done. Very large plots of ground, by the road side, covered with rows of poles, are appropriated to the use of these *blanchiseuses*, who hang their linen on them. It is surprising to see the immense quantity of articles of wearing apparel, which this industrious class of females take charge of, and punctually deliver back, clean and in the neatest order, to their respective customers at the hotels and other houses of the capital.

Sèvres is celebrated throughout Europe for its great Manufactory of Porcelain, carried on in a very large building, the concern of which was founded by, and still remains in the hands of the Government. The *Magazin de Vente*, or sale room, consists of a long suite of apartments. In the first, we were shewn specimens of antique and modern Porcelain : among the former is a collection of Etruscan vases, which would look paltry enough by the side of Sir William Hamilton's, in the British Museum : among the latter we have samples of real China ; and of the Dresden, Vienna, and our own

Worcester. But these in general, and the last named specimens in particular, do not appear to be selected with a sincere intention of doing justice to the respective merits of those several fabrics: an outward shew of candour, without the inward worth of its reality, is all that one recognizes in this comparative exposition. As for the Porcelain of *Sèvres* and *Paris* (for there are now *private* establishments in the metropolis which rival the *public* one here) it can hardly be spoken of in too high terms of commendation; the extreme fineness and purity of the earth, its delicacy and transparency—the symmetry of the forms, correctly modelled after the choicest *morceaux* of antiquity—the taste and variety of the designs, and the brilliancy of the colours—in all these respects it is superior to any I have ever seen; and perhaps substantiates the pretensions of the French to a decided pre-eminence over every other nation, in the fabrication of these fragile articles of luxury.

Surrounded as we were by the most delicious forms, the most interesting and elegant groups, by vases, pateras, and other objects either of superb dimension, or of classic decoration, it made us sometimes shudder as we noticed the prices affixed to each, to think what mischief and cost might ensue from a single unlucky whisk of the coat, or an unguarded motion of the arm! Some of the most highly-finished of the paintings were equal to the finest enamel: among the rest portraits of the present King, the Emperor Alexander, and the Duke of Wellington. But the most curious as well as the most beautiful thing in the whole exhibition, is a circular table, on the upper surface of which, in imitation of *cameos*, are painted busts of illustrious ancients.—The head of *Alexander* forms the centre; round it are

those of *Miltiades*, *Pericles*, *Pompey*, *Cæsar*, *Scipio*, and *Augustus*, and the compartments of the outer circle are charged with a representation of the most important incidents of their respective histories. This extraordinary and admirable specimen of pencilled porcelain, the work of a living artist, (whose name I regret to have forgotten) is valued at 36,000 francs : and some idea may be formed of its elaborate execution, from the fact of its having been nine years in bringing to an accomplishment.

The able artists employed in this establishment have displayed their talents in some exquisite pictures on glass, the colours of which having been burnt in, by the same process as that used with the porcelain, are pronounced to be unalterable by any action of atmosphere or time. There is scarcely any agreeable object of nature or of art applicable to the purposes of social refinement, but what this ingenious description of workmanship is made capable of imitating with the happiest effect. Of flowers, foliage, and fruit, we are presented with the most magical and seducing resemblances. Nor must we omit in the list of great curiosities, an imitation of the most beautiful lace. Secured from the rude touch of the over inquisitive, by the protection of glass cases, are several of these delicate *veils of pot earth*, thrown over the miniature figure of some roguish Cupid, or a sleeping child. It was some five or six years ago the fashion at Paris—frivolous time-serving Paris, ever ready to “lick absurd pomp, where profit follows fawning”—it was there the fashionable flattery, to decorate in this manner the likeness of the infant Napoleon, under the appellation of *Le berceau du Roi de Rome*--the cradle of the King of Rome !

CHAP. XVIII.

RECOLLECTIONS of PARIS—*The Police—The English in Paris—Coach Offices—Hotels—Perregaux's Bank—house—The Theatres—Remarks on the Palais Royal—Restaurateurs and Caffès—Gaming Tables—Streets—Cosiume—French Women—Caricatures—Military Character—Manners of the lower and middling Classes.*

OUR two last days (June 4th and 5th) were almost wholly occupied in attending to the appointed regulations respecting our passports for the Netherlands, in completing a few purchases, and in the necessary preparations for our departure. On the former subject we experienced some degree of trouble more than we had calculated upon. It may therefore be worth while to state the prescribed routine in a matter so essential to a traveller's convenience, to be known and pursued correctly. Having previously attended at the Hotel of the British Ambassador, (Sir Charles Stewart, *Rue Faubourg St. Honoré*) where the passports we had arrived with were "*vu à l'Ambassade Britannique pour aller à Bruxelles,*" we proceeded to the *Bureau de la Prefecture de Police*, and there learned that the pains we had just been taking were completely thrown away. As the proper preliminary measure, we were referred to the *Ministère des Affaires Etrangères*, (*Rue de Bac.*) Thither we went, and left our passports, with a trifling fee, and on receiving them again at our Hotel, we made a second visit to the Police Office, and presented them to the *Ministre le Chef du Bureau des Passeports*, who

immediately put his signature to them; strangers having precedence and every facility rendered them. The office is continually crowded with applicants: not fewer than 200 were in attendance each day we went.

The Police in France is an institution, whose operations have in them a restrictive controul over personal liberty, revolting enough to our genuine English feelings; but they are obviously needful here to secure the tranquillity of the country. A Frenchman travelling out of his *commune*, must have a passport; and so perfectly accustomed has he been to these regulations, under all the different forms of government, that he takes the whole tedious routine with the greatest patience and resignation: some of the folks bring books with them, to beguile the time which it is necessary to wait before their number is called. On our arrival, the only obligation to which we found ourselves subjected was that of inscribing our names, age, *qualités*, habitual residence, and professions, in a register kept by our *maitre d'hotel*, who charged himself with obtaining *le visa de nos passeports*, and their speedy return into our hands. These it is necessary for foreigners to have in their pockets. We were never called on to produce ours in any of our perambulations. At the *barrières* our drivers used to say in answer to the demands of the *gens d'armes*, "*ce sont des Anglais*"—and the reply was instantly "*passez donc.*" It is to the excellently organized system of Police, that the infrequency of robbery and disturbances, in and near this great metropolis, is mainly attributable. The peaceable state of the streets, and the perfect security of passengers, in the night time, constitute indeed one of the greatest recommendations to Paris, in the eyes of a stranger. And we found abundant

cause to speak highly of the safety with which we travelled in the environs at all hours, sometimes very late, in spite of "the insurrections" eternally prognosticated by the prophecier-general of a London Morning Paper, and other "*good-natured* friends" of the Bourbons. Nor did this tranquillity appear to result from a more active employment of the military than was the case in 1802. In Buonaparte's Consulate, the numerous troops composing the garrison of Paris were half of them employed on municipal service. It was a little uncouth to me, at first, to see not only the entrances of the gardens and theatres blocked up with horse and foot soldiers, but also a file of grenadiers or dragoons, stationed day and night, at the corner of every street; but such was the *regime republicain*; and inconsistent as such aspects of restraint on the *rights of man* appeared to be with the inscriptive *Liberté* and *Egalité* then blazoned on the portals of their public buildings,* I could participate in the *conveniences* of the system, without making any *John Bull* reflections about the matter. Indeed, among all the crowds in which I have found myself enveloped, during my two visits to Paris, I never met with the slightest insult nor had even my pockets picked.—Whether this fact is to be ascribed to the *surveillance de la Police*, or to the urbanity of the Parisians towards strangers, or to both causes united, I shall not pretend to determine. But it is a testimony due, on the principles of common truth and justice, to speak of the treatment we experienced, during nearly three weeks resi-

* The true Jacobin motto was "*Liberté, Egalité, (OU LA MORT)*": but before my first visit, the *free* and *equal* Government of "Three Consuls" had had the grace to put a *semi-transparent* veil of *white-wash* over the words embraced in the parenthesis.

dence among them, under the newly-restored Government of the King, and amidst the still existing circumstances of political and national irritation, as having been distinguished by several marks of friendship, many instances of civility and attention ; and, in short, the only acts of ill behaviour and neglect of which we had reason to complain, proceeded from individuals who were *not* Frenchmen. A native of our *own* city suffered us to leave our address at his house without returning the compliment : and an *Irish* cabriolet driver honoured us with the tropes and figures of his abusive rhetoric, for preferring the entertaining impertinence of his Parisian brethrens' solicitations to his own ungracious and stormy importunities ! So much for the perils and the molestations to which the ENGLISH are liable in Paris ; and which had been represented to us in so formidable a light, before we set out, that we were prepared to expect our full share in them.

From much, however, that I have myself witnessed, and from more that I have heard from others, I am often strongly inclined to lay the *lamentations* and *execrations* uttered by many of our countrymen to the account of the ignorance, folly, and rashness of their own conduct. It is impossible, indeed, but that the character of the British nation must materially suffer from the present *mania*, infecting high and low, by which the French capital is crowded to excess with a heterogeneous assemblage of "the Islanders," as Buonaparte used to term us. Often have I had occasion to blush for the dignity and honour of my native land, degraded and satirized by the ignorance and the insolence displayed in the behaviour of some of these her unworthy children of both sexes in their "foreign travels." If three-fourths of

them had staid at home, and improved themselves in the first rudiments of their vernacular tongue, how much lost credit might they not have saved both their schoolmaster and their country. The plain maxims of good sense and good breeding, comprehended in the institutes of a mere *English* education, would have inculcated the necessity of observing an affable, mild, and liberal conduct in our intercourse with mankind in general, and with those in particular whose customs, manners, and opinions, political as well as religious, are different from our own. Let our countrymen carry with them these *cosmopolitan* manners—this best letter of recommendation to the world at large, and they will meet with respect; they will conciliate good opinion; they will secure esteem; whether at Paris or at Rome—at Vienna or at St. Petersburg. Let them be assured, whatever they may be told to the contrary, it is neither their Country nor its Government that renders them objects of aversion on the Continent; but let them be equally certain that a haughty, overbearing, disdainful, turbulent deportment, in whatever degree it may perchance find toleration *at home*, will seldom or never obtain indulgence *abroad*; and, to prevent the most poignant disappointments, and vexations the most galling, should “be reformed all together,” before an Englishman ventures to cross the channel.

Having settled the business of our passports, we proceeded to the *Bureau des Messageries* in the *Rue Montmartre*, to re-arrange the day of departure by the Diligence to Valenciennes. We had taken our places for the 4th; but the delay encountered at the Prefecture made it imperative on us to wait till the 6th. The clerks at this great coach-office (whence carriages are setting

off at all hours for every part of France, and every considerable town in Germany and Flanders) threw all the impediments they could in our way, for the sake of the money paid down, which in such cases falls to their perquisite: but the *chef de l'administration*, Monsieur *Saint Georges*, to whom we made a personal appeal, behaved with great politeness, and made no difficulty in transferring our names to the day requested. And I therefore mention it as an example of attention to strangers not unworthy to be followed even by the very civil and obliging Gentlemen at the coach offices in the British Metropolis!

Nothing now remained but to settle accounts with our host and hostess of the *Hotel de Bruxelles*, to whom we had been recommended by our worthy friend H. and whose "entertainment" had given us perfect satisfaction. The situation of our lodgings was within three minutes walk of the Palais Royal. And although we could not boast of being exempt from the usual annoyances to English delicacy and cleanliness, arising principally out of the disgusting neglect of what is desirable and proper in certain departments of domestic provisorship, yet we had as *clean a staircase* and as *few bugs* as come within the domestic economy perhaps of any house in Paris. We generally breakfasted at a *Caffé* opposite our hotel, and dined most frequently at the Palais Royal. This plan suited us best as bachelors. There were English families in our Hotel, who were constantly supplied with breakfasts and dinners from the *traiteurs*, at a regular contract per head, by no means exorbitant, and in very good stile.

Preparatory to our departure we obtained at the house of *Perregaux*, on which we had letters of credit

from Barclays, of London, a transfer of credit to Brussels, Messrs. Danoot and Co. The Hotel of this great banking establishment, (Rue Montblanc) is a very handsome one. There is an office in it exclusively appropriated to the English, and the business is done in a very easy and satisfactory manner.* Monsieur La-Fitte, a very gentlemanly person, is the ostensible head of this great concern. The time one is in attendance is rendered less irksome by the English newspapers, which are not to be seen at the *Caffés*. Galignani's reading room in the Rue Vivienne is the only place besides where we used to be favoured with a peep at these bold-speaking prints.

Having thus brought up our itinerary to the point of taking leave of the gay capital of France, I shall now briefly touch on a few subjects hitherto omitted to be noticed.

The Theatres.—A natural aptitude for dramatic performances, and a real fondness for them, it is not surprising to find among a people with whom, (in the extremest sense adopted by the great Poet of Human Nature), “the World's a Stage,” and who accordingly are always *acting*. Yet it may excite some wonder that the volatile, dissipated French should in their choice, taste, and arrangement of theatrical amusements, display

* The rate of exchange was so much in our favour, that after deducting banker's commission, and the difference between taking our money in silver and in gold, we had about a Napoleon (16s. 8d.) into pocket. The present coinage of France, on the system of decimals, renders calculation easy, viz. the *Double Napoleon*, (40 f.) the *Napoleon*,* (20 f.) *Piece de cinq livres, de trente sous, un franc, demi franc, 5 sous, 10 centime piece* equal to our penny, *5 centimes* our halfpenny, or a *sous*. But the French generally reckon by *sous* as far as 50 or 60; and the old coins mixing with the others, create confusion in the first essay.

* A new coin, the Louis, is also 20 f.

a judgment, a modesty, and a decorum, greatly superior to our own; and that they have in a great measure succeeded in making the Drama and the Play-house a school of morals, and an academy of decency and good manners. The season for playing at Paris has no intermission as in London: but the early part of the Spring is the time for witnessing the full strength of the *Corps Dramatique*. Their justly celebrated tragedian Talma (whose talents I had once the gratification of witnessing at the *Théâtre Français*, in *Le Cid* of *Corneille*) was to our serious disappointment on an excursion to Nantes. On this account we participated but sparingly in this branch of Parisian entertainments, of which the interest is to be found, not in the magnificence of the *spectacle*, and still less in the splendour of the house and brilliancy of the audience, but chiefly in the merits of the representations, and the abilities of the actors.

The *Opera Français* is the only theatre which, for stage shew, is comparable with Drury Lane or Covent Garden. The singing is not equal to our English Operahouse; but the *corps de ballet* comprises the finest dancers in the world, and the most numerous assemblage of them. The costume and decorations are superb—and together with the pictorial beauties, and perspective illusions of the scenery, are at once magical in operation and classical in effect. The *Théâtre Français* is emphatically so named as being exclusively devoted to the master pieces of French dramatic writing, both in tragedy and in genteel comedy. The Comic Opera (*Théâtre Feydeau*) is next in importance. Its interior architecture is in a good stile, but like that of the *Théâtre Français* too heavy for a Playhouse: it consists of a peristyle of the Corinthian order, surmounted by another of the

composite—the form an exact semi-circle, and consequently well adapted for seeing and hearing. The actors and actresses are extremely clever ; the singing, if not of the first rate, very pleasing ; and the scenery well executed, though there is but little change in it. The *Théâtre du Vaudeville* is also a well constructed building. Appropriated to *petites comédies*, in which, by a string of epigrams and sarcastic *arriettes*, set to popular music, the folly of the day is “ shot at *as it flies*,” it serves to display the facility and vivacity of French acting and comic singing to very great advantage. There is an amusing little piece of ridicule in vogue now, under the title of *Monsieur sans Gêne*, a superior description of *Jeremy Diddler*, who makes use of other people’s houses, servants, and property, with the most perfect *non chalance* and effrontery ; and, as far as his own interest is concerned, with the happiest success imaginable. The *Theatre des Italiens* (or Italian Opera) is now under the direction of *Madame Catalani* ; whose avarice having over-reached itself, is condemned to the purgatory of thin houses, after losing the paradise which *John Bull*’s money enabled her so long to enjoy. We attended this handsome theatre once, in expectation of hearing *Madame* ; but “ *the part of Hamlet*” was left out ; and never could there be a more wretched set of tools than those with which the work of *bravura* and *recitativo grinding* was performed in her absence. The *Théâtre des Variétés* is a small, dark, and dirty house ; dedicated to exhibit the *betises*, the *niaiseries*, and the ludicrous extravagances of such low but humourous comic actors as *Brunet* and *Potier*. A farce, which has at present a great run at this *theatre de la grosse gaieté*, goes under the *rigmarol* title of “ *Jocrisse Grand Père, Jocrisse*

Fils, et Jocrisse Petit-fils.” It is not meant to be inferred, that the wit of these performances is very *piquante* or exquisite, nor their *delicacy* or *morality* very pure and refined. Indeed, the *Théâtre des Variétés* retains those characteristics of vulgarity by which I remember to have formerly seen it distinguished, when its company used to perform at the *Montansier*, at the Palais Royal ; but the famous, or rather infamous *lounge* of prostitutes in the *foyer* (or lobby) is abolished.

The French Theatres are certainly inferior to ours, both in decorative richness and in the splendour of illumination. Not only is the architecture of too heavy a kind, but the houses are gloomy, and they look for all the world as if they wore the self-same coat of paint bestowed on them fourteen years ago. The boxes of the Opera-house and the first theatres are far from being neatly fitted up ; and the staircases, lobbies, and saloons are inelegantly constructed, and in a slovenly state. The avenues and exterior apartments of our own metropolitan theatres rival those of princely palaces in grandeur and magnificence ; while the boxes of the Parisian theatres are approached through paltry narrow passages, which the poorest troop of itinerants in England would esteem beneath their consequence to endure. But on the other hand, those scenes of licentiousness and those open violations of virtuous feeling which disgrace our London box lobbies and saloons, are not permitted at Paris. The grossness of the libertine and the professional allurements of the courtesan form no part of the arrangement from which profit or patronage is sought to be obtained by the managers or committee of a theatrical speculation in the French capital, except indeed of the very lowest sort. The mode of lighting is by a very

large circle of lamps, in a double row, suspended from the top : the effect of this is advantageous as far as the power of the illumination extends, but being unassisted by chandeliers placed round the boxes, it is insufficient to dispel the gloom. This, perhaps, is intentional : the principal object of attraction is the stage, and the *Salle du Theatre* is designedly kept darkened, in order to give encreased *éclat* to the dresses and scenery. The plan of the principal houses differs very much from our own, with the exception of the Opera. The lower tier of boxes is private, and faced with a moveable *grille* or trellis work : above this is the *balcon*, or what we should call the dress-circle ; in the rear of which is another row of *grillées*, or private boxes : these are surmounted by the *amphithéâtre*, and the *petites loges* ; and the uppermost tier is called the *paradis*. The last gallery does not recede as with ours, nor do the *Gods* constitute so formidable a phalanx as that of an English Olympus. From the considerable space occupied by private boxes, that gay and elegant appearance produced by the presence of the ladies in our English houses, is but faintly displayed in the French theatres. The pit is divided into the *parterre*, the *parquet*, and the *orchestre* : this last consists of three or four of the front rows ; and at the Opera-house is charged the full box price, and generally filled with ladies ; no females sit in any other part of the pit. The theatres of Paris are not equally numerously attended. The Opera is always crowded ; and so completely wrapt in ecstasy is every French sensation by the charms of this their darling *spectacle*, that neither heat nor pressure, nor any other uncomfortable circumstance has power to annoy them, until the curtain drops. I cannot here refrain from

taking occasion to mention an act of civility which was shewn to us as strangers. Going to the Opera the second night of our arrival, we were ushered into a private box, already occupied by a large well-dressed company, (French) who although but scantily accommodated with room themselves, instantly arranged their chairs to make a space for us. Encouraged by these spontaneous attentions, I made bold to ask questions of the ladies respecting the piece and the actors—was favoured most politely with the requested information; a spy-glass was borrowed for me; and all this during the performance of the beautiful ballet of *Flore et Zephire*, when every body was in raptures with the sylph-like movements of Monsieur *Albert* and Mademoiselle *Bigotine*. This instance of good breeding was additionally creditable, inasmuch as the regulations for engaging boxes are very strict, and the party in question was sufficiently numerous to have claimed our exclusion, had they been so disposed.

The French Drama is much too tight laced and artificial—too closely restricted by the classic unities of time, place, and action, to be congenial with English taste and sympathies: the frequency of soliloquy; and the dialogue being a constant alternation of long-winded speeches in rhyme, though supported with great vehemence of tone, was what I never could long listen to with any tolerable degree of interest. Now and then a hero or heroine would rouse me from Lethean dulness by “tearing a passion to tatters;” for in the histrionic art, as practised at least by the *Talmas*, the *Saint Prix*, the *Duchenois*, and other eminent tragedians of the day, it seems to be not a defect but a merit, to “o’erstep the modesty of Nature.” The Parisians, in-

deed, delight in the exhibition of Tragedy on her highest stilts—the more sublimely she soars above the level of genuine feeling, of the chastened impulses of heartfelt sentiment, the more incessant and thundering they are in their plaudits. Their dramatic enthusiasm is extreme : every other sentence appears to contain a charm, and if any passage superlatively fine be coming, all hands are ready to welcome it by anticipation, or rather to drown its concluding words in noise and acclamation. Unless, however, a person enters immediately and intimately into the sense and spirit of the play, there is nothing else to divert him ; for at the *Théâtre Français* but little change of scene takes place, either in Tragedy or Serious Comedy, a rule which, however correct it may be, sometimes leads to inconsistencies. The performers in general, both men and women, are excellent ; and whether in the *furioso* of heroics, in the “tempest and whirlwind” of the Tragic Muse’s inspiration, or in the most extravagant effusion of Comic talent, they retain a proper self command, and never fail in a most essential point—the *qualification of being perfect*. Among the peculiarities of the French theatres is the regulation of paying at one place and entering at another, which is rather troublesome and intricate ; and the privilege, which every one may exercise, of visiting every part of the house, by means of a pass ticket, allowing, however, a seat only where it was first taken. In the *foyer*, or saloon, books of the play and refreshments are sold ; it is paraded only by the male part of the audience, and consequently offers to our English loungers a very insipid scene, compared with the meretricious assemblages in the lobbies of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The orchestras are uni-

formly good : even at the minor theatres the bands of instrumental music are numerous, powerful, and composed of superior performers.

The Palais Royal.—There is always something new, always something *frappant* in this temple of trade and pleasure—no one, while in Paris, needs submit to become the slave of *ennui* who has the least relish for the study of character, since such opportunities of investigation offer themselves beneath the piazzas and in the saloons of the *Palais Royal*. Its accommodations and *agreméns* are unequalled by those of any other place. In viewing the Gardens, from *Billiote's* windows, (the *restaurateur's* where we most commonly dined) our eyes were always attracted by a lively, varied, and agreeable picture : the Parisians enjoying themselves in walking, reading, sipping their lemonade, orgeat, or ice. To be out of doors is their delight—a shower comes, but it cannot drive them from their seats; umbrellas are up, and they sit quietly in knots, chatting sociably together. In fact, the French are never more *at home*, in every thing that concerns the gratification of their own feelings, than when *abroad*. Little scrupulous or mindful about where they reside, their hours of leisure and recreation are spent in these places of public resort : and indeed, if a deficiency in the domestic qualities is under any circumstances to be excused, it is perhaps at Paris, where the amusements of the *promenade* are so engaging and so diversified. Not content with furnishing regular “ *salles d'abonnement et de lecture*,” to the lovers of light reading (a predominatingly numerous class in this and every other capital) the *Mercuries* of literature bring their *feuilles* here into the open air ; and beneath the shade (not *patulæ fagi*, but)

of a large umbrella, the *quid nunc* takes his pennyworth of the *Moniteur* and other Journals. Or, should more than one occupation require to be attended to at one time, the shoe-black has his little *boutique ambulante*, where you may have your boots polished by his dextrous brush, and your mind enlightened by those prodigies of intelligence, the Paris papers, “and all for the sum of one halfpenny!”

Of the innumerable *Caffés* and *Restaurateurs* of Paris, none are more celebrated for the spaciousness and elegance of their apartments, the taste of their arrangements, the choice variety of their larders, and the exquisite skill of the cookery, than those of the *Palais Royal*. Every body has heard of *Very's* fame—his establishment is the most sumptuous, but he makes you *pay*. It is very well to take a few of the best in the round, such as *Beauvillier's*, (*Rue de Richelieu*) and the *Rocher de Cancale*, a renowned house for fish; but the spirit of curiosity and the love of novelty are in this case soon satisfied, and by adhering to one we found superior advantages of comfort and attention.

“Vain, very vain, my weary task” would be to describe the “humours” of a *restaurateur dinner*; to explain “the various ways of cooking a calf's head,” as enumerated in the *lengthy* bill of fare, (*la carte à manger*) which they lay before you. Some experience is necessary in selecting articles from a table (with prices affixed) which in the large houses contains more than 200 different dishes, and an equally varied assortment of wines and liqueurs.* Nothing of the kind can

* A dinner at *Billiote's* consisting of *Soup, Bouillon, Fish, Fricandeau à la chichoré, Salade, Omellette Soufflée, Fromage de Neufchatel, Oranges, Caffé*, and *Noyau*, with excellent *Vin de Grave, Bonne*, and good *Claret*, a bottle of each, cost us 10s. a head.

surpass the neat and respectable manner in which the tables are set out, the attentiveness and activity of the waiters, and the order and regularity with which the numerous guests are served in these handsome apartments, where every party is *insulated* at pleasure, though placed amidst a crowd of others, intent on the same objects of satisfying the cravings of appetite, or of pampering the taste for Epicureanism, which is no where perhaps carried to such a pitch of refinement and connoisseurship as in this capital. *Le Gourmand* for quantity, and *le Gastronom*e for quality, distinguish the two classes of Parisian *amateurs de bonne chère* : and to judge from the egoistic manners of some of these stomach worshippers, these idolizers of the palate, it would seem that to invent luxurious viands, and to eat dainty bits, was the only important business of life !

In these public dining rooms the master and mistress of the house are to be found at the top of the room, seated quite in state behind the *comptoir*, a sort of bar, covered with liqueurs, and with fruits and flowers of the season, sometimes in such embowering luxuriance, that *Monsieur* and *Madame* look like *Vertumnus* and *Flora*. The introduction of the ladies to *Caffés* and respectable houses of *restauration*, is regarded as perfectly accordant with propriety : it adds very greatly to the civilization and urbanity of the place, and is not without its convenience to strangers, who have their families with them. Now and then, among the multiplicity of characters that come under observation, some curious and laughable incidents arise. Occasion has already been taken to remark that the French are innately imbued with the *esprit dramatique* : no wonder they should make such good stage-players,

since even "when they are off they are acting." I remember an amusing *Coup de Theatre* of this sort happening one afternoon at *Billiote's*. At the close of the latest dining hour, in stalks a tall elderly *homme de province*—"a frugal swain," whose garb and manners proclaimed him to have lived "remote from cities:" his coat of coarse light blue cloth, his red waistcoat, his still deeper scarlet breeches, with azure stockings, and short leather gaiters—a stout staff in his hand, and his broad slouched hat carried *en chapeau bras*. After staring round him with "lack-lustre eye" for a moment or two, as if looking for somebody to accost, he turns to a gentleman who was seated by himself near the door, at one of the little tables, finishing his dessert. It was a young officer of good person and expressive countenance; in plain clothes, but retaining his military stock, and a pair of very soldier-like *moustachios*. Making his bow, with the most unsuspecting *naïveté* in the world, my honest farmer says to the gentleman, '*Monsieur, votre excuse—dites moi, je vous prie, où est Monsieur Billiote?*' " *C'est moi,*" answered the other with the utmost gravity, and touching his breast with the tips of the fingers of his right hand—" *C'est moi, Monsieur—je m'appelle Billiote; que voulez vous de moi?*" " *Etes vous content de ma fille?*" (asked the peasant) " *O qu'oui, je suis très content de votre fille,* (replied the young blade) *elle est la meilleure fille du monde.*" " *Que je suis ravi de l'entendre,*" exclaimed the countryman, and he was proceeding to express all the gratitude and obligation which himself and his *très chère épouse* at home felt towards his daughter's supposed master, who on his part kept up the farce with an inflexibility of countenance and

an archness of manner that rendered the scene irresistibly comic ; when the real *Monsieur Billiote* entered, and convinced the simple *paysan* that it was not the custom for a *restaurateur* of the *Palais Royal* to sit with his guests, nor to wear *moustachios*.

Dinner is the chief meal with the Parisians—in that they make up, with a voracious appetite, exercised on a succession of *potages*, *hors d'œuvres*, *entrées*, and *entremets*, for their abstemious and temperate breakfasts, and still more scanty apology for a supper. A French breakfast at a *Caffé* consists of almost as many different articles as there are people in the room—coffee, tea, and chocolate, wine, liqueurs, frequently a *carafe* of water, qualified with a *petit verre d'eau-de-vie de Coigniac*, and a *petite pain*, or roll of bread, sopped in it. As for *le souper*, a 5d. glass of lemonade, or ice, with a few macaroons, or a bottle of frothy stuff, y'clept *La bonne double bière de Paris*, and a *gateau de Nanterre*, satisfy all demands of this sort before bed time. The bread is light and good ; a prodigious deal of crust, and some of it made in narrow loaves of a yard long, one of which a Frenchman will tuck under his girdle without any compunction. The butter is also excellent. And it is almost needless to say, that they understand and practise to perfection the art of making good coffee. A Frenchman drinks it very strong, without milk, and with four or five large lumps of sugar in a cup of the smallest dimensions. Buonaparte's substitution of beet root for the juice of the West India cane, must have been a greater annoyance to the spirit of Parisian luxury than even the *Conscription* or the *Droits Réunis*. They remunerate themselves now, however, with interest for such privations, but not with the careless

indifference of an Englishman towards “the candle ends and cheese parings” of economy: no, their maxim is like the man’s in one of our farces, “I pay for two chickabiddies—one chickabiddy I eat, de oder I put in my pocket.” Accordingly *Monsieur* or *Madame* finds a place in the pocket or the *ridicule* for the surplus sugar and macaroons, that have been ordered for themselves and party. But although the general custom inclines to light breakfasts, our English beef-eaters have no cause to apprehend *starvation*. When we designed to make a very long morning, it was our practice to fortify against the fatigue of an extensive perambulation by a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, at the *Caffé Valois* (Palais Royal) where we were served, besides *our* favourite tea and *their* favourite *caffé*, with *une côtelette de mouton au naturel*, or *de veau en papillotte*, seasoned with *saucisse de Lyon*, and washed down with a glass of London Porter. All this is managed in the most commodious and comfortable stile: indeed the neat, cleanly, and decorous appearance of the *Caffés* in a morning, and their splendour in an evening, surpass the Coffee-houses and Taverns of London, as much as the interior arrangements of our private houses of respectability are superior to the domestic habitations and household economy of the Parisians.

The *Marchandes à la toilette*, who frequent the *caffés* and *restaurateurs* also claim a word of notice. This class of tradeswomen would give a *novel feature* to an English tavern, coming round, as they do here, to the different tables, at breakfast, or dinner, or in the evening, with their box filled with perfumery, gloves, *bijouterie*, pocket-books, *bons bons*, &c. and accosting each party with the soliciting interrogatory of

“*Voulez vous acheter quelque chose?*” Nor is the sphere of their occupations confined to the range of a *Caff  *. It is not *contra bonos mores* in this gay city, for a young *demoiselle* of this description to wait on gentlemen at their lodgings, if desired, with a sample of her merchandize: nay, “*Honi soit qui mal y pense,*” the master of the most creditable hotel deems it no scandal, it is indeed a matter of course, to allow them to wait on their lodgers of both sexes. *Mademoiselle* will even indulge you, Sir, in the whim of bringing you a few pair of silk stockings, before your *lever*: will sit and gossip by your bedside with perfect *non chalance*, and then take her leave unconscious of the least impropriety. An Englishwoman pursuing the same routine of avocations would be apt to fall into the extreme either of timidity or of impudence: but these lively, pleasant, easy *Parisiennes*, it would seem, play their parts with prudence and circumspection, as to the more intimate terms of acquaintance, for which such interviews may be sought by some of their customers; nor are they so easily to be won as some of our purse-proud libertines are apt to imagine. In point, however, of politeness and an obliging assiduity of manners, frequently enhanced by talents for rational conversation, some are to be found of no common rate; and as to vivacity and quickness of *repartie*, they prove generally more than a match for the different characters they have to encounter. Of one of these young women, in particular, the spirited lines of POPE recur to me as describing the qualifications and the deportment:

“ Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,

“ Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.

“ Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,

“ Oft she rejects, but never once offends.”

While on the subject of *Caffés* and the *Palais Royal*, I must mention that of *La Rotonde*, which, illuminated in the evening, forms a favourite rallying point to the *promeneurs* of the gardens. The *Caffé de la Paix*, formerly the *Montansier Theatre*, still retains its theatric form and its old *reputation* of being the resort of the *femmes galantes* and their paramours. It was the focus of assembly for the Buonapartists, and in consequence of the openly disaffected proceedings that were carried on in it every night for some weeks previous to the return of Napoleon, all its windows were broken and the furniture destroyed by a party of the *Gardes du Corps*. *Gens d'Armes* are now constantly stationed at the entrance to preserve order, which, independent of political considerations, is an expedient measure, as the company is the very reverse of select. But the most popular is the *Caffé des Mille Colonnes*, so called from the curious and pleasing deception, produced by the plate mirrors with which its suite of apartments is lined, and which reflecting, and multiplying the reflection, of the architectural embellishments and other objects animate and inanimate, give to the place the effect of a thousand times its real size and intrinsic splendour. Nothing is to be done in these *Caffés* without a woman as the ostensible head of affairs. Every body conversant with the *attraits de Paris*, recollects *La Belle Limonadière* of the *Caffé des Mille Colonnes*. Having survived the *éclat* of her beauty, she has given place to a lady of more youthful charms, and respecting whom, as the *Déesse Presidente* for the time being, and a handsome personal *spectacle*, it may be worth a note or two to detail what little items make up the sum total of her *divinity*, before whose shrine the nocturnal ceremonies of

this celebrated establishment are at present performed. In a part of the room judiciously chosen for an advantageous display, *La Belle ROMAINE*, (her name, if I rightly remember) is seated in an elegant *fauteuil* of classic form, elevated *en trone*. Before her is the *comptoir*, of equally superb workmanship, the tablet of which consists of a fine mirror; on this reflecting surface are placed some dozen silver saucers, filled with lumps of sugar, a range of beautiful flowers, assorted in *bouquets*, and placed in stands of finely-painted porcelain; a gilt box for the *Garçon's* fees, an inkstand of the same costly appearance, and a little gilt bell to call the attention of the waiters to the guests. The lady's dress and ornaments are equally elegant and splendid, and a change is made in them every evening; her hair is dressed in an extremely tasteful stile, and with the most elaborate nicety. In order to beguile the vacant moments, and dissipate the *ennui* that unavoidably attaches to her situation, *Mademoiselle* occasionally writes a *billet*, folds, seals, and puts it into her *ridicule*, with other nonsense previously scribbled. All this gives opportunity to display her alabaster neck, her finely rounded arms, her delicate hands and taper fingers. She reads, or seems to read; then says pretty nothings to the *freluquets* who are near her: she has a courteous reception for those who approach the *comptoir*, either to offer their *devoirs*, or to pay their reckoning; and a graceful inclination of the head, in return for the *congé* which it is the respectful etiquette of the place to make before *La Belle Limonadière* at entrance and departure.

One single visit to the *Gaming Tables* of the *Palais Royal* was sufficient for us. To see a crowd of folks

assembled together, without a social tie to bind them : to observe every mind engaged in one object, without an union of sentiment, or an operating motive save that of self-interest. Chance the power invoked—Gold the deity worshipped—Fraud the pontiff of the sacrifice—Principle the victim : and man the prey of man. O ! the passion for play ! What metamorphosis can human nature undergo so fearfully complete as that to which this vice of hellish birth has power to change it ? The *entrée* to these shrines of the fickle and infatuating Goddess gives preparation to the feeling of the novice : mysterious silence pervades even the antichamber, and our hats, &c. are exchanged for numbered tickets by the attendants without a word passing. The first room was appropriated to the game of *Roulette*, a sort of whirling (Eo) table ; ostensibly a game of chance, subject, however, there is great cause to believe, to all the tricks of knavery. From thence we proceeded through two other spacious, well-furnished, and brilliantly lighted apartments, where, at long tables, surrounded by a numerous band of adventurers, some seated and others standing, the game of *Rouge et Noir* was played. At the former of these rooms they dealt in *silver* ; at the latter in *gold*. This *Rouge et Noir* (founded of course on the turning up of the black and white suits) appears to be tolerably free from unfair proceedings. The bankers (two in number) sit in the middle of the table opposite each other, with little wooden *scrapers* in their hands, and are alternately employed in turning up the cards, and in paying and receiving the money won and lost. The business is performed with astonishing celerity, and not a syllable uttered, except at the end of each deal “ *Rouge*” or “ *Noir a gagné.*” I could not but be

struck in contemplating the physiognomies of the persons engaged, with the absorption of mind and intensity of thought which many of them indicated. There is something very peculiar in the air and manners of a professed gamester. One or two of these wore the Cross of *Saint Louis*. A gentleman thus decorated accosted my friend: he appeared well acquainted with *St. James's*, and complained of being neglected at the *Thuilleries*; his appearance, which evinced the characteristics of the *gourmand* as well as of the *gamester*, repressed in this instance our sympathies for HIS *misfortunes* and THEIR *ingratitude*! There was an old man, in the costume of the *ancien regime*, bag wig, and *solitaire*, evidently an *emigré*, whose chief employment, like many other cautious gentry with slender purses, was that of pricking on a card the run of the suits, and now and then venturing a chance: whilst others, boldly hazarding, encreased or diminished their golden heaps in gigantic collections and transfers.

Streets.—In point of convenience, spaciousness, and elegance, the streets of Paris are by no means equal to those of London: and for want of a side pavement walking is a fatiguing operation at all times. Paris, in rainy weather, is dirtier than London, as well as more troublesome and dangerous to walk about in, the pavement, formed of broad smooth stones, becoming then extremely slippery. The cross streets and passages are for the most part filthy beyond description; in passing through these the perambulator is in perpetual danger of being literally clogged up with rubbish and decayed vegetables, or almost drowned in a dark green greasy mud of the worst scent in the world. Except in the new street of *Rivoli*, and one or two others, the chan-

nel runs through the middle, and when the wheels of carriages, naturally verging to the declivity, get a firm hold in these *gutters*, flowing with a slow and sombre stream, woe betide the *beau* or *belle* that comes within reach of their evolved contents! Independent of the aid to be generally expected, from the civility of the people in giving directions and information, the finding one's way about Paris is not difficult, after proper attention paid to the course of the Seine from east to west, and to the intersections of the principal streets.

The equipages of the rich are more numerous and handsome than formerly, but are not to be compared in either respect to those of London.—There are three thousand hackney-coaches in Paris, excellently regulated, and for the most part well appointed, clean, and respectable. We meet with no such travelling nuisances as, under that name, are permitted to annoy and disgrace the British metropolis.

Almost every principal quarter of this capital has its distinct character of inhabitants. The manner and fashions of one part are as unlike those of the other as though they were miles asunder. It is this variety and contrast of character and costume that render a promenade through the streets of Paris a source of perpetual amusement to the observant stranger. The newest stile of dress and the most antiquated cut, may often be seen passing each other without the least surprise being excited in the persons themselves at the difference of appearance which they respectively exhibit. In the public walks and museums, where the luxury and elegance of wealth find themselves intermingled with the threadbare parade or humble coarseness of poverty, it is

curious to mark the transition of costume from the latest *nouveauté des modes*, displayed by *le bon genre* of the metropolis down to the provincial peculiarity of the *gens de peuple*.

The dress of the men is wonderfully improved since the period of 1802: they were then still grovelling in the blackguardism of great coats, filthy whiskers, dirty pantaloons, uncombed locks, tri-coloured cockades, and other shabby symbols of *citizenship*. At that time an Englishman was distinguished chiefly by being dressed more like a gentleman than a Parisian; now a Frenchman dresses to the full as smart as an Englishman: the principal difference in the cut of a Parisian's coat is that the collar is worn higher than with us. He also gives his *chapeau* a cant on one side, pulled a little over the eyes; while John Bull's hat is thrown back off the forehead. In the Frenchman, however, there is often a want of consistent gentility in the different parts of dress.

The French women, especially of the higher and middling classes, dress well and modestly. The naked fashion is completely exploded: whatever may be the *exposé* of female charms in a ball room in England, our countrywomen need here be under no apprehension of appearing otherwise than *comme il faut*, in robes that do not display *low bosoms* and *naked shoulders*. These little particularities are left almost exclusively to the *impures* of the Palais Royal. Among the *Parisiennes*, as among other parts of the feminine world, Fashion has its *devotees*, who betray their blind obedience to its capricious dictates in various forms of the *merveilleuse*. Thus, we occasionally see ladies decked out in all the *extravaganza* of monstrous *corbeille* hats,

(so called from their resembling baskets of flowers) *coiffures*, and petticoats and stockings *à la chinoise*, &c. But generally speaking, the ladies of this great city have the merit of dressing each after that manner which best becomes her. Fashion in this case becomes subservient to person, and not person to fashion. One seldom sees any thing like the mistake of putting on the *Canterbury cap* where there is not a *Canterbury face*: in other words, before a mode is adopted, they seem to have consulted their glass, and put on their “considering cap” in reference to the very material facts of being either short or tall, plump or meagre, handsome and well made or otherwise. There is nothing to which a *Parisienne* evinces more attention than the fitting and neat arrangement of the *chaussure* (as the cloathing of the legs and feet is denominated): yet, rather than the slightest soil from the streets should pollute the skirts of her robe, even the delicate shoe of Cinderella diminutiveness, and the silken transparency of “the taper leg,” will be exposed, and even the mysteries of the *order of the garter* be for a moment divulged to eyes profane; in crossing a kennel, or in stepping into a carriage!

Among the class of *Marchandes* (as I have already had occasion to observe) are very many in whom a modest and tasteful simplicity of dress, setting off a pretty and animated countenance and an elegant figure, is to be found accompanied with a certain gentility of carriage, and with that “happy knack” of keeping up the shuttlecock of conversation, which seems indeed to be an intuitive qualification in the *Parisiennes*, from the high to the low. The women of France must certainly yield the palm of beauty to “the Fair of Britain’s

Isle." By our own countrywomen they are also excelled in other and still more important qualifications, which by every man of delicacy and principle, will be prized as the brightest ornaments that can adorn the sex. Yet, is it necessary only to frequent the public places, as we have done, with tolerably observant eyes, in order to be convinced that this capital possesses an ample and interesting proportion of female charms; and as to the broad assertion, so often and so harshly repeated by certain English tourists, (*currente calamo* and *currente pede*) denouncing the *Parisiennes*, in the lump, as deficient both in virtue and decency—such a remark, like most others of a general kind, whilst it argues no little rashness, involves extreme prejudice and exaggeration, and is besides opposed, in its sweeping operation, by numberless exceptions of the most respectable and amiable description, as any candid and impartial person who has had the least insight into private society will, I conceive, be ready to admit. That intrigue and gallantry, as well as profligacy of every sort, find themselves in a congenial element at Paris—it would be foolish to doubt or deny: on the other hand, however, it would be equally illiberal and erroneous to conclude that, even in the midst of these wide fields which vice and folly seem peculiarly to mark for their own, the domestic, the conjugal, and the filial virtues do not find many spots of fruitful soil to thrive in—although the practical duties of morality and religion may not here, perhaps, always be found accompanied by that austerity of outward deportment, or that gloomy cast of thought, observable among a people of less lively character and of more restrained habits.

As connected with the general subject of men and

manners, and as evidencing in some measure the feelings and opinions of the French, both in regard to themselves and foreign nations, it may not be amiss to advert here to CARICATURES. The *satire of design* is become much in vogue among the Parisians, but its province is almost wholly confined to the ridicule of fashion, and to the excitement of laughter against “the foreigner,” especially the English, who are held up in almost every ludicrous and every degrading point of view, that national prejudice, ignorance, and malignity can devise. French caricatures, indeed, are seldom good of their kind: the disposition which they most frequently evince, to make up in grossness and ill-nature what they want in humour and originality, produces nothing but disgust and contempt. My friend and I used to amuse ourselves at the print-shops of the *Palais Royal*, the *Quays*, and *Boulevards*, with casting many a look askance at the *badauds* of both sexes who were standing near us, and who seemed perfectly disconcerted at the *risibility* in which we indulged, as they considered, at *our own expence*. I remember saying to a person who appeared inquisitively to be watching the effect of one of these paltry effusions of spleen against my country, that it astonished me much to find some of the caricaturists were so completely unacquainted with the true principles and spirit of their art, that they did not feel the necessity of retaining *some little resemblance* to the object intended to be ridiculed: then pointing to one where *John Bull*, delineated as a sort of beast in human shape, is seen devouring raw poultry like a Cannibal, whilst his *hag* of a wife, and three horrible imps of daughters, are munching melons and grapes like swine—Surely (I added) you have had

better opportunities of knowing the state of English civilization than to call such vile trash a *picture after life*? “*Monsieur, ce ne sont là que les Anglais pour rire,*” was all the reply of my Parisian. *Et voila donc, les Anglais pour respecter,*” continued I, pointing to some engravings representing the different troops composing the British army. “*C’est vrai,*” rejoined the man good humouredly enough, and passed on. He seemed at all events to allow the fairness of the *quid pro quo*. Another compliment of the same *well-founded* nature is to represent a young English lady fallen from her horse, and fainting in the arms of a Frenchman, supposed to be accidentally on the spot, while her father is exclusively occupied in applying a smelling bottle to the nostrils of her *horse*, as it lies extended on the ground. This they inscribe *La Sensibilité Anglaise.*” But the worst of all is one which pretends to be founded on a recent event which occurred during the time our troops occupied Paris. The scene is the *Canal de l’Ourcq* : it is winter, and people are amusing themselves with skating; in the foreground a frightful accident has taken place—the ice has broken in with several of our own soldiers; the Parisians on this occasion are represented flocking to the spot to render assistance, and some, at the hazard of their lives, are rescuing our countrymen from a watery grave; while the English picket-guard are sitting at the head of the Canal, smoking their pipes, drinking, and looking on with the most inflexible indifference. The motto to this print is “*Anglais, voila les Français!!!*” This precious delineation of a *lying fact* should be bound up with *Monsieur le General Pillet’s* absurd but not on that account less atrocious libel, which still is permitted to be exposed on

the book-stalls of the Palais Royal ! I could not but be highly diverted at the complacency with which in these prints they puff off the invigorating and nutritious effects of French living. A poor half-starved hypocondriac, stepping from a packet boat, is made to personate an Englishman just landing on the French shore ; in the next compartment we have an over-fed hog of a fellow, wheeling his susquepedality of paunch in a barrow, and this forsooth is *John Bull* on his return home ! Amidst all this spiteful and insipid trumpery, there are some droll *hits* at the low-collared coats, loose fitting gaiters, and bushy hair of our men ; the Wellington pantaloons and small cocked hats of our officers, and the flat bonnets and head dresses, long-waisted spencers, and stooping gait of our women. Nevertheless, with respect to the last-mentioned subjects of their caricature criticism, the joke had already become absolute : with such promptitude do our fair countrywomen take the hints that are furnished to them from this side of the channel.

The military character of the French remains unchanged : they are accustomed to and fond of every thing that has the “ pride, pomp, and circumstance ” of war. Equally enamoured are they of crosses and orders, and bits of blue and red ribbon—every tenth man, at least, we met in the streets, wore one of these decorations, some four or five : to these *honorés* the sentinels carry arms, whether in or out of uniform, from the *Croix de Saint Louis* to the *Croix d'Honneur*, and to the petty ornament of the “ *Fleur de Lis*.” The *Garde Royale* supply the place of the *Garde Imperiale*, and are a fine set of men. Then there are the Departmental Legions, dressed in white ; good troops. The national Guards are a soldier-like body of men ; they amount to

40,000 in Paris alone, and 5000 are constantly on duty. Great reliance is placed on their loyalty by the friends of the present Government. These gentry give themselves all the consequential airs of the "*gens d'épée*," and seem prouder of their great caps than they are of their muskets. Punctual to his turn of duty, the *maitre d'hôtel* with whom you are lodging, or the *garçon* that serves your breakfast at the *Caffé*, will probably meet your eye as a military man before night, standing sentinel at some public institution, or perhaps doing duty at the *Thuilleries*.

The lower classes of the Parisians are an industrious, yet thoughtless race: they toil hard for the moment that is passing; but not with a view to future advantage in laying by something for a rainy day. The mechanic pursues his calling with ardour and ingenuity; but it is chiefly to enjoy the fruits of his labour at the next *fête champêtre*—or in the roving pleasures of a Sunday excursion, with his wife or his sweetheart. While at work, the most frugal meal—a crust of bread covered with *espinage*; a bunch of grapes, or a plate of cherries, washed down with the cheap beverage doled out to him in the street by the walking seller of *tisan*, contents the artisan of this capital. As to their amusements, they are far from being of the noisy and turbulent kind; still further do they appear from being sought for in assemblages that lead to drunkenness. A walk on the *Boulevards* serves better, perhaps, than any other means of observation, to discover their taste for diversions: gaming, music, and dancing, have evidently great attractions. The game of domino is much played by the middle and lower orders. *Musiciens ambulants* sometimes make respectable concerts with harps and violins,

accompanying agreeable voices to the *vaudevilles* of the day : even the ballad singers have a graceful air with them. The cups and ball-men display their dexterity on the *Boulevards* ; where the mountebank and his jack pudding, with punchinello in their neighbourhood, present scenes of entertainment, of which the fun and spirit is infinitely enhanced by the inherent disposition of the spectators to be *actors* themselves !

As to the state of religion among the manufacturing class of Parisians, there is every appearance of its continuing at a very low ebb. I had some conversation with the proprietor of a considerable establishment for the fabrication of opera glasses and stick umbrellas on this subject. He was clearly no lover of the ancient faith—his opinion is, that the old influence of the Priesthood will never be regained by them, although, according to him, the Romish clergy were straining every nerve to attain it again : “ the people of Paris (he said) laugh at Catholicism ; but unfortunately (added he) they treat the general topic of morality and religion, as a matter of faith and practice, with the same degree of levity and indifference ! ” As to the outward observance, however, of the Sabbath-day, and other circumstances connected with the solemnities of Divine Worship, things are certainly much improved, since the period of my former visit, when the regulations for this serious purpose vibrating between the re-establishment of the Sunday festival, and the Republican *Decade*, the shops were never shut, and the church of *Notre Dame* used to serve as a “ *glorious lounge* ” for the people : there they flocked to read the advertisements of *all kinds* posted on the pillars and doors ; and lest those who went there really for the sake of devotion, should indulge too

long in serious thoughts, the gates of the Cathedral were closely invested by troops of singers, charlatans, and puppet-shewmen, who, with drums, trumpets, and vociferations, saluted the pious churchman, on his *entrée* and exit. Indeed, it then required the most collected state of mind to remember, for five minutes together, that the day was Sunday; the only apparent difference being, that the Theatres and other places of amusement were more numerous attended. So much for a picture of religion in Paris, under Buonaparte's Consular Government!* At present these things are ordered better: the shops are all shut on the Sunday, and there is a much greater *decorum* observable in the manners of the Parisians at Church: nor do the soldiery, as in the days of *la Republique*, stalk in with their hats upon their heads, and sabres clattering at their iron heels, bearding the priest as he officiated at the altar, with looks of derision and scorn, as I remember to have seen them do in those *golden days of freedom and equality!* Some restraint also appears to be now placed on that open exposition of indecent publications and prints, which formerly disgraced the shops and *foyers*. Quite enough latitude, however, still remains allowed in this respect; and *women* may be remarked looking at the engravings, with but little delicacy or discriminative avoidance.

This leads me to say a word or two respecting the Parisian Trades-folks; who, in fourteen years, have obviously not been on the stand-still. Some of the shops in the Palais Royal present specimens of oriental richness in their jewellery and goldsmithery—and in the *Rues St. Honoré* and *Richelieu*, there are others, in silk and linen drapery, that rival some of the first in

* Journal of 1802.

London for extent and elegance. Much has been said of the system of extortion which the shopkeepers practise, whenever they have an opportunity, on all foreigners, and particularly on the English. To a certain extent the allegation is true. And I have myself experienced, in my essays to *marchander*, or bargain with them for trinkets and other objects of nominal value, the possibility of bating them down a half at least, without much trouble on my part and with no shame on theirs. But in other branches of business, such for instance as books and prints, as well as articles of decided utility, they appear to adhere more closely to a fixed price—and, with respect to articles of clothing and dress, being recommended to wholesale houses, I found an attention to character and fair dealing, which would not allow me to consider the charges in question as involving an entire class in the obloquy of a pettifogging disposition to impose on the ignorance and inadvertency of strangers.

There is a sociality and a cheerfulness among the Parisians in general, which are peculiarly acceptable to the transient visitor; and with grateful feelings I bear testimony, likewise, to qualities of a higher cast that are to be found among some of them—to genuine friendship and approved honour. The middling and lower classes have, even in their national character, some traits not undeserving of commendation: they content themselves for the most part with what may be called the *cheap pleasures* of life; while our own countrymen too often waste their time and property, and exhaust their spirits, in search of that happiness which they vainly place in the accumulation of *expensive comforts*. It may admit of doubt whether, upon the whole, the English are

more addicted to the enjoyments of eating and drinking than their Gallican neighbours; yet, in convivial meetings, those are objects of greater solicitude and consideration with us than with them. The French continually meet together : they talk, they dance, they game. Their viands are light, and their beverage, whilst it is well suited for the purposes of refreshment, is seldom of an intoxicating quality. Ever on the wing after recreative pursuits, they eagerly quit their own close and “chair-lumbered closets”—their crowded apartments that serve them for bed-room, “parlour, kitchen, and all,” to expand their respiration beneath the canopy of a fine sky, or the shady covering of wide-spreading trees, that temper the ardour of a delicious climate.

Such are *my* “recollections of Paris:” scanty they are indeed, and deficient in that character of intelligence and interest, which superior talents and more advantageous opportunities for observation and reflection, would unquestionably have imparted to them. For in no place, I shall venture to repeat, can the man of taste and discrimination find more favourable occasions to indulge a fondness for literature, science, and the arts, or a philosophic turn for the study of mankind, than will offer themselves to him during a residence in the French capital.—Pleasant, and not wholly uninteresting, were the days which my friend and myself passed in this celebrated city ; and we quitted it with regret.

CHAP. XIX.

JOURNEY FROM PARIS TO BRUSSELS.—*Diligence companions and conversations—Peronne—Cambray—Miseries of Stage-coach travelling—Bouchain—Valenciennes—English robbers and French protectors—Mons—The Douaniers—Entrance into Belgium.*

JUNE 6th, 7th, 8th.

ON Thursday, the 6th of June, we bade adieu to Paris. Our friend, M. La B. accompanied us from our hotel to the *Bureau des Diligences*, and we there took leave of this worthy Frenchman with mutual expressions of esteem and good wishes. The journey from Paris to Brussels did not prove to us a very interesting one: no longer in the *administration* of the *Velocifère*, we found our vehicle heavy in the extreme; but although a common French diligence gets over the ground slowly enough, yet it affords few available opportunities to the passenger for looking about him. Along the road through the country, we were often *indulged* with a *walk*; our carriage following at a leisurely pace, gave us ample time to survey a scenery that seldom recompensed our eyes for the pains they took in exploring it. On the other hand, when we arrived at any town of sufficient importance to excite our curiosity, the business of *revising passports*, and the necessity for *expedition*, were held *in terrorem* over the desire of gratifying it. And, indeed, travelling upon a line of road such as that of *Peronne*, *Cambray*, *Valenciennes*, and *Mons*, in cold and rainy weather, two

nights and three days, at a stretch, we may naturally be supposed to have abated somewhat of that ardent spirit for *seeing all that is to be seen*, which we had evinced in journies of minor extent, and attended with less fatigue and inconvenience. Taught, however, by this wholesome lesson of experience, I place it on "the tablets of my memory," that whilst the *Diligence* is a conveyance of suitable and economical accommodation in all *journies of necessity*, it is the bane of "the Inquisitive Traveller."

On passing the *Barrière de la Villette*, the first objects that attracted our regards were a party of English invalid soldiers, on their march from *St. Denis* to *Cambray*. Leaving at a short distance on our left the large village of *Gonasses*, and passing through that of *Louvres*, (both successively the head-quarters of WELLINGTON in his march upon Paris) we proceeded through the extensive forest and fine old town of *Senlis* to *Pont St. Maxence*, a poor miserable spot, situated on the river *Oise*, undeserving of notice, but that its stone bridge, of which the centre arches were in ruins, reminded us again of the late victorious *route* of the British troops. At this place, 30 miles from the capital, we set down to a bad dinner and worse wines, in a *salle de table d'hote*, so slovenly and comfortless, that we adjourned with comparative satisfaction to our places in the coach, under the *mild* auspices of the *north* wind blowing up torrents of rain. We continued our progress with no other intermission than the time required for changing horses, through a succession of villages, at whose beggarly and dilapidated aspect the passing stranger blesses his kind stars that have not identified his lot with the misery of such a residence.

At two o'clock in the morning we entered *Roye*, in the market-place of which, by the light of the moon, we found ourselves among a detachment of the English Waggon Train, having charge of the Duke of Wellington's baggage ; and we learnt from the sentinels, to our great regret and disappointment, that the Hero had only the day before passed through on his return from Brussels, (where we had expected to have a sight of him) to Paris. At *Roye*, distant from the Metropolis eighty-four miles, remarkable for nothing but a tolerably handsome *hotel de Ville*, we stopped to partake of what they called a *supper*. Thence our course lay on a fine road to *Peronne*, a town of moderate size, whose fortifications were formerly very strong, but have been suffered to fall into great decay since the days when it was its boast never to have been taken, for which reason it assumed the name of *La Pucelle*. From this place (where we breakfasted) the country is agreeable, well wooded, and fertile : it produces the finest crops of wheat, rye, and barley ; and rape-seed is grown here in great quantities. Concomitant with these indications of good husbandry, we observed considerable improvement in the appearance of the farm-houses, which as well as the agricultural buildings, are neatly and commodiously arranged. The land presents very extensive prospects, and is unclosed. We were much pleased in watching the shepherds' dogs, by whose admirable sagacity and activity very large flocks are kept feeding on the grassy borders by the road side, and between the different crops of this great corn country. A man, by the aid of two of these faithful guardians of the fold, alternately dispatched on service, is enabled to keep his fleecy care within compass, though surrounded on all sides by irresistible

temptations to go astray. This is the practice all through the French and Austrian Netherlands.

By way of digression from the beaten *paré* of itinerary narrative, into the cross country road of incidental remark, occasion shall here be taken to say a word or two concerning our *compagnons de voyage*. These consisted of two Danish officers in the *cabriolet*; and, inside, of a French gentleman and two French ladies, to whose annoyance as well as our own, was added the *société* of a dirty *sub-inspecteur des travaux publics*, not fit to travel in any vehicle sweeter than a dung cart. This vile sot, whose breath and exhalations, like a *si-rocco*, tainted our little atmosphere almost to the point of producing sickness, had been soothed, by the rumbling swing of the diligence, into a knack of dropping his sleepy skull on the shoulders of one of the ladies.—Compassionating the disquietude and apprehension which the poor gentlewoman betrayed, as well for the *consequences*, as on account of the inconvenience, of this filthy collision, I felt that there was no doing less than changing places with her; and by meeting the *momentum* of his descending pate with a corresponding projection of my elbow, I ultimately succeeded in forcing the brainless sponce mechanically to gravitate in another direction. Still, however, the firmness of our olfactory nerves continued to be assailed by “the unsavory steams” proceeding from the carcase of this swinish biped; and my friend, equally attentive to the emergencies of the case, besprinkled us all with a portion of the fragrant and reviving contents of *une bouteille d’eau de Cologne*, procured at Peronne for that special purpose, which was at the same time pretty plainly intimated to the delinquent in question; but the dull

fool remained perfectly guiltless of comprehending the cause of our uneasiness and expedients.

The other Frenchman of our party formed an agreeable contrast to the one above described, both in appearance and deportment : he was a respectable looking person of the middle age ; well behaved, and intelligent ; not forward in conversation, but joining in it with good sense and urbanity. Our discourse occasionally taking a political turn, he displayed a liberality of sentiment towards the English, and an appreciation of our national character, more extensive and more just, than the generality of his countrymen appear to entertain. On the subject of the late events, he gave his opinion with freedom and candour. Of the Bourbons he spoke with cautious reserve. From the general complexion of his remarks it was clear, however, that he was no Royalist ; but he did not, like many others, attempt to pass off the *égalité* rancour of disappointed *jacobinism* under the mask of a *first* or *second Napoléonist*. On the contrary, he hesitated not to characterise the return of Buonaparte from Elba, and his usurpation of the power and authority which he had abdicated by treaty with the European powers, as acts of madness as regarded himself, and of cruelty as related to the interests of France, which the attempt had completely ruined.—Such, he added, had been the light in which he looked on Napoleon's last effort, even at the first moment that the intelligence of his landing at Cannes arrived : he believed they were the sentiments of a considerable majority of the people ; certainly those of the most industrious habits and soundest principles. The soldiery, and a numerous class who, under various denominations, had, in the fall of the “Emperor,” been hurt both in

their pride and fortunes, thought far otherwise; and acted accordingly. To these the *canaille*, ever ready for a convulsion, joined a willing hand. The result had been such as was to be expected from an enterprise undertaken in the desperate spirit of profligate ambition, disdainful of the maxims of public prudence, and regardless of the claims of public honour.

The elder of the two ladies here took up the cudgels for the Ex-Emperor, whose failure she attributed to the want of that unanimous and efficient support which he had a right to expect from a nation for whom he had performed so much. Buonaparte had done more for the French than any other Sovereign on record had effected for a people under like circumstances to those under which he was invested with the supreme power: had he not (she asked) restored France to internal tranquillity, re-created and increased her internal resources, advanced her agricultural improvements, and embellished the capital with the noblest monuments of the arts, of which, as well as of the sciences, he had distinguished himself as the most liberal and enlightened protector? My friend and myself both joined in complimenting *Madame* on the zeal with which she had advocated the cause of her Imperial favourite: we assented to the truth of her assertions in much that regarded his talents for government in general; and of his genius for war in particular, we made the fullest acknowledgement that could be desired by the warmest admirer of his character and measures. But on the other hand we contended, that what Buonaparte had built up with one hand, he also pulled down with the other—that the energies which he had revived, he exhausted again by abusing them—that never were a people so far re-

moved from the enjoyment of constitutional freedom than were the French under the legislative influence of the boasted *Code Napoléon*—and that in no period of her history had France sustained such a weight of disaster and disgrace as had fallen upon her in this last vain and unprincipled effort to restore the tottering ruins of an *Empire of Glory*! Our female politician was far from giving up the point to arguments like these; and the disputation might have been converted to a rather dangerous trial for the temper of *La bonne Française*, when luckily the conversation taking a turn which brought us to the subject of painting, the opportunity offered itself at once to smooth the *irritabilité nationale* of our petticoat *Buonapartiste*, and to learn some particulars relative to her family and connections, which instantly accounted for the bias of the good lady's politics; and we subsequently found that the object of her journey to Brussels was to rejoin the proscribed society of a celebrated artist, no less famous for his *hatred to Royalty*, during the sanguinary decrees of the Regicide Convention, than for the equally enthusiastic homage with which he afterwards dedicated his pencil to the employment of illustrating the personal traits and victorious achievements of a *Military Emperor*!

The next topic of discourse involved some comparative remarks respecting the costume of the French and English ladies; in which, as if in revenge for our strictures on “his Majesty the Emperor and King,” Madame B. vented her spleen in a grand *tirade* against both the *taste* and *beauty* of our countrywomen. She was followed by her neighbour in the same strain of censure and disparagement. One ridiculed the little

bonnets and the flat head-dresses—hideous fashions that would make a Venus look ugly. The other held up long waists and tight-laced corsettes to scorn and derision—and even our respectable Frenchman joined in the laugh, which he greatly promoted by describing with entertaining minuteness the certainly very peculiar dress of some English women he had recently seen. My worthy companion conceiving perhaps that there was no good policy in combating the criticisms of the female world upon each other, would have induced me to cut short my vindication of the British fair, by telling me I stood no chance, and had better give up. “Most undoubtedly, (said I, addressing myself to my antagonists) my friend’s advice is very prudent. I wish the ladies of England what they well deserve, a better advocate than I can be for them, especially in *French* society. Without denying, however, that there may be *some* ground for your ridicule and objections, I shall be bold to affirm that you are not competent judges of the matter, who form your opinion of *les modes Anglaises* merely from persons visiting this country—nay, perhaps from the *Caricatures*. Were *we* to pursue the same plan, and adopt the ideas to which the appearance of some of your countrywomen, who parade our Metropolis, is calculated to give rise, we should do a great injustice to the national taste and attractions of the sex in France. Yet this is precisely the error which you are in the habit of committing with respect to us. One of the great advantages of travelling is to correct the wrong impressions, not only in reference to the subject of dress, (which by the bye it is one of the characteristics of your nation to lay more stress upon than such trifles merit) but to questions of higher im-

portance in the knowledge of the world. Our visit to Paris has enabled us to see with our own eyes, to hear with our own ears, and to judge for ourselves. Our remarks on female dress and charms both of person and manners, as displayed in that great capital, have resulted in no unfavourable sentiments. And were you, ladies, in your turn to visit London, its places of public amusement and promenade would discover to you, that Feminine Beauty is in England a plant of the most luxuriant growth, and, cultured in the gay parterre of Fashion, shines resplendent in every advantage of accomplished elegance.

The road was, as usual, infested at intervals with beggars, in due proportions of cripples and tumbling boys. One of the latter urchins, after favouring us with sundry *somersets*, and other proofs of agility, exclaimed *Vive le Roi*: this he repeated lustily—*Vive le Roi—Vive Louis Dix-Huit*. M. gave him a *sous*. “Give him two,” says Madame B. “and he’ll sing out whatever you like.” The bribe was instantly offered, if he would exclaim “*Vive l’Empereur*.” The boy shouted still louder *Vive le Roi*. “*Vive Buonaparte*,” was returned from the carriage. ——— *à l’Empereur—à bas Buonaparte*—and *Vive le Roi*, was all we could get from the sturdy rogue: so there remained nothing more than for us to reward him for his *contumacy*, and for Mrs. B. to chew the cud of her wrong calculation. Our approach to the head-quarters of the British Army of Occupation, was announced to us by small detachments of *red coats* cantoned in the adjacent villages.—And at the gates of Cambray we presented our passports to *French Douaniers*, and exchanged salutations with *English sentinels*—the British Grenadier Guards

doing duty on the fortifications of an archiepiscopal city of France, with their *Waterloo Medals* on ! Pardon me, ye sensitive mourners over the fallen destinies of “the Great Nation,” when I confess, political sinner as I am, that I never felt more proud, than at that moment, of being an ENGLISHMAN ! The situation of Cambray in a rich and populous district, studded with villages covered with the varied produce of cultivation, and watered by the “lazy Scheldt,” the commanding eminence of its citadel, and the proud elevation of its noble Cathedral, proclaimed the grandeur and interest of the place ; though but dimly seen through a rainy atmosphere. The deep ditches and lofty ramparts of curtain and bastions, faced with stone, presenting three formidable lines of circumvallation, round these strong places, and strengthened with ravelins, counterscarps, horn works, and other precautionary defences, are calculated to excite in the minds of unprofessional observers a feeling of wonder as to the practicability of rendering them the object of successful attack ; yet, with all the very great improvements on the walls and towers and moats of ancient days, made since gunpowder was invented, engineers will tell us, and experience has proved, that the advantages are generally on the side of the besiegers, from their numerical superiority and the more concentrated fire of their batteries. The capture of this city, however, by a detachment of Lord Wellington’s army last year, although facilitated by the assistance of the inhabitants themselves, was unquestionably a very bold *coup de main*. On passing through the last drawbridge and gate, we found ourselves amidst handsome houses and spacious streets, and, seizing a hasty view of the exterior magnificence of Notre

Dame, a superb Gothic structure, we drove through the Great Square, called the *Place d'armes*, and alighted at our destined Inn.

One of "the Miseries of Human Life" is, travelling in a Stage-coach (whether in France or elsewhere), to arrive at a place of magnitude and consideration, the clouds all the time pouring down a deluge of waters; unable to stir out, the only apparently rational course to adopt that of refreshing our jaded persons with needful ablutions, and satisfying our famished stomachs in sorrowful hope of fairer weather—an ill-served repast devoured in haste, and scarcely completed when the vehicle is announced ready to start again! This misery was ours at Cambray; which (obedient to the inexorable summons of *Monsieur le Conducteur*, who, having *money bags* in his charge, was anxious about night-fall) we incontinently quitted without more ado; even without entering the venerable pile, illustrated by the pastoral chair of FENELON, to revolve, as we would gladly have done, in our enraptured remembrance, the beauties, the sublimity, the *moral* of TELEMACHUS, at the tomb of its immortal author. Among other novel features which the town assumed, for the accommodation of its British garrison, we did not fail to notice many buildings designated with inscriptions in our own mother tongue, such as "Army Saddler"—"London Coffee House"—"English Reading Room." At Cambray our *sweet-scented Sir*, the *Inspecteur*, took his leave, and had good leave of us so to do!

About eleven English miles further we turned out of the high road of *Valenciennes*, to enter the little wretched town of *Bouchain*, seated on the marshy banks of the Scheldt, (or as the French call it *L'Escaut*) a

fortress—a strong fortress—and nothing but a fortress. The extent of ground occupied by the works of these links to the iron barrier chain of French Flanders is very considerable. Whatever might have been the state of this *place forte*, during its siege by the Duke of Marlborough, its ramparts and ditches exhibit a wilderness overgrown with reeds, and “where the long grass o’ertops the mouldering wall.” *Bouchain* is garrisoned by the Danish contingent, and the business which led us through its gates was to deliver 100,000 *francs de solde* (about 4168 pounds sterling) for the payment of that division of the troops of occupation, who had so *prodigiously* contributed to the second expulsion of Buonaparte. From *Bouchain* to *Valenciennes* we pass through a vast level of country, the corn-covered surface of which is broken only by the tapering church spires of the numerous villages with which it is populated. We reached *Valenciennes* at half-past nine in the evening; and just light enough remained to enable us to notice the immense strength of this important place, which, divided by the river Scheldt in two parts, displays in a striking manner the genius of the great Vauban, by whom both the citadel and the surrounding fortifications were constructed. The present state of its fortifications did not exactly meet the ideas which its protracted siege by the Duke of York, in 1793, had led me to form of them. Neither *Valenciennes* nor *Cambray* is *garni*, that is to say, there are no cannon on the ramparts. It seems, indeed, that Napoleon, in an over-confident reliance on his own invincibility, neglected the frontier fortresses, and they certainly wear an appearance forlorn and dilapidated, particularly in their outworks. The houses are on a large scale, and

the *Grande Place* has an air of consequence: there are some good streets, but the far greater portion of them are narrow and ill-built. The fortress is garrisoned by the 57th, 88th, and another English regiment; they have military possession, but the civil administration rests entirely in the hands of the French authorities.

At the supper "set-out" of *La Couronne Imperiale*, where we alighted, we were diverted with listening from time to time to the conversation of our Conductor and three of his brethren, jovial talkative fellows, who were (as usual at these *Diligence meals*) regaling themselves in a *partie quarrée*, at the lower end of the table. Our attention was particularly drawn to their discourse, in consequence of its falling on the subject of certain highway robberies, and other depredations which had recently been committed in the neighbourhood of Valenciennes: and we learnt, with feelings of no little mortification, that ten men of the English Waggon Train were in *limbo*, on the point of being tried by a Council of War for theft. It was some consolation, however, under this stain upon the discipline of our troops, to find the Frenchmen rendering justice to the honourable severity with which such offences, whenever proved, were promptly visited by British Courts Martial. We rose from our meal, the Diligence was ready to proceed again, and muffling ourselves up in our caps and great coats, we prepared to sleep out the first few hours of our departure from Valenciennes, thinking no more of what the *conducteurs* had been telling us. But, by an unlooked-for coincidence, about a mile from the Gates, an attempt was made by robbers on our baggage. We were roused from our dozing tranquillity with the shrill voice of our *supercargo*, who, perched on the top

of the *imperiale*, vociferated *voleurs, voleurs*, with all his might and main. M. instantly putting down the glass, thrust himself half out of the window, and demanded what was the matter ; the answer was given, in the most incoherent *flustration* of manner and phraseology, but the amount was, that three or four soldiers, in the *English* uniform, had rushed from a house on the road side, as the carriage was passing it, and leaping on the hinder boot, were already within reach of the trunks on the top, when he snapped his pistols at the “ rascals,” and (though unluckily it missed fire) the good countenance with which he received them had the desired effect of inducing them to jump down, and make a precipitate retreat. On examining the state of his *armory*, we found it consisted of only one rusty pistol, which certainly would have discharged its contents on the trigger being pulled, had the *flint* been fit for service ! Well, we escaped this *tremendous danger*, without being exposed even to the repetition of another *alarm* : and it served uncommonly *à propos* for our valiant *conducteur*, (a second Sir John Falstaff) to boast about ; every time we changed horses afterwards “ he fought his battle o’er again, and thrice he slew the slain : ”—there was no annoyance in this eternal story of “ the five men in buckram,” except that my friend and myself were each in our turn, ever and anon, hauled up as evidences to corroborate the testimony which he trumpeted forth of his own valour and vigilance !

From *Bossu* to *Mons*, a succession of grazing lands intervenes, and the country is open but undulating. In passing the village of *Jemappes*, we cast a transitory glance over the ground of Dumourier’s famous victory

over the Austrians, in 1792, which decided the fate of the Netherlands, and enabled the Republican General to enter Brussels a month before his *gasconade* promise (as it was at the time esteemed) of dining there on Christmas-day. Buonaparte proclaimed his intended occupation of that city on the 19th June last year, with similar confidence, and (as our "prognosticators of prophecies" in England *foresaw*) with still greater *certainty* of success. *Unluckily*, the "Emperor," instead of Austrians, found Britons to deal with—men of "sterner stuff" than to yield up the woody pass of Waterloo, as the Imperialists did the entrenched heights of *Jemappes*! From this celebrated spot, a ride of little more than two miles brought us to the very ancient and handsome city of *Mons*. The fortifications by which it was formerly so strongly defended, are now in a very dilapidated state, merely patched up for its security against the *coup de main* of a marauding incursion, since Joseph the Second, of innovating and arbitrary memory, dismantled the Flemish fortresses whilst he dragooned their inhabitants; for both which acts of execrable policy his successors had afterwards to *bless* his name and *wisdom*, as being the main causes which enabled the French to over-run and subdue the Low Countries.

Here, as we tread for the first time on the Dutch Stadtholder's new and good "kingdom of the Netherlands," our baggage, which had been *plombé* (as the French call putting the lading of the Diligence under the protection of a leaden seal) was now to undergo the search of the Flemish *Douaniers*. These redoubtable gentry treated Capt. M. and myself civilly enough: our trunks and *valisses* were made the subject of a very slight search; and indeed as their contents (notwith-

standing we came from *Paris*) were not such as materially to commit us, our consequent boldness in exposing a part gained us the desired credit for the remainder. On the other hand, our irritable companion, the old French lady, who, to speak plainly, had been *smuggling*, began to shew such fidgety symptoms as would have inevitably betrayed the *whole* contraband mysteries of the band-boxes, but for the kind and timely interference of my friend, who, by dint of *good words* with these custom-house *Argusses*, succeeded in persuading them to pass over, not only some positively prohibited merchandise, but also a most virulent ebullition of rage, which she vented against them in a hundred *coquins* and *voleurs*, on their proceeding to the profanation of applying a knife to the cords of a particular box. The officer behaved with great forbearance. Coolly taking off the lid, which discovered half-a-dozen Parisian *bonnets de paille* (straw hats) he observed, that what he was doing was in strict conformity with his duty, and did not deserve her abusive epithets, of which he advised her in future to be sparing, as she might meet with those who would be more ready than he was to take advantage of them : he then calmly put the lid on again, and told *Madame* that her boxes were passed. So much for the affair of the *Douane* at *Mons*, in which the conduct of the little Frenchwoman was the more extraordinary, inasmuch as there is not a country in Europe where the regulations of this sort have ever been enforced with greater severity than her own, especially under the reign of her favourite Emperor! But, indeed, travellers in general are very apt to mistake the matter, in Custom-house concerns. They either give way to unnecessary apprehensions, or they entertain too sanguine expectations of the success of

their own notable expedients for deceiving the searchers. From my own experience, as well as from the more conclusive testimony of others, in reference to both sides of the water, I believe that the well-practised guardians of national revenue, (who seldom fail in an acute recognizance and in a just discrimination of things appertaining to their vocation) will mostly look with indulgence on the *modest transgressions* which the natural importunity of "wives, sweethearts, and friends" may have occasioned one to make, from the strictly *legal* assortment of a *gentlemanly* portmanteau: it is the paltry attempt to trick and outwit, and the *wholesale dealing* in fiscal fraud for which the rigid ordeal is usually reserved; and offenders in these respects may certainly look to be handled very roughly. The Prussians who are at *Mons*, carry on smuggling transactions *à et armis*: the amount of prohibited merchandise, and goods subject to heavy duty, which they cause to cross the lines without paying any thing, except now and then a *hearty threshing* to the *Douaniers*, we were informed, has of late been enormous: the Duke of Wellington has been obliged to interfere.

After breakfast, at *Le Grand Cerf*, and during the transfer of our baggage from the French to a Flemish Diligence, we took the opportunity of looking at the town, of which, while one part stands on a commanding eminence, the other descends into a swampy soil, subject to the inundations of the rivers Haine and Trouilli, the latter stream running through the lower town. The Cathedral, situated on the hill, presents in its interior a remarkably elegant specimen of the later Gothic: the outside appears to have been left in an unfinished state. It contains a finely-carved pulpit, and a superb organ; the grand altar is imposingly embel-

lished : the Lady Chapel has two or three monuments of great sculptural magnificence, and as well as the side chapels, is rich in marble decorations. Priests officiating at almost all the various altars, the tinkling of the mass bells, and (though not a Sunday or Saint's day) the attendance of both sexes at the matin service, were circumstances that served to remind me of our entry into a territory of *veritables Catholiques* :—the women, with their heads enshrouded in black silk or stuff cloaks, presented to my eyes a novel feature of costume, and indicated opinions and manners different from those of the great State we had just quitted. Returning to the inn, we passed through a good market-place, apparently well supplied with vegetables. The *Hotel de Ville* occupies nearly one side of this spacious square, and is a handsome old building, surmounted by a lofty pinnacle, not of the lightest architecture in the world. And, “by the same rule,” as Oliver Goldsmith would say, was our new Diligence for Brussels apparently built—it was indeed a marvellously heavy machine, and made exceeding slow haste. I must here, indeed, take occasion to remark, that whether attributable to permanent or temporary causes, the accommodation we met with on our journey from Paris as far as Mons was very indifferent : a great deal of poverty and misery appeared among the people—the roads, with few exceptions, were bad, and travelling consequently slow and fatiguing. The same grievances accompanied us to *Soignies*, about four miles from *Mons*, and which like the villages previously traversed, had nothing either neat or curious to recommend it, but was filled with wretched mendicants.

From *Braine le Comte*, leaving at a distance behind us the marshy neighbourhood of *Mons*, the road pro-

ceeds through a fertile, well-cultivated, and agreeable country, giving an acceptable foretaste of that interesting scenery, which improves at every post in the approach to *Bruxelles*. At *Halle*, the last stage, we entered the inn, (which, it being market-day, was crowded) and enjoyed the first comfortable meal of which we had partaken since our departure from Paris. It was simply a *luncheon*; but the bread was so good, the butter so sweet, the eggs so fresh—and then the whole apparatus of the table was so cleanly, that even our French friend, Madame B. mustered an excellent appetite on the occasion, and, *patriote* as she was, acknowledged the practicability of *living* in the Netherlands. But where is the language gone, to which our ears have been accustomed for the last month? Our *French*, indeed, still answers the purpose of expressing our wants and wishes; but it no longer serves us to interpret the conversation of the good folks into whose company we are thus temporarily thrown. We are among *Les Flamands*, as they were formerly well pleased to call themselves—*Les Belges*, as they have since called themselves to please the revolutionary French. We have entered the country formerly so pre-eminent in arts and arms, to whose industry directed with skill, and to whose energy excited by scientific genius, nations now superior to it in power and political independence, are indebted for their most valuable sources of prosperity. We are in one of the “well-beloved” and valuable Provinces once swayed by the mild sceptre of the “good Duke of Burgundy:” the inheritance which Charles the Fifth was proud to cherish and protect, to increase in strength and exalt in glory; the country of *Van Eyck*, of *Teniers*, of *Rubens*, of *Vandyck*—In fine, *we are at BRUXELLES*.

CHAP. XX.

BRUSSELS.—*Churches of St. Gudule—Condensburg, and the Sablon—The Place Royale—Park—Palace—Allée Verte—The Great Market-place—Hotel de Ville—The Museum—Restored Pictures—Visit to Lacken—The Opera-house.*

JUNE 9th and 10th.

HAD we formed our judgment of “Gay Brussels” from the first impression, it would perhaps have been strongly tinged by the *sombre* cast of thought, which so involuntarily sympathises with the gloom of bad weather. “The sky was overcast, the morning lower’d, and heavily in clouds brought on the day,” on which we vainly anticipated to have witnessed the population of this lively capital in all the varied enjoyment of their holiday recreations. It was, in fact, amidst torrents of rain that we sallied forth, like true and undaunted “*knights*” *travellers* in quest of adventures; and the commencement of them was to obtain a clue to, and by subsequent perseverance, trace to his “whereabouts,” at the *Hotel d’Angleterre*, a British General Officer, allied in close relationship to my worthy *compagnon de voyage*, and whose ardour on subjects of military research and information had brought him hither, at the age of 70, for the second time in twelve months, on a visit, this last occasion, to the *Field of Battle at Waterloo!* Having paid our respects, and arranged our time and place of *rendezvous* for dining with General M. we proceeded to inspect the principal churches, objects not less con-

venient, as affording “from storms a shelter, and from heats a shade,” than appropriate to a Sunday perambulation.

Saint Gudula is a magnificent Gothic structure, of the 14th century; it stands on the summit of the highest eminence in Brussels, approached by a flight of stairs, and commands from its two eastern towers, which are very large and lofty, a most extensive and delightful view of the surrounding country. The inside is richly adorned with marble tombs of departed and almost forgotten greatness, placed in the different chapels, and in the choir, where are the beautiful mausoleums of John II. Duke of Brabant, and Margaret, daughter of our first Edward. The monument of Philip the Second, of Spain, is also shewn near the place of his interment. The pulpit, of oak, is a very extraordinarily designed and ably executed piece of carving, by Henry Verbruggen, of Antwerp, in 1699. The architecture of this venerable pile is acutely pointed. The pillars of the nave are circular, thick, and short; while the arches that spring from them are lofty. There are fourteen statues excellently sculptured, representing Christ, the Holy Virgin, and the twelve Apostles, but being not less than ten feet in height, they produce a heavy effect, placed as they are on pedestals, resting on the capitals of the columns. The windows contain some of the best painted glass I have seen on our journey. The white or rather the *pink* washer’s brush has been used here with enough of zeal, and of knowledge and improvement little enough. The same may be said of a great deal of gingerbread work and gilding in the altar pieces, in which the images of the Saviour and his Mother are dressed up like dolls at a fair! In the

interval between the services, we observed a sort of Sunday-school, held in the nave of this Church. The boys form a circle round the preceptor, who, in *pontificalibus* of gown, wig, and cane, catechises these hopeful sprigs of Catholicism. The questions and responses were made in French, apparently *extempore* on both sides; and some of the subjects touched upon by these ecclesiastical pedagogues were sufficiently strange and absurd. We next visited the new Church of *Condensburg*, in the *Place Royale*, the portal of which, consisting of six Doric columns, supporting an entablature and pediment, constitutes a strikingly superb feature in the architecture of that noble square. Thence we pursued our course to the spacious opening called *La Place de la Sablon*, in which stands a fountain, which interested us not merely as a monument of the arts, being ornamented with a fine allegorical group in marble, but as having been erected by a Scotch Nobleman (Lord Bruce) in testimony of gratitude to the city of Brussels, where he had passed forty years of agreeable residence. The church of the *Sablon* proved well worthy of inspection: it has little to note in the exterior building, but the inside is rich in sculptural works and other curiosities. The nave, like that of *St. Gudule*, is decorated with very fine statues, placed on the capitals of the columns, between the springing of the arches; they are, however, of smaller proportions, and consequently look lighter and better in the perspective. But the most sumptuous object in this Church is the monument of the *Prince du Tour et Taxis*, on which rich materials and admirable workmanship have been bestowed with equal munificence and good effect; the sculpture of it is said to be executed by the masterly

hand of Du Quesnoy ; but in this and other instances the destroying mania of Revolution displays its brutal freaks in lamentable mutilations and irreparable losses.

We dined with Gen. M. and his friend Gen. F. at the *Hotel de Belle Vue*, which ranks as the first Inn ; indeed, it occupies one of the fine buildings composing the grand and regular square of the *Place Royale* : every thing was, as might be expected, on a scale of great respectability. Our company at the *table d'hôte* consisted chiefly of English ladies and gentlemen ; some of them *birds of passage*, like ourselves, and others belonging to that class of whom Sterne speaks, as being “ such as cross the seas, and sojourn in a land of strangers, with a view of saving money for various reasons “ and on various pretences, but who might also save “ themselves and others a great deal of unnecessary “ trouble by saving their money at home.” In the afternoon, we took advantage of the intervals *between shower and shower*, to walk about the truly elegant quarter of the town in which we then were. A *promenade* through the *Park*, the *Place Louvain*, and the *Place Royale*, was among the number of those incidents that served to remind us of a mistake which we did not discover ourselves to have made, till it was much too late to correct it : I mean the mistake of *beginning our journey at the wrong end*. The Palace and Park, with the magnificent lines of building, that form an united and well-arranged assemblage with the one, and completely surround the extensive and beautiful enclosure of the other, certainly deserve the praises which have been bestowed on them ; and, maugre the drawback of inauspicious skies, we recognized many of those attractive characteristics which render the whole a most de-

lightful spot : but to give BRUSSELS and its public walks and edifices *fair play*, they should be enjoyed *before*, not *after* seeing those of PARIS ! The *Allée Verte* (or Green Alley), a broad and immensely long avenue of fine trees, situated on the road to Antwerp, is the fashionable Sunday evening ride : the display of brilliant equipages, both of carriages and horsemen, mingled with the crowd of pedestrian pleasure parties, was promised to furnish forth to us an uncommonly pleasant sight—"these are its charms ; but all those charms had fled" before the pelting attacks of another rain storm, which encountered the motley throng as we reached the ground, put an end to all further proceedings for the day.

June 10.—This morning proving more propitious to the traveller's vocation of *looking about him*, we renewed our perambulation betimes ; and began with the *Grande Place*, or great Market-place, in which stands the remarkably fine edifice of the *Hotel de Ville*, which, though called Gothic, is in fact a very singular adaptation of the minarets and other architectural peculiarities of the Saracenic stile, and unlike any building of similar appropriation which has met my notice. The heights of the tower, surmounted by a gilt colossal figure of St. Michael, is, I should think, exaggerated, by rating it at 364 feet ; but its elevation, (whatever it may be) and the lightness of its construction, are equally surprising and admirable. The *ensemble* of this great square constitutes one of the most interesting objects in Brussels : for there is every reason to believe, that in the several buildings that compose its four sides, a choice specimen is, with the least possible alteration, preserved to us, of the form and plan both of public and private houses

in the days of its Spanish Government : the utmost singularity and diversity of taste is displayed in the individual parts of this spacious parrallelogram, which has nothing uniform except the regularity of its alignement ; each house has been apparently made to conform to a shape as dissimilar as possible from its neighbour's, and the choice of ornament is not less different : of some the elaborate workmanship and complex designs indicate their co-existence with the age when it began to be the fashion to *imitate* the decorations, without understanding the principles, of the Grecian school of architecture. The front of one of the largest of these houses (opposite to the Town-house) bears the following inscription, of which I have exactly copied the character and punctuation :

A. PES. TE. FA. ME. ET. BEL. LO. LI.BE.RA. NOS.
MA. RIA. PA. CIS. HIC. VO. TUM. PA. CIS. PU.BLI.CÆ.
E. LI. SA. BETH. CON. SE. CRA. VIT.

As the Museum at Brussels (being the assigned repository) had received back from Paris the precious works of the pencil, which the French since the Revolution had stripped from the churches, convents, and palaces of this once most populous and opulent city, that establishment became a point of considerable attraction to us, and we dedicated chief part of the morning to an inspection of the extensive suite of rooms appropriated to the pictures. Our expectations, however, with respect to those just arrived from the French capital, were sadly disappointed. Very few of them had yet been put up, and even of these two or three were in a damaged state. It was with feelings bordering on a sorrowful irritability that we beheld some of the finest pieces of Rubens stretched out on the floor,

and exposing the marks of injury which they had sustained on the journey hither. To the disgrace of the Commissioners, and to the regret of every amateur of exquisite painting, they had been so miserably ill packed, that the rain had penetrated between the foldings of the rollers, in some cases decomposing the varnish, in others materially affecting the colours, and in almost all impairing the beauty of these grand productions to a degree that will require some thousands to be expended on this part of the collection, before it can be restored to a proper state of reparation. But, independent of the new arrivals, the rooms contain several magnificent pieces: of these I cannot refrain from noticing, as having arrested our particular attention, "The Elevation of the Cross," one of Vandyck's best performances. "A Sybil," by Guido Reni. "Adam and Eve," by Albano. "The Martyrdom of St. Livin," by Rubens. "The Crowning of the Virgin," by ditto. "The Assumption of the Virgin," by J. B. De Champaigne.—A legendary subject, in which Jesus Christ is represented descending from Heaven to Earth, which in his wrath he is about to destroy, evinces the terrible sublimity to which the *Genius of Rubens* could soar, in spite of the superstitious restrictions with which it was sometimes enfeathered. This extraordinary piece, which goes under the name of "*Le Seigneur voulant foudroyer le Monde*," is founded on some pretended instance of the interposition of *St. Dominic*; the figure of the supplicating Saint, and the dreadful majesty of the offended Saviour, armed with the thunder, and ready to hurl its consuming fulminations on the devoted globe, present the most striking and impressive contrasts which it is possible to conceive. And such

have been the skill and talent exercised by this great master, that, even through the dark clouds of legend and allegory blended together, the heart is deeply smitten with a sentiment of religious awe ! In another part of the gallery are the “ St. Genevieve, or the presentation at the Temple,” by Philip de Champagne. A “ View of Tournay,” by Vandermeuler. A “ votive picture,” by Guercino, very fine. “ St. Hubert,” a joint production of Snyders, Crayer, and Artois. “ The Adoration of the Magi,” by Rubens. “ Game and Fruit,” by F. Snyders. “ The Martyrdom of St. Mark,” by Tintoret. A very fine Landscape, by James d’Artois, the figures by Teniers. And though last not least in this selected list, “ The Bearing of the Cross,” by Leonardo de Vinci.—Among the modern productions are a portrait of the present King of the Netherlands ; and the Prize Pictures of the Society at Brussels for the encouragement of the Fine Arts, some of which appear to possess very great merit. On the whole, we enjoyed an extremely delicious treat, in the leisurely range which we were permitted to take through this valuable collection, where, strange to say, not a single person, except ourselves, was to be seen taking advantage of an institution so easy of access and so well calculated to reward the pains of enquiry. Considering, indeed, the peculiar circumstances under which it has recently been enlarged, it was with some degree of indignation mixed with our astonishment, that we observed this indication of indifference or ignorance, both of the people of Brussels and the numerous foreign residents, English in particular, in regard to this museum.

Next, taking coach, we proceeded to visit the Palace,

at *Lacken*, called for its noble situation *Schönenburg*, or *Beaumont*, standing on a commanding eminence, which we approached by a steep ascent, after a short two miles ride, through a succession of the richest pastures, intersected by rivulets and canals, the road all the way pleasantly lined with trees, and rendered more delightful by the country boxes and gardens that skirt the banks of the *Sonne*. The interior of the palace, in the court front, is not particularly striking—the garden front is handsome, and consists of a pavillion (surmounted by a dome) and two wings, consisting only of the State apartments on the ground floor, and another story principally appropriated to the use of the domestics. It is built of a fine white stone, on a convenient scale, and would pass as an elegant mansion among the minor seats of our Nobility in England. The rooms were furnished, in their present stile, under the direction and for the reception of Buonaparte and Josephine. The initial J. still remains on the embroidered coverlid on the bed of the “*chambre à coucher de la Reine*.”—Napoleon, we were informed, came to *Lacken* on three separate occasions, but remained each time only a few days. And it will be recollected, that from “*our Imperial Palace at Lacken*” it was his intention and expectation to issue the *Bulletin* and *Decrees* announcing the *Victory of Mont St. Jean*, and proclaiming a *Levy en Masse* for the extermination of the Allies! There are no pictures, nor any thing particularly remarkable in the inside, except the Rotunda, or Concert Room: the marble peristyle of Corinthian columns, supporting an entablature and dome, rich in sculptural ornaments, forms a noble apartment. The gardens and grounds are extensive and beautiful; every where they offer the most

delightful views of Brussels and the surrounding country. Looking from thence over the road to Antwerp, we see, on the summit of a corresponding eminence, a small chateau occupied by the Duke of Richmond; who, with his family, frequently resort to the captivating retirement of this place. Almost every step we took through the gardens and shubberies, reminded us of *Malmaison*; *Lacken*, indeed, having been the temporary residence of Josephine, appears, from many corresponding features of its locality, to have furnished those hints of which she so happily availed herself in the arrangement of her own charming retreat, in the vicinity of Paris. Here, as there, her name is pronounced with an accompanying eulogium on that goodness and affability which were shewn alike to all. After wandering through the interesting labyrinths of the subterranean grotto, and paying our *devotions* at the little temples of Amity and the Sun, we returned to the carriage, and retraced our course back to Brussels.

We finished the evening with a visit to the Theatre. Neither the house nor the performances were such as to afford us much satisfaction, nor inspire us with any other than a very indifferent opinion of the taste and spirit with which Dramatic amusements are cultivated and patronised in the capital of the Low Countries: the former is ill built, dirty, and bad lighted; the latter, with the exception of two Parisian actors, are the poorest of poor things. The orchestra was the only department that was well filled. Though a French Theatre in language on the stage, it bore no resemblance in the deportment of the audience, which was noisy and inattentive.

CHAP. XXI.

EXCURSION TO WATERLOO—*Ride through the Forest of Soignies—Villages of Waterloo and Mont St. Jean—Walk over the Field of Battle—Reflections at the first glance of the scene—The British and French positions—La Haye Sainte—Buonaparte and the Duke of Wellington, their respective conduct at and after the battle compared—La Belle Alliance—Chateau of Hogoumont—Sentiments of the Peasantry respecting the English, French, and Prussian troops—Local accuracy of Mr. Henry Barker's Panorama—Waterloo Church and Cemetery.*

JUNE 11th.

THIS morning our eyes were cheered by the welcome sight of the sun's rays in a cloudless sky ; and we instantly resolved to take advantage of this favourable change in the weather, to visit the scene of the GREAT and DECISIVE BATTLE, of which we were then within six days of the *First Anniversary*. Accordingly, by seven o'clock, our cabriolet was rattling through the streets of Brussels, from the gates of which we proceed little more than the distance of a mile and a half when we find ourselves at the entrance of the extensive Forest of *Soignies*. The road thence continues with few deviations from the straight line, through a broad avenue of beech trees, scarcely ever broken by intersecting routes. On each side, the thick and deep wood closely hems in our prospect—now and then openings made by the fellings of timber, give a freer admission to the light of day, and partially enliven the otherwise *sombre* cha-

acter of the scenery. The soil, which is in many places marshy, offers but few convenient spots for habitations: houses are thinly scattered along the way side, and are of mean appearance. In consequence of the heavy rains which had fallen during the preceding week, there was no tolerable travelling but on the *pavé*; the sides of the road lying below the level of the forest were covered with a clayey deposit of black mould, into which our vehicle occasionally sank as into a quagmire. We could conceive some faint idea of the difficulties which attended the march of our brave troops, and of the artillery and waggon train in particular, last year.

About half way through the forest, we observed the skeletons of horses, half concealed by incrustations of muddy earth, which, on communicating with our driver, he informed us was the spot where the horrible confusion took place in the baggage of the British army. He did not tell us, however, that this shocking loss of lives and property was the result of a panic-struck troop of his *compatriotes*, "*les braves Belges*," spreading alarm and terror among the persons in charge of the field equipage: but the same was assured to us as a fact by a gentleman in the Commissariat, who was in the action of the 18th! After a gloomy, and in itself an uninteresting ride of about seven miles, the road suddenly takes a turn, and presents, in a picturesque *visto*, the little church of Waterloo. Here the ground to the right begins to clear from woody incumbrances, and we pass through a long straggling village of mostly very indifferent houses, continuing our course straight onward for another mile further before we reach the extremity of the next village of *Mont St. Jean*, by which

name the French designate the action of the 18th June, it should seem with more propriety, inasmuch as it is nearer to the ground where it was fought. We alighted at a small public-house, situated just on the point of the forked roads of *Nivelles* and *Charleroi*. Our host was a civil *Flamand*, and his wife, who was equally so, had the additional recommendation of being rather handsome. Whilst at breakfast, we entered into chat with them. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." And these people acknowledged the Battle of Waterloo had been of "*some service*" to them. Their present dwelling was but a farming cottage before that event; yet, such had been the vast influx of visitors consequent upon the victory of the Allied Armies, that they soon adopted the promising and successful speculation of converting it into an *Inn*—which bears the name of "*La Cour Royale*:" and we needed no Ghost to rise to inform us that *they were doing very well*—for not less than half a dozen carriages were at the door, and parties continually arriving, who took refreshment and proceeded on. Observing that our landlady was in more respects than one in a *thriving way*, we asked what they expected would have been their fate had the French been victorious. "*D'être tous pillés, brulés, et egorgés*," was the answer. They seemed to consider it certain, that in the infuriated temper of the enemy's soldiery, nothing short of the plunder of Brussels would have contented them.

"*La Cour Royale*," though removed from the sight of the actual fighting ground, was not out of reach of cannon shot: its gable end in that direction had been struck by stray balls, one of which went through the door of a stable near, and killed a horse inside. The

folks at the Inn spoke of the scene exhibited in the open space before their door, during the engagement, as dreadful and agonizing beyond description. Every place that had a roof to it was filled with wounded, in all the various stages of mutilation and suffering. In a large cow-house or barn, on the opposite side, the work of amputation and dressing went on incessantly : and all this amidst the hideous confusion and alarm that necessarily attend on movements in the rear of an army engaged in the most arduous and critical operations.— A peculiar and forcible impression took place in our minds, excited by the mere reflection which occurred at the relation of facts connected with that awful moment, when the habitation in which we were, stood within the region of death and on the verge of destruction, as contrasted with the tranquil security in which we now put our interrogatories, eating the while our rasher of *broiled ham*, and washing it down with the wholesome and pleasant *bierre brune de Louvain*, in the clean little parlour, with “nicely sanded floor,” and its walls hung with *English prints*, some of them subjects of our own BUNBURY’s cheerful pencil !

With a very youthful, but (for our purpose) a sufficiently intelligent guide in our company, and an excellent map in our hand, we set out on our expedition over the field of battle, trudging along the broad paved road that leads to *Genappe* and *Namur*. We passed on our left the large farm-house and barn of *Mont St. Jean*, and a little further on, a diminutive cottage, pointed out as the asylum of some of our dangerously-wounded officers. These, with a single other small building, are the only objects, save the succession of lands in tillage and pasture, that intervene between the village

we had just quitted and the *plateau* on which the Duke of Wellington ranged his army in order of battle. Arrived near that part of the level ridge where the left of the British centre stood, our guide, pointing to a tree on the top of the road bank, said to us, "*Voila, Messieurs, l'Arbre de Wellington:*" by this name, indeed, it is, and as long as it remains will perhaps be always distinguished; although for no other reason, that we could learn, than that the Duke, who was *every where*, happened to be *there* also: and it is highly probable that he was often near it, for it stands almost on the crown of the hill, and commands an advantageous *coup d'œil* of the positions of both armies.

Before us then lay the *field* of MONT ST. JEAN'S *immortal* BATTLE—the scene of the victory of the EIGHTEENTH of JUNE! A day of imperishable glory for England; a memorable and avenging day for Prussia; a day of peaceful promise for war-worn Europe—a day of retributive humiliation for the tyrant-ridden people of vain and restless France. It was then, and on this identical spot of earth, that Wellington was *pitted* against Buonaparte; the British soldier against the French soldier, to decide the long disputed question of superior military character—it was then, on this very ground, that the physical powers, the firmness of mind, the ardent valour, and unabated perseverance of exertion, displayed by our countrymen, and directed and animated by the genius and example of their great Commander, were crowned with a complete ascendancy over the skill, discipline, intrepidity, and numbers of their far-famed veteran opponents. The conquerors of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Friedland, making shipwreck of their vaunted laurels against the unshaken

rock of an English line of Infantry, could no longer be identified as an army, but fled before their keen and vigorous pursuers, in all the self-destroying confusion of a routed *mob*! Yes, the scene of that tremendous struggle lay before us! And, O, if in the breast of the *Classic Traveller*, a visit to Marathon's or Plataeas plain, or to the pass of *Thermopylae*, is still capable of exciting (as it well deserves) an enthusiastic reverence for ancient valour and ancient patriotism, what terms are adequate to express the emotions that arise in a true Englishman's heart as his eye takes its first glance over the FIELD of WATERLOO? A field more glorious than those of CRESSY and AGINCOURT, for it was won in a cause unsullied by cruelty and injustice, unaided by factious intrigue, and free from the taint of a profligately ambitious principle. A victory more consolatory, in the great and lamented sacrifices with which it was purchased, than that of BLENHEIM, for it led to the immediate consummation of Peace, by overthrowing at once the author and main supports of the most intolerable system of tyranny and bloodshed that ever afflicted and exhausted a civilized world!

On the opposite side of the road to the *Wellington Tree*, is the hedge called *La Haye Sainte*, behind which a cross road winds along the ridge on which the British left was formed. We passed over to this strong part of our position, and from the sand bank below it surveyed more leisurely the extent of the French lines which covered an elevated platform equally favourable both for attack and defence. A easy declivity on each side forms a valley, in the middle of which runs a ridge of secondary altitude. From the point where we now stood (distinguished as the spot on which the gallant

Picton fell) our view was extensive over an unenclosed country, possessing some agreeable though not striking features. Its open fields were covered, as they are described to have been on the morning of the battle, with fine crops of clover and corn. To the eastward, in distant prospect, rose the spire of the abbey church of *Frischermont*, whence Bulow's corps debouched on the right wing of the French. In our immediate front, and not more than three-quarters of a mile distant, appeared the house of *La Belle Alliance*, in the centre of the enemy's position. Below us to the right was the town of *La Haye Sainte*, over which the eye embraced the wood of *Hogoumont*. We bent our steps some little distance, in the direction of the hamlet of *Papelot*, on which the left wing of our army rested, having above us "*the Sacred Hedge*," that reminded us of those "stout hearts" of *Caledonia*, "who fought and died where duty placed them," on that leafy-crested hill. Then descending to the bottom of the valley, our attention was attracted by numerous mounds of earth, on which the vegetable produce appeared with uncommon luxuriance. They were the graves of horses and men; and one of them, from which the rains had washed the loosely-covering soil away, exposed the lower extremity of a human body: one leg, cloathed with the jack-boot of a heavy cavalry soldier, had protruded itself out of its place of sepulture; and our guide invited us to approach and see what he termed "*La botte du Cuirassier*." It was certainly in the immediate vicinity of that part of the British position where those *steel-clad cavaliers* exposed themselves to annihilation, in the brave but vain attempt to break the squares of our Highlanders, and, possessing themselves of the

English batteries, to force the plateau of *Mont Saint Jean*. The farm-house of *La Haye Sainte*, although open to the cannonade of the whole French line, and the focus of obstinate and sanguinary contest, exhibits but inconsiderable marks of injury : the shot holes have been mostly stopped up, and the whole premises, consisting of an orchard and garden, are in occupation as before. Indeed, for any peculiarity of appearance which it now retains, one might easily pass by the place without suspecting its great claim to attention, were it not that on the gable towards the road an inscriptive tablet of white stone has been affixed.*

In regarding the locality of *La Haye Sainte* farm, two circumstances recur to one's recollection which equally excite astonishment, and at the same time prove how liable the theory of military art is to be deviated from, and even falsified by the actual practice of it, on a grand scale, and amidst simultaneous operations that engross and distract the attention of a Commander, though he be possessed of the utmost composure and presence of mind. Situated, by the side of the main road, close under the brow of *Mont St. Jean*, and its communication with the British lines interrupted only by its garden wall and hedge, its little garrison thus insulated, receiving no reinforcements, was, after per-

* The following simple terms of memorial are engraven on it :—

The Officers

Of the 2d Light Dragoons,

King's German Legion,

In memory of their Brother Officers, and Friends of their Regiment, who
fell in defending this Farm, on the 18th June, 1815.

Captain and Brevet Major Adolphus Rosewell,

Captains William Wiegman and W. Schawmann,

Ensign Ernestus Robertson.

forming prodigies of valour, overwhelmed by superior numbers, and massacred to a man, by the enraged assailants. Yet, notwithstanding the French had, with immense loss on their part, effected by this means a lodgement in the very centre of Lord Wellington's position, they were unable to turn their dearly-bought success to any material advantage, although they continued in possession of it till within a short time of the general advance of our troops from the heights, which decided the victory.

In the rear of *La Haye Sainte* we were shewn a hillock thrown over a pit, in which it is computed about 2000 dead bodies were deposited. Some little way to the westward of this *mamelon*, the ground is pointed out where the British Foot and Life Guards charged the *Old Imperial Guard* and *Cuirassiers*, who vainly attempted to resist the shock, were beaten back, and completely overthrown. Proceeding from this farm, we continued, in our ascent to the French position, along the Brussels road to that point where Buonaparte is said to have led his Guard for the last time, and given the word to them *en avant*. The road on this side, as at *La Haye Sainte*, is cut through the hill, and the bank consequently rising several feet above the level of the *paré*, it is a situation in which he would (as has been elsewhere remarked) "be rendered secure from all such balls as did not come in a straight line." It is, however, within 1000 paces of the *plateau* of Mount St. John, consequently it must have been completely exposed to the grape shot of the English artillery posted on the road at the point where it passes over the summit of those heights. It was, therefore, a situation of danger to Napoleon's person ; but not such a degree

of danger as Lord Wellington exposed himself to, whenever he found it expedient to inspirit his soldiers by his cheering presence and encouraging language. It is not to be disputed that Buonaparte, in his early career, gave proof of devotedness and courage; but on this last hazard of his fortune, as well as on other occasions since the tide of success commenced its flow against him, he seems manifestly to have considered the heroism of a warrior as incompatible with the *prudent* counsels of that "*divinity*" which "*doth hedge round a King,*" and an *Emperor*! His professed abhorrence of suicide, on the grounds alledged, may be entitled to some favourable consideration. There is unquestionably greater and more courageous merit in bearing up with fortitude and resignation against the ills of adversity, than in rashly presuming to escape the trial by committing the act of self-murder. Religious motives, it is to be taken for granted, weigh in his mind, *as little as possible*, either on one side of the question or on the other. But if ever man, whether as Sovereign or as Captain, had the stimulus of a motive, paramount over every other, to encounter "*the imminent deadly*" shock of arms, *Napoleon Buonaparte*, at the battle of *Mont St. Jean*, surely was that man! If ever regard for acquired reputation; if ever passion for posthumous fame, demanded that the Palm of Victory should be snatched at, even from the opening jaws of *Death*, *Napoleon Buonaparte's* reputation and fame demanded the risk of such an attempt! His noble opponent evinced what little value *he* set upon *his life* in comparison with *his honour*, and with the *glory* and *preservation* of his army. *He* knew and felt the superior efficacy of personal example when he threw him-

self into the squares most pressed upon by the enemy's cavalry. *He* did what the crisis of the moment required, displaying a genius equally happy, and equally prompt, when obstinacy was to be infused into the spirit of defence, or when vigour and celerity were to be imparted to the movement of resumed attack.

It was from the spot, on which we paused thus to survey around it, and reflect on the event of which it had been the Theatre—from this spot (as we are told) did Napoleon address an harangue, replete with unfounded topics of congratulation and encouragement, to his veteran band: but he did not, in fellowship with them, brave that fate, which their unlimited confidence in and attachment to him, had inspired them to face, with an impetuous intrepidity inferior only to that cool and steady prowess by which all their efforts were defeated. It was, nevertheless, the more strictly his duty on this occasion to have made an essay to redeem the battle, by some signal act of valour, seeing that, through his own infatuation in disbelieving or disregarding the advance of the Prussians, his troops, flying from before the sabres and bayonets of the British line, found their retreat intercepted, and “became no longer an army.” As to the conduct of Buonaparte after his defeat, every thing tends to shew that it was not more disgraceful in itself than impolitic in its consequences, as far as related to *his cause*. It was a shameful and cruel desertion of men whom he had brought into the pit of destruction. No middle point of *ralliement* and shelter offering to his foresight and presence of mind between Waterloo and Paris—he leaves his fugitive soldiers to suffer all the horrors of keen and unsparing pursuit, augmented by the absence of every kind of plan for

their direction and reorganization! We are told, indeed, that this man is still an object of attachment with the soldiery of France. Grant the fact to be true; and what does it prove? Only that which I have always conceived to be the case: that the soldiery of that country, generally speaking, have not the sentiments of genuine military honour, but are actuated by the depraved and mercenary feelings of mere banditti clan-ship: that they regard *War* as a *trade*, which it is their *interest*, as it is their inclination, to push continually, cost what it will to the rest of mankind; and that they look up to Napoleon as a speculator in the traffic, under whom, so long as bloody work is to be found, they would never be in want of employment!

Pursuing our walk, we soon arrived at the *rendezvous* of Wellington and Blucher; and lest we should make a mistake, and proceed further on, in quest of an edifice more worthy of such celebrity than a paltry little *cabaret*, its gable end is coarsely daubed with the words "*L'Hotel de la Belle Alliance.*" The pompous hotel is a lone cottage of very mean appearance, on the road side, and I will be sworn, was but an ill-accustomed *Inn*, until those renowned Generals justly gave it a *licence*. Cannon balls have pierced it with many more *windows* than it had before, and its out-houses are knocked to pieces; but the excursive flights of a fertile imagination can alone give picturesque effect to a humble object destined, by fortuitous and extraordinary circumstances, to be commemorated in History's proudest page. At this point, however, we gain a pretty view of the little village of *Planchenoit*, with its church and spire, and woods in the rear, through which the Prussians advanced from *Frischermont* on the right

flank of the French army. Leaving *La Belle Alliance*, we crossed the ground occupied by the French left wing, between the *Brussels* and *Neville* roads. Our walk, which partly followed the direction of a bye-road and partly struck across the fields, afforded prospects of a fine and pleasant country. Here the land, which is all in tillage, but not so thick in its produce as in the vallies, more frequently and perceptibly exposed the groves, breaking the otherwise even surface of the soil with rising tufts of deeper green than the rest: bits of hats, leather, and cloth, thinly strewed about, were all the remnants of the *pêle mêle* rout and pursuit that last year effaced every mark of cultivation, and in a few hours changed the smiling *guerdon* of the farmer's toil into *war's harvest home*, when the labourers of destruction reap the "rich husbandry" of life, and resow the abused earth with the unhallowed fertility of blood! About a mile to the south-west of *La Belle Alliance*, the woody eminence was pointed out to us, where Buonaparte, attended by his *escadrons de service*, stationed himself and gave his orders during the early part of the action.

At length, by a gentle descent, we approached the *Chateau of Hougomont*, (or as by some it is called the *Chateau Gomont*). On entering its little wood, we found the peasants cutting into faggots the shattered trunks and branches of trees which had lately been felled. The ground was almost stripped of its umbrageous features, but the effects of the cannonade were still visible: some of the largest timbers were rived and split in pieces by the shot. As we drew near the orchard, our ears were greeted with the cheerful and harmonious sound of female voices: some women were

milking their cows, and blithly singing within this rural inclosure, which a year before resounded with the thunder of artillery, with the shouts of the combatants, and the shrieks of the wounded. The fruit and other trees on the side of the attack are most of them broken or scarred by the force of the hail storm of grape and musketry; yet many of the former were beautifully in blossom. God and Nature are always the same: ever bounteous—ever kind. It is man—weak, miserable man—who, instigated by the demon of unrestrained passions, destroys the fair works of creation, and converts the face of this goodly globe into a frightful but too accurate typification of that hell which rages in his own “perturbed spirit.”

The Chateau, as approached from the wood, has a pretty picturesque appearance. As the conflagration did not extend to this front entrance, it serves as a “fair mask” to the black shell within. The gate-house, in old-fashioned form, flanked by the garden walls on one side, and farming offices on the other, announces the respectable residence of a Flemish country gentleman. On a nearer inspection we find the door ways and window frames literally riddled with balls, and the brick-work bored in ten thousand places with missiles of all dimensions. A few yards from the western entrance we are shewn the place where 600 dead bodies of the French were burnt. The remains of this funeral pile now forms a small hillock, composed of wood ashes and calcined bones, slightly mixed not covered with earth. Entering the first court yard of the Chateau, we then indeed beheld a striking picture of dilapidation. Of the mansion of the proprietor just enough remains standing to enable one in some measure to judge

of the easy circumstances in which he enjoyed the tranquillity of his retired demesne. The half-burnt timbers of the roofs, and rafters of the floors fallen in upon or tottering over huge masses of discoloured masonry, cover the ground with a chaos of ruin. In the interior court we found a scene, if possible, of still more complete destruction; it was before the action a quadrangle of barns, granaries, and stables.

Too many *gleaners* had been before us to leave any other memorials of the ferocious conflict except the musket balls and cartridge papers with which the ground was strewn, and the grape-shot lodged in the shattered rafters, of which we pocketed a few as *souvenirs* of the place. In short, the only habitable part of the worthy Brabanter's country seat that now remains entire is the porter's lodge, and the adjoining dwelling of the gardener, a well-behaved communicative rustic, who attended us through the mazes of this rubbish-clogged wilderness. This man, by his own account, continued at his post, in the Chateau, during a considerable portion of the dreadful assault, which commenced so early as ten o'clock in the morning, till the place became *too hot* to hold him: and he frankly confessed, that seeing no further use his presence could be of to his master's property, he took the prudent resolution of escaping to the asylum, whither his wife and children had previously retreated.

From this man's story of the memorable day, it seems, that being unsuccessful in all their attacks on the front of the place, towards the wood, the French, under the orders of Jerome Buonaparte, had the boldness to march round to the opposite side, and in spite of the heavy and admirably-directed fire of the English bat-

teries, which played upon them across the deep ravine that divides *Hougoumont* from the *Nivelle* road, they succeeded in forcing an entrance at the gate of the *Basse Cour*. From thence they made three successive attempts to gain possession of the house, but were each time repulsed with great slaughter. It was in the last of these murderous encounters that the buildings were set on fire (according to the acknowledgement of one of their own writers) by the French themselves, and many of our wounded men, unable to escape, perished miserably in the flames that consumed the chateau. The bodies of the unfortunate sufferers still remain undisturbed beneath the ruins. The crumbling foundations and fallen turrets of the chateau form their grave and monument. There, brave and honourable,

“ they sank to rest,
 “ By all their country’s wishes blest.

For never did warriors sustain a more heroic part than did the brigade of British Guards who defended *Hougoumont*. This now famous spot was one of the most important parts of the English position. That the enemy regarded its acquisition as an object most essential for the accomplishment of their plans, is manifestly shewn by the prodigal sacrifice of lives which they made to obtain it: and the ultimate success of its defence, against the boldest and most persevering assaults, redounds as highly to the honour of the British troops, as the arrangements made for its occupation and support reflect credit on the foresight of their Chief. It was with increased interest, therefore, that we entered the garden, which our attendant (as he displayed the wreck of his horticultural care and labour) informed us the English retired to after the conflagration had dis-

lodged them from the buildings, and made it a strong hold impregnable to their opponents. With this garden a communication was constantly kept up with the main body of our army through the adjoining orchard, and under cover of the hollow way contiguous to it, by which means reinforcements were thrown in from time to time, which enabled Colonel Macdonald, and afterward Colonel Home, to resist the pressure of a whole division of the enemy's army.

On a more attentive examination of the position of *Hougomont*, as forming the *return* (as it is professionally called) of the Duke of Wellington's right flank, my friend, as a military man, made me observe, that had the French succeeded in gaining possession of it, the fire of their sharp shooters, from the orchard and other woody covers, on its northern side, must have rendered it next to impossible for our artillery to have kept their ground on the heights that command the *Nivelle* road, and consequently the whole of that part of the British line would have been exposed to be enfiladed. The garden, in the Flemish taste, laid out in straight walks, diverging, through *platbandes*, from the centre, and green *allées* of saplings, forming long embowering alcoves, had doubtless been a picture of Flemish neatness also; but now presents a no less lively image of the desolation produced by War—"unpruned and grown to wildness, losing both beauty and utility." The walls are *irenélé* (pierced with loop holes) for musketry, and murderous must have been the aim of our *tirailleurs* from behind these barriers, to storm which the assailants from the wood had to force their way through a thick hedge, at less than 80 yards distance. Here we were shewn the spot where Captain Crawford, of the Guards,

was killed by a cannon ball; a long deep stain of blood still marks the stucco of the wall against which our gallant countryman fell. The body of this officer was interred by his servant near the fatal spot; but (the gardener told us) about two months afterwards his aged father paid a melancholy visit there, to weep over the grave of a lamented child, and convey his remains to England. Many other English officers and men lie buried in the garden and orchard, and the spade has hitherto abstained from its accustomed task, wherever the sepulchral heaps arise, out of becoming respect for "the soldier's grave." Though situated amidst surrounding flame, the little Chapel of the Chateau was preserved. The door was burnt, and the fire reached the feet of a large crucifix, placed over the entrance in the inside, and *there stopped!* Over the altar, at the opposite end, is an image of "Our Lady," the Blessed Virgin, to whom this domestic house of worship is dedicated, and to whose miraculous interposition its preservation is devoutly attributed by the good Catholic inhabitants of Hougomont! In this, as in every other quarter of the field, men, women, and children, flock around us with vociferous importunities to buy their little stock of eagles, helmets, swords, pistols, cockades, belts, and buttons. Cuirasses are a scarce article; and so indeed, ere long, will be the veriest "shreds and patches" of the fray; for these ragged pedlars in French "*army appointments*," drive a roaring trade, that gets rid of the most insignificant and even spurious articles of the kind in question. I took the word of our young peasant for the genuineness of an *Eagle*, as having belonged to a grenadier's cap of (*La Vieille Garde*) the Old Guard; and I shall preserve it sacredly, as the remembrancer of a visit in which I experienced (what the

exciting cause was eminently calculated to make me feel) the mingled and conflicting sensations of pleasure, pain, and pride!

On our return back to Mount Saint John, in the direction of the *Nivelle* road, (which gave us a view of the village of *Merbe Braine*, and the more distant one of *Braine le Leude*) we willingly suffered ourselves to pause at what our guide assured us was "*Le lieu où le Prince d'Orange fut blessé à la tête des troupes des Pays Bas*." The young Prince appears to be a great favourite with the Brabanters. Although but ill at ease under their union to the Dutch, they nevertheless seem to glorify themselves on the bravery displayed by the eldest son of their new King, and speak of his character in rather enthusiastic terms. In the course of our perambulation, we met several parties on the same errand as ourselves, with whom we occasionally exchanged a few words of conversation on the common subject of our curiosity. The peasants who accompanied these inquisitive groups, were uniformly ready to communicate information. It was truly gratifying to find them speak of the conduct and discipline of our brave countrymen in invariable terms of respect and satisfaction. They characterised the English as "*aussi honnêtes que braves*": and indeed this was not the mere complimentary language of groundless panegyric, for our Army had not only saved Mont St. Jean and Waterloo (and perhaps Brussels) from the ravages of fire and sword, but had carried its honourable dealing to the length of punctually accounting for all provisions, forage, and other necessities required for its maintenance and equipment while in the field. One of the British Commissariat (a gentleman with whom we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted) remains at Brus-

sels for the express purpose of paying the bills given to the people of the country in exchange for the supplies drawn. And this was the plan pursued by the Duke of Wellington, while the French (like true soldiers of the *Buonaparte* school) were rioting in every species of excess; quarreling among themselves, and seeking only how they might gratify to the utmost their love of pillage, devastation, and cruelty, in the very bosom of their own country, and on the frontier territory of the people whom they were approaching again to *fraternize* and *liberate*.

For defending their altars and fire-sides from the renewed pollution of such a horde of ruffians, the inhabitants of Mont St. Jean and Waterloo do thankfully acknowledge the obligations which they are under to the English army. Of the merits of the Prussians they certainly sing in another and a very different strain, and evince an infinitely greater propensity to dwell with reprobation on the *gout de brigandage*, indulged in by Blucher's "*chers enfans*," than on the important part which these rough *Allies* performed towards accomplishing the defeat and ruin of the invading host. A chief portion of the population of both sexes, and of all ages, in the immediate vicinity of the field of battle, took shelter in the surrounding woods, where the Prussians, on their advance to join the British, found them, and made such as were able-bodied exceedingly useful, as guides, pioneers, and drivers. Moreover, the old saying that "two of a trade can never agree," has its application to the grudge which the Waterloo folks bear to the Prussians: for without forming one of the open complaints against them, a most unpardonable offence was committed by these unceremonious gentry, in that their rapacious *hussars* and *landwher* engrossed too

large a share of the spoils of the field. The *honest* Brabanters, it seems, not content with the "pretty pickings" among the *British* baggage laid fast in the forest of *Soignies*, had the conscience to covet the rich *materiel* left behind by the flying cohorts of "his Majesty the Emperor of the French," on the spacious plain of *La Belle Alliance* !

There was one point of fact which we were particularly attentive to ascertain in passing along the extent of the British line. It has been stated by the French narrators of the Battle, as if to account for and in a measure to excuse the failure and overthrow of their invincible warriors, that our men were protected by redoubts. Not the slightest appearance of an entrenchment could we, however, discern, except indeed where Nature herself had been the engineer. Above Hougomont, the surface of the soil is most broken and difficult of approach : from thence to La Haye Sainte it is sufficiently uneven and wavy to afford shelter to troops, but not to oppose, in itself, any formidable impediments either to infantry or cavalry. To the left of La Haye Sainte Farm the ground forms a ridge of considerable elevation, diminishing gradually in height as it reaches Papelot, and forming in front a gentle slope, up and down, which a bold horseman would think little of galloping at full speed. The story of the redoubts, therefore, though vouched for by "*un témoin oculaire*," we may venture to pronounce incorrect. The day of the 18th of June was a day of fair fighting, with "a clear stage and no favour."

Many and agreeable were the opportunities which our ramble afforded us, of bearing testimony to the fidelity of Mr. Henry Barker's Panorama, than which a finer painting never was produced from the pencil of

that distinguished artist. In local accuracy it is strikingly meritorious : the different features of the ground ; its gentle, not abrupt declivities ; its easy swells, not towering eminences, the actual space occupied by the combatants, reduced by a remarkable concentration of military movements within the space of two square miles, contrasted with the extensive compass of the scenery—its open foreground and wood-belted horizon ; its thinly scattered villages and its insulated buildings, insignificant, for the most part, but for the “ tale that hangs by them.” All these are given with an effect that astonishes, and a minuteness of truth that is equally delightful and valuable !

On our journey back to Brussels, we stopped near the Inn at Waterloo, where the *Generalissimo* dated his dispatches, and which has now the honour of calling itself (as per sign over the door) *Le Quartier General du Duc de Wellington*. Exactly on the opposite side of the road is the Church, which as its architecture is not Gothic, must, I presume, go under the denomination of a structure in the Grecian stile. Like Saint Paul's at London, Waterloo Church has a portico and a dome. There is certainly some *little* difference in point of *scale* and *symmetry* ; moreover it is built of brick instead of stone : nor is the interior of this village Temple of Prayer more capable than its outside of standing the test of so dignified a comparison. Yet, like the Cathedral of the metropolis of the British Empire, it can boast of its proud distinction as a mausoleum of British Heroes. To some it served as a temporary hospital, to others as a death-bed and a tomb ! The zealous promptitude of manly friendship has already poured forth the sentiment of affection and regret for comrades loved in life, and dear in death ;

fallen partners in glory, and of "valour proof," by gracing the walls with tributes of commemoration and regard. These consist of plain and simple marble tablets of which I perused and copied the inscriptive lines with a veneration far more heartfelt than could have been excited in my mind by the most imposing effort of the sculptor's genius!*

And now, our circuit completed, our curiosity satisfied, our respect manifested, we bid farewell to the scene. Farewell, graves of the slain; tombs of the brave, farewell! Adieu Mont Saint Jean; adieu Waterloo! In this my humble visit to your fields and woods, which deeds of arms have raised from obscurity

* They are as follow :

To the Memory of
Major Edwin Griffith,
Lieutenant Isaac Sherwood, and
Lieutenant Henry Buckley,

Officers in the XVth, King's Regiment of Hussars, (British) who fell in the Battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815.—This stone was erected by the Officers of that Regiment, as a testimony of their respect.—*Dulce et Decorum est pro patria mori.*

Sacred to the Memory of
Lieutenant-Colonels Edward Stables, Sir Francis D'Oyley, K. C. B.
Charles Thomas, William Henry Milner.
Captains Robert Adair, Edward Grose, Newton Chambers, Thos. Brown.
Ensigns Edward Pardoe, James Lord Hay, the Hon. S. S. P. Barrington; of his Britannic Majesty's First Regiment of Foot Guards, who fell gloriously in the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, on the 16th and 18th June, 1815. The Officers of the Regiment have erected this Monument in commemoration of the fall of their gallant companions.

There is a third Monument erected, by his brother Officers, to the memory of Lieut. Wm. Langton Robe, of the Royal British Horse Artillery. The cemetery is at least a quarter of a mile from the Church, a secluded spot, approached through woodland paths; but we visited it, and found that its principal tenants had died on the same sanguinary bed of honour. The remains of Lieut.-Colonel Fitzgerald, of the Life Guards, repose in this church-yard.

to fame, on no object presented to my sight, on no incident impressive to my mind, have I deemed it too trivial to expatiate, closely associated as they are with the victorious campaign of a single battle, won by our Country's Pride. A pilgrimage to the grassy *tumuli* of our Military Worthies will never, I trust, be *needful*, in order to revive our admiring remembrance of their matchless exploits. A short time, indeed, will suffice to remove the smallest remaining vestige of the awful step with which martial desolation bestrode the undulating plain. Already the plenteous gifts of Ceres wave over the mouldering heaps of the thousands sacrificed a short twelvemonth ago, to an Ambition remorseless and without bounds, of which Human Wickedness was the instrument, and Human Happiness the sport and victim. Already the harmless milk-maid tunes her merry note, in the verdant lawn of Hougomont, whose fallen groves, dismantled walls, half-consumed edifices, and bowers forlorn, bear witness to the fiery rage of that destructive Genius, whose cry, amidst the earth-born tempest, was "havoc and let slip the dogs of War." But although all local reliques will soon be no longer recognizable, yet thus to view the place of the combat; thus to ponder its circumstances and results on the very ground where it was fought, is calculated assuredly to enhance, in our estimation and praise, the merits of Wellington and his companions in arms. Lasting as the sea-girt cliffs of Albion be the honoured memory of such transcendant actions atchieved by her noble sons; and tender, grateful, "but *exulting*," be the tear that is claimed for the fallen warriors of our beloved country.

CHAP. XXII.

BRUSSELS—*Streets — Fountains — Carriages — Markets —*
Cursory remarks on the manners, dress, habits, and politics
of the Bruxellois — Pleasing instances of attention from
Strangers — Accommodation of an Hotel at Brussels.

JUNE 12th.

THIS day was chiefly occupied in a sort of general ramble, for purposes of cursory observation, over this large, populous, and busy place. The streets of Brussels are numerous, and although, for the greater part, subject to the inconvenience of running in a steep descent, are tolerably well pierced, and contain a large proportion of handsome houses. All those of ancient date, and many of the more modern ones, have their gables turned towards the street, and their architecture frequently displays extremely rich and elaborate workmanship, but designed after a heavy taste. Such as were erected subsequent to the bombardment of the town, by Marshall Villeroi, in 1695, are distinguished by that date being inscribed on their walls, as well as by a lighter and more elegant stile. But what, to an English eye, is, perhaps, the most striking peculiarity in the appearance of the streets of Brussels, results from the universal custom of painting the front walls of the houses. Some have yellow, others white sides; but the favourite colour is a light green: and as this *darling* employ of beautifying with the brush is renewed from time to time, the due execution of the work is provided for in the very construction of the brickwork; for in

the attic story apertures are invariably left for the occasional introduction of poles, from which, placed horizontally into the wall, the requisite scaffolding is suspended ; a mode of which the advantages for all purposes of repair were exemplified in several instances that met our eye. By the expedient of these *hanging* scaffolds much of that impediment to public thoroughfares, which with us is of frequent recurrence, is completely avoided.

The hackney-coaches and cabriolets are numerous and good. Their fares within the walls are regulated on the same principle as at Paris, and are reasonable enough : in excursions beyond the town the charges are arbitrary, but seldom extravagant. Brussels still retains its character on the Continent for building elegant coaches ; and one cannot fail to notice the greatly superior neatness and excellence of the carriages of all descriptions here, compared with those of France. Well-constructed, and suitable to their respective purposes, whether of pleasure or utility, no pains nor expence seem to be spared in their decoration. The agricultural waggons are nicely painted, in gaudy colours ; and the harness of leather, well polished and inlaid with brass ornaments, makes a shew in which the driver takes almost as much pride as he does in the sleek skins and fat sides of his large *Flanders mares*. The bodies of the waggons employed in the conveyance of coals or manure, are made of basket-work, so well knit together as to contain very ponderous loads. We used to be much amused in watching the progress of the dog carts. On the road, it is by no means uncommon to see six or eight large mastiffs harnessed to four-wheel vehicles of a size corresponding to their strength,

which is greater, when exerted in this way, than one would be inclined to suppose. These canine beasts of draught are used at some of the warehouses, to draw bales of considerable bulk and weight.

Numerous fountains contribute to the salubrity and convenience of this city.* The markets are various: almost every species of provisions has its appropriated place of sale; they are in general well supplied, and the prices cheap. Butcher's meat and poultry have here a much more sightly aspect than at Paris. The bread, butter, and cheese are delicious. Their beer, which is a pleasant common beverage, is of two sorts, distinguished from their colours, by the name of *bierre brune* and *bierre blanche*. At the hotels and private houses it is set on table in large glass decanters. Their fruit market was well stocked with fine apples and pears, preserved to perfection through the winter in cellars. Articles of forced culture were scarce and dear.†

The *Bruxellois* are a lively cheerful set of people, apparently as eager in pursuit of pleasure, and as fond of its dissipations as the Parisians themselves. Their observance of the Sunday did not seem to be very religiously strict. The shops, indeed, far from being uniformly kept shut, served to remind me of the French

* One of these, so far from being, like the rest, an embellishment, is, both in name and in nature, a gross violation of public decency. It is called the *Manneke P—ss*, and consists of a small bronze statue, executed by a no less celebrated artist than *Duquesnoy*, representing a naked boy, who, under the influence of some watery planet, supplies a never-failing stream, to the refreshment and edification of all passengers. In witnessing such a spectacle, we could not but commend the delicacy of Louis XV. in sending this brazen-faced young urchin a little pair of breeches!

† The price asked us for some bunches of hot-house grapes was at the rate of 18 francs per lb. and a middle-sized pine apple 20 francs.

capital in the time of the Consular Government, vibrating, as things then did, between the Christian weekly Sabbath and the Republican Decade. I could hardly believe myself within a city of the *Catholic* Netherlands; but an indifference and laxity in matters of this kind are a characteristic of the people of Brussels, who, indeed, as well in manners as in language, would appear to belong more to France than to Flanders. There is scarcely a child but can address you in both French and Flemish with equal facility. This would prove a step higher in the scale of *wonderments* to the *Mister John Bull*, whose surprise was so great at hearing *even* the little boys and girls talk French at *Calais*! By the bye, the boys at Brussels have not a great deal to be said in their favour, besides what belongs to their qualifications as *linguists*. In their assumed capacity of *Commissionnaires*, on the contrary, they are exceedingly importunate and troublesome to strangers on their first arrival. The gates of hotels, and the *Bureaux des Messageries* are beset with troops of lads from 10 to 15 years of age, imbued with vicious principles, and active in all sorts of bad tricks. Not content with teasing to be made *honestly* useful to the traveller, they seek to recommend themselves by the most impudent offers of *pimping* services. In dress, the fashions of France predominate, both with the townsmen and women, over the peculiarity of the Low Country costume, which seems in a great measure left to the peasantry. A relic of the Spanish female garb remains in the *faïlle*, or veil, which not only the servants, but their mistresses in respectable life, throw over their heads, in lieu of cap or bonnet, when going to church, or market, or on a visit. They are made of a stout black silk or stuff, according to the

quality or means of the wearer; and, it must be confessed, that a pretty face and a pair of good eyes lose none of their fascinations while beheld enshrouded by the gracefully disposed folds of this *sombre* but becoming drapery.

It struck us as a forcible evidence of the *Frenchified* state of Brussels, that we should meet with more instances than one among the *Bourgeois* and shopkeepers, of persons (one of them a very intelligent and well-bred young woman) who though *natives of Brabant were unacquainted with any other language than the French*. With manners and habits thus closely assimilated to those of an Empire of which the events of the Revolution had caused them, for many years, to form an integral part, the inhabitants of this place, as may naturally be expected, partake with their Gallican neighbours in that character of political inconstancy, and in those unsteady principles of reasoning on questions of public rights, which, having no foundation in real patriotism or knowledge of true liberty, only open their eyes to grievances which they are unable to trace to their true source, and render them dupes to designing and disaffected men, whose malignant object is to cast, if possible, on England, the odium of those very evils which owe their sole origin and present aggravation to the daring iniquity and obstinate folly of Ex-Imperial France. But, whilst this appeared to be the operating spirit of what may be called the French party in Brussels and other parts of the late Austrian Netherlands, we met also with persons who hesitated not to avow an attachment to more rational and more sound opinions, and who professed to regard an order of things, which had put an end to forced loans and conscriptions,

and restored the country to a state of peace, as a change of which the advantages preponderated greatly over those which had at any time resulted from their political connection with the French nation, and would ultimately prove beneficial to Flanders, although clogged and loaded with an *union to Holland*. The *union*, indeed, appeared to be a subject of general regret and discontent to both the contracting parties, and especially to the Flemings: and really the Dutch and the Belgian character are so opposite to each other; in matters of religion and of state policy they have, for a very long period of time, espoused opinions and cherished interests so essentially different, that the repugnance of the latter people to a connection which gives a predominance, through the person of the reigning Prince, to the influence of the former, resolves itself into too obvious a matter of national feeling to excite much surprise. That the measure of re-uniting the seventeen provinces of the Low Countries, after so long a separation both in government and in sentiment, was requisite on prudential and precautionary grounds, to ensure the stability of the Peace of Europe, I am far from being disposed to deny. But certainly, no considerations of an importance short of the anxiety to obtain permanent security for that great and desirable object, could have justified the adoption of a plan which, although *geographically* perfect, is and, I fear, will, for the present at least, be found to be *morally* defective.

“Hail! ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it.” Not a few have been the occasions, on our journey, that prompted us sincerely to ejaculate this grateful apostrophe of the sentimental STERNE; and the incidents of to-day made an addition

to their number. Asking our way of a person, whose respectable appearance gave a sort of warranty to our application, we received from him the fullest information in the civilest terms possible, and proceeded to carry the directions into practice. The details of local instruction, however, though in themselves very correct, proved, by the time we had got a hundred yards, somewhat too minute for our memory : this our good-natured informant actually anticipated, and just as we found ourselves at a stand-still, pop, he was at our elbow. He had watched our progress at a distance, and noticing our first aberration from the right path, came running to put us in the way again : nor was he content to take a jot less trouble than that of actually accompanying us to the very door of the place we sought ! These acts of kindness and urbanity, received from strangers in a strange land, impart a gratification far exceeding the simple measure of their intrinsic value : they serve, in fact, as cheering exceptions to the gloomy rule of worldly selfishness, and have the effect of putting a man in good humour with mankind, and consequently with himself. With a frame of disposition never, I trust, unresponsive to the touch of these impressions, I should incur the reproach of my own mind, were I, in these slight *memoranda* of Brussels, to omit acknowledging how much the enjoyment of our short stay in it was enhanced by the polite and even friendly attentions of a gentleman whom we were fortunate enough to travel with from Mons. To Mr. L. and his friend Mr. M. (the one a Swede and the other a Hanoverian, both officers attached to the Commissariat of the Duke of Wellington) we were indebted for feeling the sensation, though four days only in a town *abroad*, of being *very much at home*.

By the recommendation of the former gentleman, we took up our quarters at the *Hotel de Luxembourg*—a house apparently but “little known to *Fame*” and to the *English*; yet where the accommodations were good, the folks attentive and obliging, and the charges moderate in the extreme: advantages which hitherto have not been at all uncommon at Brussels—than which (by all accounts it would seem) no place on the continent, whether in its inns or private residences, or in its general supply of commodities necessary, useful, or luxurious, has been accustomed to furnish forth more of the *desiderata* of social life at a more reasonable rate. But, says the resident citizen—“Thanks to your lavish inconsiderate countrymen, who come here in throngs for *good* and *cheap* living, things of all kinds are beginning to get *indifferent* and *dear*!” Our host of the *Luxembourg*, an honest simple-mannered Fleming of the Old School, is a widower, and with two daughters, well behaved modest young women, conducts the business of a house, in which, if we are not splendidly we are comfortably lodged: the sleeping rooms commodious; the beds, though in the French stile for form, are cleanly and good; the furniture neat; the floors plainly showing their easy familiarity with mops and brushes, soap and water; the kitchen, a fair sample of the Flemish, and a forcible contrast to the French, is a polished picture of culinary niceness and arrangement. There are other points of ease and comfort, in which we find the manners and habits of the Brabantine innkeepers are congenial to our insular prepossessions—particularly in the order of certain places of occasional retirement, in which their Gallican brethren are so disgustingly deficient. Our Swedish friend L. met us this afternoon,

at our hotel, pursuant to invitation.* It is a custom at the hotels in Flanders and Holland (and the same prevails, I believe, throughout Germany), for a little strolling band of musicians to enter, during dinner, the public *salle à manger*, and entertain the company assembled at the *table d'hôte* with a display of vocal and instrumental talent, such as it may be. Mr. L. on this occasion, procured us a treat, from three extraordinary performers on the violin and violoncello. They were youths under eighteen: one deaf, one blind, and the third a cripple; who, without being acquainted with a single note of music, gave us, by dint of ear and skillful practice, an admirable concert! After a pleasant walk to *Allée Verte* and back, we adjourned to the *Caffé Suisse* (opposite the Opera-house) famous in Brussels for the excellence of its (*Ponche Glacé*) Iced Punch: and over a bowl of that congealed compound of opposite ingredients, cooling to the palate, and warm to the stomach, we took leave of our friendly foreigners, and bade adieu to the *agrémens* of *Brussels*.

* The dinner (*en particulier*) in private, for three, consisted of soup, *entrées* of beef, of veal, of poultry, and of pastry—a dessert of apples, pears, and almonds and raisins—and, including table beer, two bottles of Burgundy and one of claret, each sort of very good quality; the whole cost us at the rate of little more than five shillings a head!

CHAP. XXIII.

Journey in the Diligence, through Vilvorde and Mechlin to Antwerp—The Cathedral of Antwerp—Restored Pictures—Museum of Paintings—Church of St. James—Tomb of Rubens—Promenade of Burchem.

JUNE 13th. 1816

AFTER breakfast, we discharged our bill at the *Hotel de Luxembourg*, (the business of passports and other indispensable travelling preliminaries having previously been attended to), and with expressions of satisfaction on our part, and of thankful acknowledgement on theirs, taking leave of honest master *Franke* and his two well-behaved daughters, we proceeded to occupy our places in the *cabriolet* of one of the *Antwerp* Diligences. We found in the construction and appointments of this vehicle, a great improvement on those of France. Horses, carriage, and harness, were of a piece—good-looking, substantial, and serviceable. The driver (who acts in that capacity and as *conducteur* likewise) sits with the passengers in the *cabriolet*; but we had more than once occasion to wish *ours* out of it, and on horseback as postillion *à la Française*—for in applying the elongated thong of his whip to the well-fed sides of his four-in-hand, he would incontinently bring the handle of it in abrupt collision with his next neighbour's nose; and this with most unwelcome frequency, if, warned by experience, the above-named prominent feature of the human countenance were not, at every lash, simultaneously put out of harm's way!

In spite, however, of all *drawbacks* of this sort, our journey proved extremely pleasant and interesting. The road, for the first six miles, runs along the canal, which connects Brussels with the navigation of the Scheldt, and of which the broad cut and direct course are singularly contrasted with the sinuous channel of the little river *Senne* that flows beside it. From *Lacken* (of whose charming Palace and Grounds we have in this point a fine view) to *Vilvorde*, the way is literally lined with gentleman's seats, both to the right and left. The houses, many of them, are of the most elegant description; and their gardens and lawns, invariably the verdant and flowery scenes of rural neatness and abundance, frequently display the happiest proofs of a refined taste, and a correct knowledge of the picturesque. The Castle of *Vilvorde*, built by Duke *Wenceslaus*, in 1375, and formerly the depository of the Archives of Brabant, is now a provincial prison. Our driver assured us, that no fewer than twelve hundred *mauvais sujets*, of both sexes, were then confined within the immense quadrangle of this *correctional* strong hold. The deep wet ditch, and one of the flanking towers, are all that remain as testimonials of its former seignorial consequence.

About six miles more travelling brings us to the Archiepiscopal See of *Mechlin* or *Malines*, the gates of which we approach by a bridge over the great canal of *Louvain*. On entering the Market-place of *Malines*, one imagines oneself reverted several centuries back, to the times of the powerful Earls of Flanders, to whom these Low Countries, with the unostentatious names of Counties, were, in strength and influence, as an united kingdom. The architectural objects that here surrounded us, had evidently retained all their ancient

form and character. In England there are no parallel instances; and consequently with us but a faint idea can be formed of the effect produced by this general and strong adherence to the early stile of building. The streets are spacious; and many of the houses appear on a grand and even magnificent scale. The famous tower of Saint Romauld's Cathedral, is a stupendous and indescribably rich piece of sculptured masonry. The accurate pencil of HOLLAR has given a delineation of the florid tracery and *fillagree* lightness of this lofty structure, superior to any idea which verbal description could impart; and he has properly observed, that had it been finished according to the design and scale of elevation originally intended, the world itself would scarcely have produced its equal. It has, however, been left for the *present church-building age* to cap the climax of its *fairy workmanship*!

Leaving *Malines*, of which the environs are as agreeable to the eye of the traveller, as its buildings are interesting to his associative reflections, we pursued our way along an excellent paved road, which, in its winding course, delighted us with varied prospects of a country fertile and beautiful in the extreme. Every rood of ground exhibited proofs of assiduous and *husbandman-like* agriculture, in the most luxuriant produce of corn, clover, peas, and beans. Flax also is much cultivated here. Some part of our route lay through inclosures: in other districts the fields are open. A mixture of woodland, arable, and pasturage, form the pleasing constituents of the Brabantine prospect.—Among the fine ranges of grass lands, however, we looked in vain for sheep, and cows, and oxen. The cattle, it seems, are fed in the yards and stalls; and to

this practice the landscape of summer owes its deprivation of a lively and picturesque feature. The extreme populousness of the country, the perpetual succession of *chateaux* and farm-houses, serving as the connecting links to a chain of neat villages, render it one of the most agreeable rides, at this season of the year, that can be imagined. The cheerful effect was heightened by delicious weather, and the circumstance of a *jour de fête* (St. Antony's-day) which brought out all the peasantry in their best attire. Approaching, as we may now be said to do, upon the borders of Holland, we begin to observe symptoms of approximation to the Dutch costume: Trunk hose and broad hats for the men; and a fullness of petticoat paraphernalia for the women. It was sympathetically impossible to be otherwise than in good humour to see numerous and active troops of young females, trudging along the road each with a *mass-book* in her hand; their healthy florid countenances shaded with large straw cottage bonnets, and their necks and ears decorated with (*l'argenterie de famille*) huge old-fashioned drops and chains of silver gilt. Men, women, and children, were bending their steps towards one common object. All are strict Catholics here: and not a village did we pass through on this *holy day*, during the time of divine service, but we found their respective churches crowded to the very doors. We noticed, *en passant*, the little chapels erected in the fields, where the custom, more ancient than Christianity itself, of invoking the blessing of Heaven on the corn, at sowing time, is performed with the usual ceremonies of the Romish worship, by the cultivators of this fruitful soil.

At Malines we quit the course of the Canal, which

we had followed all the way from Brussels. And here occasion may be taken to observe, that although we did not actually travel by the canal boats of this country, yet opportunities offered themselves, from time to time in our progress, to ascertain by personal inspection, that they constitute an excellent and pleasant mode of public conveyance. These barges, which are towed by horses, and assisted when the wind favours by a sail, are all commodiously, and some very superbly, fitted up; having generally an awning over the roof or quarter-deck, and below, three distinct apartments or cabins, differently priced, for as many separate classes of passengers. As Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend did not come within our destined route homewards, we could only know, from *hear say*, of the *good cheer*, at a *reasonable rate*, to be met with on board the very superior kind of passage vessels on that line of inland navigation. One fact related to us, in proof of the sumptuous stile in which a dinner and other refreshments are served up in the first cabin of a Flemish treckschuyt, would prove conclusively recommendatory to *some* of our countrymen. A *John Bull* of the true *gourmand* race, spent a whole fortnight this summer in passing daily from Ostend to Ghent, and from Ghent to Ostend, for the sake of the eating and drinking part of the business. Flanders was to him the finest country in the world, simply because it afforded him, in these water expeditions, the *cheapest* enjoyment of the *best of living*!

At each place where we stopped, the carriage was driven in at the gateway of a spacious riding house, beneath the lofty roof of which the business of taking fresh relays is performed. This is a good precaution to protect the horses from the effects of bad weather.

Not quite so much is to be said in praise of the Flemish mode of *shoeing* these valuable animals. Whether from fear or laziness, the farrier here will never hazard the personal risk and exertion undertaken by an English operator, in simply lifting the foot into his lap. The powers of mechanism must be summoned to his aid: and accordingly, at the door of every blacksmith's shop in the Low Countries, we see a huge frame of timber, consisting of four upright poles, supporting horizontal pieces: within this formidable machine the poor steed is ungenerously bound, fore and aft, so fast as to be unable to stir in any direction; his foot is then elevated and fastened tight with ropes to a moveable bar, and the whole function of the shoer appears in general to be conducted on that principle of disregard to the sensitive faculties of the brute creation, which a full conviction of non-resistance from the suffering party is but too apt to encourage in the breast of tyrant man.

In travelling from Brussels to Antwerp, one traces at almost every step, and with an interesting degree of perspicuity, the peculiar scenery of that country, and much even of the manners of that age, whence the great masters of the Flemish school of painting, faithful to nature, studious of mankind, drew their knowledge of those pictorial treasures which their talents have so magically imparted to the canvas. In the bosom of this smiling land, with its mansions of antique form, gable fronted, and turret crowned—its moated gardens and orchards laid out in many “a pleach'd alley”—its village spires peering over high green hedges or still loftier groves;—in all this we recognize the *paysages* of *Teniers*, *Woverman*, and *Brueghel*; whilst the physiog-

nomies and costume of its inhabitants as forcibly remind us of the faces and groups of *Rubens* and *Van Voss*, of *Jordaens* and *Vandyck*. To judge, indeed, from general appearances, it deserves the appellation of "a happy country." Rich in those national resources which are mainly owing to the long continued exertion of great agricultural skill and industry, it still affords, in spite of war, revolution, and commercial fluctuation, the comfortable means of subsistence and support to a population of considerably greater density than our own. But not even from the fertile plains and dewy meads of Flanders are the miseries of penury and want excluded : abundant were the indications proving to us, not only in the cities but in the rural districts of the Netherlands, that there, as with the rest of society at large, riches are the portion of few ; ease and competency but comparatively partial blessings ; toil and poverty the lot of the many !

The approach to Antwerp bespeaks the stately city which it still remains. At a mile distant the perspective of the buildings and ramparts is superb. The "cloud-capt tower" of the Great Church, elevating its pyramid high above all the other lofty edifices of the town, (and visible to us soon after quitting *Malines*) now appears to the greatest advantage, and presents a most elegant and majestic object. Impatient to behold more closely this celebrated Cathedral, and to feast our eyes on its recently restored *chefs d'œuvre* of the pencil, we lost no time, after our arrival, in visiting the noble pile. In surveying *Notre Dame*, (as in accordance with its dedication to the Virgin Mary it is called) from the *parvis* or open space before its western entrance, two circumstances unite to disappoint and mortify the

amateur of ecclesiastical architecture. The first is, that this stupendously-fine monument of the ancient piety and prosperity of Antwerp should be so miserably hemmed in, and even defaced, by paltry houses: the other subject of surprise and regret is the absence in its construction of an uniform plan. The grand *façade* consists of two towers, divided from each other by the width of the nave, and built, in exact correspondence, to the height of the roof of the church. At this point, the tower to the right hand of the spectator suddenly stops short, and its unfinished coronet is surmounted with sundry cupolas, resembling *extinguishers* of various dimensions: whilst that on the left hand is carried on with a boldness truly *Gothic*, and with a symmetry and ornamental purity that seems *more than Gothic*, to the marvellous height of 451 French feet, independent of the cross, which is 15 feet more! Considered by itself, indeed, this steeple is a prodigy of art and beauty, and merits every eulogium that has been paid to it, almost to the *hyperbole* of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, when he made his entry into Antwerp, said "it ought to be put in a case, and shewn only once in a year for a rarity!" But whatever may be the incongruities that offend the taste, or the obstructions that annoy the sight, in contemplating the outside of this vast edifice, yet does the interior offer a chaste, consistent, and dignified model of the pointed stile. The loftiness of the roof, the length of the nave, and the proportions of its columns, are in the happiest combination of delicacy and grandeur. Its division also into five aisles, gives this church an aspect of unusual amplitude, and produces an enchanting effect of light and shade, by the multiplied intersections of the cross-

vaulting. In its present restored state, it is not only one of the finest Cathedrals I have seen on this side of the water, but it is incomparably the cleanest. Stripped of all the gold and silver plate, and many of the choicest pieces of sculpture, during the revolutionary troubles, its architecture has nevertheless profited rather than suffered, from being thus disencumbered of a costly but overcharged accumulation of side altars, paintings, and images. If there be any thing at present exposed to the criticism of the fastidious objector, it is, perhaps, that owing to the destruction of all its fine-stained windows, and the substitution of plain glass, the light predominates too powerfully through the building.

The late Treaty of Peace, in giving this Cathedral three pictures of RUBENS, bestowed on it that precise species of church ornament, of which the moderate and judicious use, as being peculiarly excitive of religious feeling, has always, to *my protestant-episcopal* apprehensions at least, appeared both legitimate and proper, in a Christian temple. "The Assumption of the Virgin" is again in its old situation, as the picture of the High Altar. Against the west wall of the south transept is seen that renowned and superlative production "The Descent from the Cross," which also originally belonged to this church. And, on the west wall of the north transept, we view the earlier but scarcely less to be admired effort of transcendant ability, "The Elevation on the Cross," which formerly stood over the High Altar of Saint Walburgh's church, suppressed at the Revolution. Situated at a considerable height from the ground, and placed in excellent lights, this invaluable trio, thus appropriately assembled together, instantaneously attract, and absolutely rivet the attention.—

Well remembering these grand subjects, when in the Louvre at Paris, enveloped amidst a crowd of others, and obtruded (as it were) upon the sight by the circumscribed elevation and width of the gallery, with what superior interest and delight did I now behold them in these their *native* seats, shining with resplendent lustre from that commanding position and with that solemnity of circumstance which alone are suited to the effect of distance and the sublimity of design, at once contemplated and accomplished by the mind and hand of the MASTER! Only a week previous to our arrival they were removed from their temporary repository in the museum of this city, and with priestly pomp and civic festivity, raised to the situation in which we now see them.

The pride and satisfaction which the public of Antwerp take in their newly recovered property, we had an opportunity of witnessing, in our attendance at divine service, at this Cathedral, in honour of Saint Anthony's day. On this occasion the office of High Mass took place, about six o'clock in the afternoon, at the Altar of the Holy Sacrament; during which ceremony an *Oratorio* was performed from the organ loft. The spacious *unincumbered* area of the church, filled with people of both sexes, and of all ranks, in various attitudes of humble supplication before "the Author and Giver of all Good Things," presented a scene which was imposing—which was edifying—for it was strongly marked by those unequivocal signs of seriousness and devotion that never fail to inspire sympathy and to claim respect, under all differences of country, customs, and opinions. The choral melody of the singers, and the flow of instrumental music, pealing

the sacred anthem's harmonious swell through the lofty long drawn aisles, operating in conjoined potency with the awful dignity of the surrounding scene, irresistibly raise the soul to a frame of thought and sensation the most susceptible of impression from objects immediately connected with and illustrative of religious history. It was at that moment, and under such circumstances, that I found myself placed before the picture of "Christ taken down from the Cross:" it was at that moment that, no longer dwelling on its pictorial beauties and excellencies, I forgot awhile the sentiment of homage and admiration ever due to the conceptions and skill of a *Rubens*, and became wholly absorbed in the infinitely higher considerations dictated to the heart by the sublimity and divine pathos of the subject itself. In a word, I was penetrated with unaffected and involuntary emotions of veneration and love, identifying themselves, as they did, equally with the affliction and with the triumph of the GREAT SACRIFICE, of which the cruel offering is there represented in so august and wonderful a manner !

From the Cathedral, we proceeded to what goes by the name of the "City Museum," to see the rest of the pictures recovered from the hands of the French. They are exposed in a large hall of one of the suppressed Monasteries, and may with strict propriety be called the *Gallery of Rubens*, for they consist chiefly of his works, and those too which stand among the greatest, in the opinion of judges : such for example as "Christ on the Cross between the Thieves," formerly belonging to the Church of the *Recollets* ; "The Adoration of the Magi," which before the Revolution adorned the high-altar of the Abbey Church of St. Michael ; "The Communion

of St. Francis;" "Christ descended from the Cross;" "The Scourging;" "The Adoration of the Shepherds," preparing to resume its place in the Church of the Dominicans; and the delightful little picture, painted by Rubens from his "Descent from the Cross," (on wood, 4 feet 4 by 3 feet 3) for the *ci-devant* church of the Recollets. Of VANDYCK—illustrious disciple of an illustrious preceptor—less than Rubens and greater—inferior to him in the varied talents of design; superior in the refined touch of the classic colourist—there were some of the most energetic and expressive performances, viz. among others, "Christ dead on the knees of the Virgin," and "The carrying of the Cross." There is a good portrait or two by *Corneille Devos*. We found here also the picture of "The Fall of the Rebel Angels," by *François de Vriendt*, commonly called *Franc Floris*. Upon the thigh of one of the Angels a large fly or bee is painted: and the story of it is, that *Quintin Matsys*, (whose monument and ornamental pump we were shewn near the Cathedral) being a blacksmith by profession, became a painter for love, and added this curious specimen of his newly acquired art to the production of his mistress's father, Floris, who was so much astonished and delighted when he next looked at his picture, that, no longer refusing, he gave Matsys his daughter! Thus "conjugal love of a blacksmith made an Apelles."

The chief of these truly precious articles being but newly arrived, stand on the floor, against the wall, without frames. The calculations of distance and the effect of atmospheric intervention, which the old painters so ably studied, are consequently defeated and destroyed by their approximation to the eye. Their present asylum, however, is it seems only provisional:

the church pictures will soon be placed in situations more accordant with their dimensions, colouring, and subjects. And to the credit of the Antwerp Commissioners, be it recorded, that they have brought their treasures home from Paris without the smallest damage being sustained in the journey. The Academy of Painting and Architecture, in the same *ci-devant* monastery, contains some good modern productions, a numerous collection of casts from the antique, and of models of the principal buildings of Greece and Rome.

In continuation of our walk, and in coincidence with the subject of the fine arts, we next visited the church of St. James, which has been spared the outrages inflicted on the Cathedral and the other grand ecclesiastical establishments : some of the latter are in complete ruin. The edifice in question contains a rich entertainment for the lovers of fine carving and statuary ; it abounds with chapels of marble, and is decorated with the most magnificent altars and tombs : but the shrine for *our* pilgrimage, the relic for *our* most interesting contemplation, was the *Mausoleum of Rubens*. One chapel is wholly devoted to this honourable appropriation. The altar-piece, painted by his own hand, is an allegorical picture, in which are introduced the portraits of himself and his two wives (Elizabeth Brandts and Helen Forman). A Latin epitaph, inscribed on a slab of black marble, designates the place of interment of this truly great man. Yet even the sanctity of a spot thus consecrated to Taste, Worth, and Genius, was violated by the revolutionary plunderers of Europe, in 1792. The painting over the altar just described was carried off with the rest to the "Capital of the Universe:" but Napoleon afterwards restored it, "in order (as we are told) that the people of Antwerp might

preserve the remembrance of one of the most illustrious of their fellow citizens." Why, this, to be sure, was liberal, kind, and generous! most nobly liberal; most paternally kind; most magnanimously generous! To give back to the Antwerpians one solitary picture, and one of the least excellent, out of twenty, taken from them by the *fraternal* band to whom, in a moment of discontent and delusion, they opened wide their gates—This was, indeed, well and *consistently* done of that same Buonaparte, who fought battles in Italy, to give what he called Liberty to a people without patriotism and without nationality! who made treaties too in Italy, to take away the Arts from a people who understood and valued nothing else! What a tribute was this of *respect* to the memory of such a man, and of *consideration* for those bonds of attachment which endeared it to a city, where (before its churches and monasteries fell a prey to French robbers and incendiaries) the stranger seeking the tomb of Rubens might, in the words of our Wren's emphatic epitaph, be told—

“*Viator, si monumentum quæris—circumspice!*”

In the evening we walked to the village of Burchem, about a mile from the city, on the Malines road, a favourite promenade at this season of the year. But we found in the *Caffé* and gardens of *Robert* a very poor succedaneum for those of Paris. The *agrèmens* of such places of public resort appear, indeed, to deteriorate in the ratio of our increasing distance from the capital of France. The suburbs of Antwerp on this side are in ruins—a legacy left to his good friends by Governor Carnot, who caused the houses to be destroyed, according to the usual measures of precaution, when threatened with a siege by General Graham's army, in 1814.

CHAP. XXIV.

ANTWERP.—*The Basin and Port—Impunity to Gallic outrages—Prospect from the Tower of the Cathedral—The Walcheren Expedition—Architectural, popular, and religious features of the place—Remarks on its ancient importance and present insignificance as a Commercial City—Journey to Breda and Rotterdam.*

JUNE 14th and 15th.

THIS morning we renewed our visit to the *Basin and Port*, not satisfied with a cursory view taken the preceding day. In our way thither we stopped to admire the grand marble front of the *Hotel de Ville*; and also the magnificent quadrangle of the *Bourse*, on the model of which latter monument of the commerce of Antwerp, our London Royal Exchange was built. The Scheldt here is little inferior either in depth or breadth to the Thames at London: vessels of the greatest burthen can come up this river at flood tide, and discharge their cargoes at the quays. We recognised (by the British Union flying at their mast head) several of our countrymen among the shipping; which, however, were not very numerous, nor was there much stir of business. The new Basin, constructed under the orders of Buonaparte to contain his men of war, is a fine work, but not equal to the London Docks in point of commodiousness and extent. Near this grand excavation is situated the recently-erected naval arsenal; consisting of store-houses, founderies, timber wharfs, ship yards, and rope walks.

But as the *Basin Napoléon* is cleared of its ships of war, so are these *depôts* completely stripped of their once formidable apparatus, accumulated with such prodigious labour and such immense cost, for the annoyance of our country. For this piece of *service* the Antwerp folks are not very generally inclined to thank us. These establishments, though created for purposes hostile to the security of England, and intended to rivet more closely the fetters in which the continent was then bound fast to the military column of French power, served the immediate object of employing a large portion of the population of this town: hence Napoleon is regarded by them in the light of a benefactor. It is only in this way that one is able to account for the evident political bias of the inhabitants of Antwerp; to one generation of whom, it seems, the French were welcome to do what harm they pleased, taking care to provide employment, (no matter how mischievous to the cause of peace and freedom) for the generation that succeeded it. Churches may be robbed or destroyed—Treasuries plundered—Monasteries sold and pulled down—public Monuments defaced or removed: all this havoc may be done without its authors being thought a jot the worse of, by the present inhabitants of a place which has been the victim and scene of such extortions and outrages. *Vive l'audacité! Vive la sceleratesse!* Who that desire, on the grand scale, to practise villainy without punishment or reproach, would not chuse to be *Frenchmen*? But, in the sober sadness of plain truth, this is *Human Nature*, identified by its inherent and inalienable quality, by its predominating and unchangeable feature—*Self Interest*—the *primum mobile* of the affairs of this world,

both in the *little* and in the *gross*. Disguise it how we will—of the selfish passion

“ Tho’ *patriots* flatter, yet shall wisdom find,

“ An equal portion dealt to all mankind.”

Nor am I inclined to believe that things would go on a jot the *worse*, were the rulers of this same world of ours to keep the principle steadily and practically in view ; and enforce, by every fair means of precept and example, those motives of union in which a man’s INTEREST is made accordant with his DUTY to his GOD and to his NEIGHBOUR !

After making the circuit of the old Docks and Canals which surround the once flourishing House of the Hanse Towns, a prodigious building called the *Osterlings*, but long since disused as the great magazine of merchandise, we returned to the central parts of the city. The streets are in general spacious and straight : the houses, of stone, have an appearance of magnificent antiquity, and many of them display great excellence and richness of architecture. The *Meer* street is one of the broadest and finest avenues I ever saw. It was the time of the fair, held every year in what is called the *Kirsche Hoff*, or Cathedral Close : the arrangement of the booths and the variety of the goods reminded me a good deal of Bury St. Edmund’s, but without its mountebanks and horse-riders. We had likewise an opportunity of seeing what is termed (from the day) the *Friday’s Market*, at which all sorts of articles are sold by auction.

The public fountains, and almost every corner of a street at Antwerp, are ornamented with an image of the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, or some Saint. On St. John’s Bridge, over one of the canals, is a curious relic

of this kind : it consists of a sculptural group, in stone, of the natural size, representing Christ on the Cross ; the Blessed Virgin and St. John standing at the foot of it. The blood (an *unliquified* stream) flowing from the wound in the Redeemer's side, is caught in a chalice held for that purpose by an angel. We proceeded to the Church of the *Grands Jesuits*, the western portal of which exhibits a fine elevation of the three simple Grecian orders : it is also remarkable for the height and beauty of its tower, and its interior architecture displays all the superior richness and taste for which the buildings of that society are in an eminent degree distinguished. The other churches which we visited were that of *Saint Andrée*, and those of the *ci-devant* convents of the *Augustins* and the *Dominicains* ; all of them noble buildings, which have seen their best days—the days of monastic influence—days of error, for whose return the enlightened soul can never pant ; yet were they more congenial to nature and humanity than the days of false liberty, equality, and regeneration, when nuns and friars were ejected and persecuted, for no worthier purpose than that the Temples of the Lord might be spoiled, profaned, and destroyed.

James Jordaens' masterly picture of the Martyrdom of *Saint Appolinia*, one of those brought back from Paris, is already placed in its old situation, over the altar of that Saint, in the church of the Augustins, and has a grand and appropriate effect. The *Mont Calvaire* of the Dominicans still exists in the cloister of that suppressed religious establishment : it is intended to represent the Mount Calvary and Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, and is surmounted by the Crucifix, in statuary. Below, within a sort of grotto of artificial rock,

is "the Tomb of Christ," before whose recumbent effigy, size of life, tapers are kept burning. On entering the place, to examine more closely this once greatly frequented object of Catholic pilgrimage, my curiosity received a check of which I obeyed the impulse, and am not at this moment ashamed of acknowledging its force. At the further extremity of the shrine I beheld a female in the act of adoration: she did not observe my approach—in fact she seemed to see and to hear no one; kneeling opposite to the feet of the figure—her arms extended upwards—her head bowed towards the ground—the lamps of the tomb shone on her lips, but they were motionless, like the rest of her person. A thought of "the Women at the Sepulchre" flashed across my mind: I remembered too the words of the Incarnate Deity, addressed to a believer of that sex, "great is thy faith." I instantly retired, (with steps that might occasion the least possible interruption to the meditations of the devotee), disposed to regard with sentiments at least of indulgent if not of approving consideration, the scene of rites, superstitious, indeed, but inoffensive—the symbols of a worship in its origin pure and exalted, though time and human infirmity have reduced it to corruption and debasement.

The character of the people of Antwerp appears to be of a much more serious turn than that of the inhabitants of Brussels: there is, indeed, all the outward difference between the two that exists between a Flemish and a French town. In religious matters they certainly evince more apparent piety than we have hitherto observed on our journey. The churches are equally well attended by persons of both sexes and all ages: *young* women and *young* men (not excepting the *mili-*

tary) are there to be seen in all parts of the sacred structure, kneeling and repeating the service at the different altars, with great sedateness and attention. The effect of congregations employed in this *independent mode of worship* (if I may be allowed such an expression) is strikingly contrasted with the concentrated assemblage and simultaneous action to which we are accustomed in England. The *faulle*, as part of the female costume, is appropriately worn in the churches. "In my mind's eye" methinks I now see a young person, whose appearance and manner attracted my notice in walking round the church of Saint *Andrée*. She was kneeling unostentatiously at the base of a pillar, "afar off," but opposite the chapel in whose office she was joining. The black silk veil of the country, thrown somewhat back from her head, fell in ample folds down her shoulders, but left the front dress and the face exposed to view: the arms crossed at the breast, and the regards fixedly cast down, completed the true constituents of the devotional attitude. It was an attitude for Rubens or Vandyck to have studied and to have realized in the portraiture of a Magdalen—it was a countenance which the "divine Raphael" himself might have deemed not unworthy to select for a *Maria gratiæ plena*; the complexion was so fair, so transparent—the braid of the hair so chaste, so *Madonna-like*—the lineaments so soft—the expression of the whole face so pure, so heavenly sweet, so full of mildness and humility. It was indeed a lovely and amiable image of the religious sensibility of Woman.

The High Mass is a ceremony which seems to lose dignity from being so greatly overloaded. There is infinitely more solemnity in the general prostration of the

people at the elevation of the Host, than in the perpetual genuflexions and changes of attitude and dress used by the Priest. The service both of the choir and altar in Romish churches, derives much of its impressive effect from the venerable habiliments of the Canons, and the number of the officiating clergy. The modern ornament of *hair-powder*, however, but ill assimilates with the grave and antique character of the sacerdotal dress. There is one point of their interior economy in which the churches of Roman Catholic countries appear to me to be regulated on a principle more congenial to the true spirit of Christianity than those of the Establishment in England. There are no pews, in the arrangement of which, with us, so much attention is paid to worldly distinctions, and so little bestowed on the indigent class of God's worshippers. Here the poor are placed, in point of local advantage, on a level with the rich, and each exhibits that equality of humbleness becoming all creatures, without exception, in the more immediate presence of their Creator. It must, however, be acknowledged, that the custom of letting out chairs, during divine service, is not always free from inconvenience. When the congregation becomes large, this useful occupation is abused with occasional violations of strict decorum, being attended with noise, and the tinkling of the hiring money is sometimes heard, to the disturbance of the attentive churchman. I have already had occasion to advert to the ludicrous finery of paint, silk, and tinsel employed in *dressing up* the images of the Virgin Mary and Infant Jesus by the *bons Catholiques* of the Netherlands: another practice came under the astonished glance of our *Protestant* eyes, which put our religious toleration and universal charity still more to the test.

When a person has a wounded leg, a sore arm, or any other chronic disorder, a small waxen resemblance of the diseased limb is fashioned, and hung up in the church, for the healing intercession of the Saint to whom it is dedicated. We saw, in one place, half a score of these sympathetic members dangling together. This is, indeed, superstition—not less offensive to human reason, than injurious to great cause and salutary end of Divine Revelation.

Taking a farewell look of the beautiful interior of the Cathedral, and of Rubens' incomparable pictures, we next mounted the tower, by a stone staircase of 620 steps, to the uppermost gallery, whence the panoramic view of the city and surrounding country, for 30 miles, is such as more than compensates the labour of the ascent. In this tower there are 48 bells of various sizes and for various purposes; the largest weighs 16,000 lbs. and requires sixteen men to ring it; the second, of 10,000 lbs. is rung by ten men. The old machinery, I conceive, must be very defective to render so considerable an effort of conjoined personal strength necessary to put it in motion properly. The *carillons*, or chimes, are played by hand, with keys like an organ, a strong exertion of manual dexterity; but the performer displays great musical skill, and the effect produced is of a very superior kind to any thing I have heard in England. Nothing can be richer or more delightful than the prospect from this lofty situation to the west and south, embracing the country of Waes as far as Ghent, and Brabant Proper as far as Brussels. The view to the north and north-east extends over a prodigious and seemingly interminable level of marshes, through which the Scheldt impels its broad current to

the German Ocean. Forts St. Philippe, Lillo, and Liefkenshoek are plainly pointed out to us from the top of this steeple; and in the extreme distance, by the aid of a glass, we descry the spire of *Middelbourg*—all objects whose names remind us (rather too forcibly, as *Englishmen*) of that gallantly appointed, but miserably conducted and ill-fated armament—the *Walcheren Expedition*.

A townsman, with whom I conversed on the subject, said the capture of Antwerp on that occasion, by the English army and fleet, was calculated upon as an inevitable event by the inhabitants themselves. He described the city, on the arrival of the first intelligence of the disembarkation of our forces at Walcheren, to have been so totally destitute of the means of defence as hardly to be out of reach of a *coup de main*. The country people were ripe for insurrection, and the alarm and confusion spread among the French by our first successes were beyond measure great. The entry of the British line of battle ships into the bay of the river in front of Antwerp, must, (as beheld from the tower on which we stood,) have been an indescribably majestic and formidable spectacle. Even at the more advanced period of the operations, when reinforcements had arrived and the fortifications had been furnished with cannon, the bombardment of the place was looked upon as certain. *Fortunately* for the cause of the ambitious Napoleon, at that moment engaged in distant conquests; the brave, well-disciplined, and numerous hosts, whose approach excited such lively apprehensions, were *not* commanded by a Duke of Alva; nor did the arduous charge of re-establishing the local strength and military resources of Antwerp devolve, at that critical juncture.

ture, as at its former memorable siege,* to the distracted councils and niggardly management of avaricious Burgomasters. The dilatory *tactique* of Lord Chatham, proved every successive day, pregnant with well-improved advantages to the able and active measures of Marshal Bernadotte. Our wooden walls at length retired without launching their dreaded thunder on the foe, from the boldly but fruitlessly advanced position they had taken. And our robust and intrepid soldiers, who would cheerfully have encountered every labour, and met every danger scornfully, to signalize themselves by fresh triumphs over the enemies of their country, exchanged the honourable perils of "the tented field," to fall inglorious victims of malignant disease in the pestilential climate of Zealand, and amidst the putrid steams of half annihilated Flushing.

The new forts, redoubts, and other works raised by Buonaparte, for the defence of the place after this event, (which served him as a pretext for deposing his brother Louis, and for uniting Holland and the Hanse Towns to the "*Grand Empire*") though not finished on his own comprehensive plan, have rendered Antwerp almost impregnable both by land and water. The fortifications on the land side present a triple row of ramparts and wet ditches; the innermost line of which consists of the old wall of the city, and forms a noble promenade. The citadel, which is very large, stands on the banks of the Scheldt, at the extremity of the south-west quarter of the town, which, as well as the surrounding country, it completely commands, and it is esteemed one of the strongest in Europe.

In passing the Gate of *Saint Foris*, facing the

* In 1585.

Mechlin road, we were struck with the grand scale on which it is erected ; and scanned with interest the dedicatory initials of S. P. Q. A. conspicuously inscribed on the entablature—SENATUS, POPULUSQUE ANTWERPIANUS, with the date, (if I mistake not) of 1500. Here was *Roman phraseology* ! but where was the *Roman virtue* to dignify and sustain it ? Proud City ! when this portal first reared its massive masonry above thy walls, thou wert the staple of our English merchandise, and rivalledst, if not exceededst, the wealth-creating traffic of London : thou wert then the emporium of Europe ; the museum of the Arts and Sciences—the resort of merchants—the paradise of Priests—the envy of Princes. Thus didst thou flourish, till riches shed their corruptive influence over the hearts of thy people ; and honour and the love of country sank emerged in enervating luxury and the desire of gain. Thy ramparts, undefended by patriotism, opposed but a feeble barrier against persevering assailants, who knew the power of gold as well as of the sword—

“ While, more unsteady than the southern gale,

“ Commerce on other shores displayed her sail ;

“ And late the city found with fruitless skill,

“ Its former strength was but plethoric ill.”

Yes, Antwerp is now a body without a soul—a city of Palaces, inhabited by bankers, brokers, and tapestry weavers ; but still the quiet of its deserted grandeur commands respect, and its buildings of every kind stand as so many venerable and stately monuments of former prosperity, splendour, and greatness. It is impossible, indeed, to contemplate the architectural character and local advantages of Antwerp without feeling surprise that the Court of the Low Countries should

not have been fixed there. It is true that, when we advert to the pages of History, the causes are developed to us, which have for more than two centuries doomed to decay and comparative insignificance a city worthy to be the seat of regal pomp, and the capital of a great mercantile country. Too long has Antwerp been sacrificed to the sordid and ungrateful spirit of Dutch monopoly. But surely the period is now arrived when she may claim and be allowed her just rank in the scale of commercial towns. Perhaps nothing would contribute more to the popularity of the new King, among his Flemish subjects, than her receiving, at his hands, those restored privileges of navigation and of trade of which she was deprived to enrich Amsterdam. This would be an advantage of incomparably greater value than any that have accrued to her, as the *depôt* of Buonaparte's marine, condemned as the fleets of France have been to a paralysing inaction by the naval ascendancy of Great Britain. It would not, indeed, be the means of lifting her up again suddenly to prosperity and power—"prosperity that puffeth up, and power that provoketh destruction;" but it would enable her to reap the benefits that gradually yet surely flow from the united efforts of individual industry, exerted during a period of general order and tranquility, if fostered under the encouraging protection of wise and equal laws, administered by a paternal and enlightened Government.

The name of our Inn was "*La Cour de Brabant*," where we were accommodated with two very good-sized neat and handsomely furnished lodging rooms. The charges were on a somewhat higher scale than at our Hotel at Brussels, but far from exorbitant, and upon the whole we had no reason to complain of our entertainment.

In the afternoon we proceeded on our journey to *Rotterdam*, and passed the night at *Breda*. We rumbled along, through the gates and winding bridges of the fortifications of Antwerp, in company with a troop of peasants, returning homewards from market, driving their cargoes of unsold commodities in little carts drawn by oxen. The use of oxen prevails here and in Dutch Brabant for many purposes for which we employ horses.

The first fifteen miles of our journey from Antwerp lay through a barren moor. The *Diligence* travelled slowly, as if in good-natured consideration to the intensity of interest with which we surveyed the surrounding void; and to increase our comforts, the driver was "ever and anon" stopping at the road houses for the regale of a glass of *schnapps*, (*Anglicé* Brandy). From *Hage*, the soil becomes more fertile, the prospect improves, and the inhabitants display their industrious pursuits, and good domestic management, in pretty looking houses, plentifully stocked gardens, sprucely clipped hedges, and well-cultivated fields. If the environs of *Breda* are so pleasant, the town itself is not less handsome: its Cathedral is a very fine edifice, with a tower above 300 feet high the coronated lantern of which is remarkably beautiful and light in its construction. *Breda* is a very strong fortress; its ramparts, which are faced with stone, are properly furnished with artillery, and the ditch, or rather river, which surrounds the whole is of extraordinary width and depth of water. At the *Hotel de Flandres*, where we slept, the supper consisted of fish of four sorts, excellently cooked, and as many dishes of meat and poultry, besides vegetables, for which we had to pay a very

reasonable price. At table we settled our plan of operations for the next day. The coach party consisted, besides ourselves, of a Ghent merchant, and an old Dutch master-mariner, of 80 years of age, who had married three times: by the first wife he had a son, who was 56, and by the last wife, who was living, his "*frosty but kindly*" old age had recently been blessed with another child. It was agreed to take a *post-waggon*; and the Flemish gentleman civilly undertook the arrangement of the journey. Nothing can be more cleanly than the domestic habits of the people we are now come among. The only material thing to dread or complain of is their over fondness for washing and scrubbing, and the humidity of their climate, which is unfavourable for drying the linen and the floors they take so much pains with. To these causes we attributed the *damp sheets* which were *laid* for us, but between which we were too much on our guard to trust ourselves. It was the first instance of the kind we had met with in our progress.

The following morning, at half-past six, according to appointment with our travelling friends, we were jogging onwards in a post coach from Breda, through a tract of country very much resembling our Halvergate marshes. At *Lage Swalnewe* (or some such barbarously named village), we took a sailing boat across the *Zuid Hollandsche Waard*, or *Biesboch*, a very extensive piece of water, formed by the dreadful and destructive inundation of 1421, when by the irruption of the sea, 72 villages were deluged, and 100,000 persons drowned. Before this dreadful catastrophe, the island on which *Dordrecht* stands was united to the *terra firma* of Dutch Brabant. The scenery beheld in cross-

ing this lake, which is between 12 and 15 square leagues in extent, presents a watery "waste expanding to the skies," broken here and there by masses of reeds, a distant spire, a sail, a few trees, or as we approach the shores, long lines of green fencing, behind which peeps the roof of a farm-house, reminding us of the objects that form constituents in the pictures of the Dutch landscape painters. About an hour's sail brought us to the island of *Nieulant*, and thus we made our *entrée* into *Holland*, properly so called. The journey from the water side to *Dort* was along the top of a high dike, on one of the most intolerably bad roads that could possibly be travelled. The country, though far from agreeable to the eye, exhibits in many parts the successful result of agricultural toil, and abounds with rich meadows and fine cattle. The outside of the cottages and their appurtenances have a neat and comfortable look with them, which accords with our pre-conceived ideas of Dutch economy.—The inns on the road are homely in appearance; but they offer, in their interior, an old-fashioned picture of things, faithfully true to the scriptural injunction, "*Set thy house in order.*" The floors bear testimony to the daily labours of washing and sweeping bestowed upon them. The furniture and culinary utensils in high polish; the brass pans and pewter dishes placed in brilliant array on shelves around the room. The lofty projection of the chimney pieces, adorned with needle-work curtains, (the pomp of the housewife, and the pride of the sempstress) serves the more readily to attract our regards to the splendor of the fire-place, where the whole Bible History is illustrated on the painted and glazed tiles, to the manufactory of which the

country gives its own distinctive appellation. The beds are placed within the wainscoting of the walls, and a curtain is drawn before them. With this concealment only, almost every apartment of the inn has its nocturnal appropriation to the purposes of sleep and rest. We see even

“The *kitchen* doom’d a double debt to pay :

“*Bed-room* by night, a *kitchen* all the day !”

The travelling conveyances are, in these parts, very indifferent : an inside passenger in a Dutch *waggon* finds but an incomplete shelter from bad weather, behind its leathern blinds. The horses too are much deteriorated since we quitted Flanders, being for the most part poor little miserably lean hacks ; although on these accounts, perhaps, better suited than more pampered and high-spirited animals, to the frequent *trajets* or ferries they are obliged to pass, the apparatus for crossing which has a terrifying aspect to animals unaccustomed to it. These ferry boats have masts, sails, oars, and moveable rudders, and will conveniently hold two carriages, with the horses harnessed in them, without the necessity of the passengers alighting. This was the case at *Dort*, through the streets of which we passed immediately into the ferry vessel on the *Maese*. In crossing this noble river, we had a pleasing specimen of the Dutch *paysage*, wherein land and water, houses and ships, present themselves in such a questionable shape of amalgamation, that one hardly knows at the first glance, on which element *these* are standing or *those* are gliding. *Dort*, which is a very fine old town, has also an appearance of opulence and commercial bustle. It has a handsome church, whose lofty steeple, with others that elevate themselves in the horizon, forms the only interruption to the uniform level of the prospect.

From *Oudelant*, a village on the opposite bank of the *Maese*, we proceed to *Ysselmonde* through a country in which the views are interestingly curious, inasmuch as they display the wonderful labours of the Hollanders, in rendering it not only habitable, but extremely productive, in spite of the threatening attitude of "many waters." The road runs all the way on a prodigious mound, like Peterborough bank, overtopping the chimnies of the houses that line each side of it—and of which the cottage class as well as the superior sort, are strikingly neat. Besides a succession of very luxuriant pastures, we noticed a considerable portion of the lands covered with fine crops of corn and flax. At *Ysselmonde* we again embarked to cross another branch of the *Maese*; and on quitting the ferry boat, for the third and last time in this amphibious journey, we found ourselves on the high road to *Rotterdam*, at which place, about four o'clock in the afternoon, we alighted at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, alias the *Swine's Hoofd* (Boar's Head), in the *Grande Place*; and bade adieu to our Ghent acquaintance, to whose very great civility in transacting for us the whole business of arrangement and expedition, on a journey wherein we stood so much in need of an interpreter, we were indebted most materially in point both of economy and comfort. These fortunate *rencontres* are often prepared for the traveller on his way (and the same remark holds good in application to the moral pilgrimage of life), when he most needs, yet least expects the door of hospitality to be opened, and the hand of friendly service extended to him.

CHAP. XXV.

ROTTERDAM.—*Trade its presiding genius—Statue of Erasmus—The Great Church—Calvinistic Worship—Excursion to Delft and the Hague—The Fishermen's Fair at Flaarding—Notices of Dutch costume, manners, and customs—Short stay in and sudden departure from Holland—Conclusion of the Journal.*

JUNE 16th to 19th.

ROTTERDAM is a very large and well-built city, possessing all the grandeur and consequence that can possibly result from an union of those objects, in the contemplation of which we associate ideas of industry and ingenuity, and of their offspring security and wealth. When we survey its spacious quays, its numerous streets, through which canals, flowing with the purifying waters of the Maese, bring up the largest ships to the very doors of the stately houses, it certainly appears the most completely adapted for commercial purposes of any place in the world. In roving about this extraordinary “work of man’s hands,” raised in laborious triumph o’er “the ocean’s flood,” if we are seldom or never struck with examples of architectural elegance, or of good taste in design and ornament, we cannot but be both astonished and pleased at beholding the stupendous masses of brick and stone laid on piles that have converted the shaking quagmire into a foundation as firm as adamant : while the powers of mechanism are at every step seen in active play to open the sluice-gate, to heave the levers of the drawbridge, or to lift

the articles of merchandise from the vessel to the highest story of the magazine. The *Boom Pis* (or quay covered with trees) is by far the grandest part of Rotterdam. On this noble quay, washed by the river, which here considerably exceeds the width of the Thames at London Bridge, stands a most extensive range of superb houses, inhabited by merchants, particularly the English. Between these buildings and the river is a broad paved carriage way, and a double row of lofty trees, forming a shady and agreeable promenade. There is nothing particularly calculated to interest the stranger in the outward structure of the *Stadt House*, the *Admiralty*, the *East India House*, or the *Exchange*.

Of all the Sciences and Arts, the science of arithmetical calculation, and the art of getting money, are those in which a Dutchman is most proficient. *Ergo! Rotterdam* is not *Antwerp*: it wears the genuine air of business, but it has not a liberal or graceful feature in its whole exterior. Can any thing learned or enlightened come out of Rotterdam? said I to myself, as I marked the dull gravity of her *main-chance*-loving sons, who were bustling rudely by me, through the *Grande Place*. The *Statue of Erasmus* stared me full in the face, and reproving my forgetfulness and petulance, answered the question proudly and decisively in the affirmative! The figure, which is colossal, is well executed in bronze, and was erected in 1622, the work of the statuary Keiser: it is dressed in a collegiate robe, and with an open book in his hands. Just as I was rendering an internal tribute of commendation to the Rotterdammers, for their careful preservation of this well-deserved honour to the memory of their native

luminary of literary genius and philosophic knowledge, the burgher guard (a species of military force like our volunteers) came parading with drums beating and colours flying: when, lo! in the twinkling of an eye, the pedestal and limbs of the sacred effigy were escalated by a band of blackguard lads; one perched on his book, others surmounted his shoulders, and even his venerable head suffered the degradation of forming a seat for a chimney-sweep's posteriors. My friend and myself fumed ourselves into a tolerably strong fit of indignation at these unheeded outrages of the profane vulgar: but it was scarcely worth while being in a passion with the ragged varlets, seeing that the very house where the renowned contemporary and friend of our Sir Thomas More was born, is said to be still extant, and yet not one person out of half-a-dozen of the better sort of towns folks, whom I interrogated on the subject, could tell me where it was to be found. "So much for the little love they bear" to the memorials of their ancient worthies!

The principal Church at Rotterdam is, or rather has been, a fine building; for the staunch disciples of old Calvin have so entirely stripped it of the Rags of the Scarlet Whore of Babylon (as John Knox's followers use to call all church ornaments) that the interior, like the rest of the old ecclesiastical edifices, wears a very naked appearance. We attended divine service, and found the congregation numerous enough, but as little shew of devotion or even seriousness as might well be. The men sit or stand, keeping their hats on, a custom, in my eyes, perfectly disgusting. The clergyman wears no surplice or gown; simply a black coat with a short mantle of the same colour. A little man, one of their favourite

preachers, delivered a discourse of *only* an hour and a quarter long! Casting my eyes round, in turn on the building, the minister, and the audience, I could readily have fancied myself among the Puritans in "the *Golden Days*" of Cromwell and the Parliament. Well, the *happy medium* has been framed, "*sua si bona norit*," for the Churchman of England. To our own excellent established form of worship, so correctly personified in the rational and decent *Martin* of Swift's ingenious allegory,* a man may indeed find abundant reasons for adhering in preference; but of the *two extremes*, surely, the frippery and fringes of *Peter's* coat are less unseemly than *Jack's* torn lappets and unripped breeches! For myself, I own a disposition infinitely more indulgent towards Flemish and French *Catholicism*, for mistaking saintly mortals as objects of those prayers and of that adoration which are due alone to our Redeemer and Heavenly Father, than towards the gross familiarity of deportment with which *Dutch* Presbyterianism can treat the Temple of the Deity as the house of an equal! From the top of the Great Church tower we had a very extended and singular bird's-eye view, comprising, in a circuitous glance, not only the *canalised* town beneath us, but embracing the broad-branching channel of the Maese, and the towns of Gouda, Delft, the Hague, Schiedam, Flaarding, and Dort.

The day after our arrival at Rotterdam we made an excursion to the *Hague*, taking the conveyance of the treckschuyt as far as Delft, and proceeding thence in a hackney-coach to the magnificent *village* where the *ci-devant* Stadtholder, now the King, holds his Court. The horses that draw the treckschuyts travel at the rate

* The Tale of a Tub.

of between four and five miles an hour. Along the towing paths posts are stationed, at successive intervals, on which a simple piece of mechanism is affixed which keeps the line from entangling: and it is surprising to see with what ease and regularity the vessels meet and pass each other. Some of the passage boats are very roomy, and the cabin or *ruif*, appropriated to the genteeler part of the company, is handsomely fitted up. The vessel moves at so uniform a rate, that the distance is usually reckoned by the hour instead of the mile. This is by far the cheapest and most convenient mode of conveyance in Holland: the largest class will hold sixty persons, and the company of respectable appearance sit at their ease, as in a parlour, with refreshments before them, pipes and tobacco being invariably included under that term in Holland, however annoying to the lungs and olfactory nerves of those who are unaccustomed to it.

We stopped a short time at *Delft*, which is a pretty, picturesque, and like all the rest in this country, an exceedingly clean town. The old and the new church at Delft are both fine edifices. The former has a handsome Gothic tower, and contains a very superior piece of sculptural workmanship, in the costly monument of William the First, Prince of Orange. The body of the great *Hugo Grotius* also rests here in the sepulchre of his ancestors: I say nothing of what serves for his monument, a comparatively modern erection, unworthy of recalling to the stranger's attention the memory of a man who was so eminent a *jurisconsult*, and so distinguished an honour to general literature. In the new church we inspected, with a due degree of interest, the sepulchral effigy of Admiral Van Tromp, and that of

another brave sailor of the ancient naval school of Holland—Admiral Heine. The spacious Market-place, with its curious old *Hotel de Ville*, has an air of antiquity, that sends back the thoughts to times of primitive simplicity in the history of this people, before they obtained their independence, and, from a despised province of the House of Austria, became an important commercial state, and a formidable naval power. It was here we heard to the greatest advantage the *chimes*, for which the Dutch are so justly celebrated: they are played by keys, and “discourse most excellent music.”

The Hague deserves all that is said in its praise, as one of the handsomest towns in Europe. The public buildings are superb; the generality of the private houses elegant, and the promenades, particularly those of the Great *Voorhout* and the *Vyverburgh*, are extremely fine. We walked to the residence of his Majesty of the Netherlands, called (the *Palais au Bois*) the Palace in the Wood. This wood is of considerable extent, containing a great deal of majestic timber, chiefly oaks, and is altogether an object of agreeable surprise to the stranger in Holland. The Palace, built in the old Dutch chateau stile has little to recommend its exterior architecture. The King and Queen being there, prevented us from seeing the inside. The road from the Hague to Rotterdam is paved with the small bricks, called *clinkers*, set edge-ways into the ground, and forming a remarkably firm and smooth surface: they have a neat appearance, but are constantly requiring reparation. This work of pavement was done by order of Louis Buonaparte, who is well spoken of by the Hollanders. Napoleon and the French were evidently no favourites of the Dutch, particularly the lower

classes, amongst whom, notwithstanding the number of years they remained under the dominion of France, the language of that nation appears to have made little or no progress.

Our journey back, in a cabriolet and two horses, was as agreeable as it could possibly be rendered by the continued scene of gentlemen's seats and merchants' country houses, with their pretty gardens, sprucely trimmed shrubberies, and painted summer-houses overhanging the canals, and in which good, bad, and indifferent taste are alternately displayed. In the meadows, which are luxuriant in the extreme, they graze a strikingly fine breed of cows. It is by no means an unpleasing sight to witness the avocations of milking in these rich pastures. The urns or large jugs of polished brass, shining in the sun's evening rays, may be descried at some distance. The country lasses, in their singular broad hats of straw, sitting in little waggons by the side of these bright metal pitchers, pass us in great numbers on their way from the fields, and give an increased novelty to the rural prospect. As we continued our progress, we noticed the curious gigs, carved, gilt, and painted, and of a fashion more than a century behind any thing of the kind we have in England. The carriages here, both four and two-wheeled, are adapted to the narrow roads of their dikes. The saw mills between Rotterdam and Delft, are very numerous, and constitute almost the only objects in the foreground of that marshy landscape. In our course we observed many instances of the attachment of the Hollanders for the bird called the *Stork*: they abound even in the towns themselves, and are very tame in consequence of their being thus cherished and held sacred by the inhabitants.

Another excursion which we made from Rotterdam, gave us an advantageous insight into the character and costumes of the seafaring class and of the female peasantry. It was to *Flaarding*, a small town situated on the *Maese*, (or *Merwē* as it is there called) and the occasion of our visit was the annual *fête* of the herring fishery boats, setting sail for the northern shores of our own island. From the elevated mound of the dike, along which our road as usual lay, the view was a perfect flat that extended to the "circle bounding earth and skies"—windmills and village spires here and there intersected the horizontal line—and the wearied eye rested occasionally on the farm-houses, each encircled by cultivated inclosures, and embosomed in a cluster of trees. Every thing that belongs to Dutch gardening, tillage, and pasturage, evinces neatness, industry, and care. We passed through *Schiedam*, a town of considerable size, and the outskirts of which are studded with mills for grinding the Juniper berry, used in the manufactory of its famed *Geneva*. From thence to *Flaarding*, we found the road covered with the country folks, flocking in the same direction with ourselves; and we no sooner alighted in the town, than our curiosity and interest met a lively excitement in the humours of a Dutch Fair. We had Mr. Punch in the *lowest* perfection— a *quantum sufficit* of raree shews—monsters, dwarfish, and gigantic; and among more dignified spectacles the Battle of Waterloo was fought over again—and the marriage of the Hereditary Prince of Orange with his Imperial spouse was re-solemnized for the edification of the gaping *Boors* and their *Frows*.

In the motley throng assembled at *Flaarding* fair were numerous unsophisticated specimens of true *Dutch*-

built bottoms, and of that round and prominent shape which seems to be confined here to neither age nor sex. The men clad their backs with a weight of clothes that is almost incredible, and their double trowsers add enormously to the bulk of their lower limbs, which are in general of a stout make. The elder dames carry the *stratum super stratum* of petticoat and waistcoat to an equally overwhelming pitch of awkward heaviness; perhaps to preserve the "balance of power" from being destroyed by the still more preposterous size of their hats: some of these are of straw poking forwards like a great winnowing fan—others flat, of the circumference of a small umbrella, and curiously adorned with a lining of flowered print, or embroidered silk, most *magnificently* overshadowing the whole person. The festival suits of the young women are not less peculiar, and are still more difficult to describe. Their jackets of white dimity, fitting tight to the shape—their short petticoats of many colours—stockings with worked clocks; and slippers of yellow velvet or red morocco, without quarters—are all ingredients in this dish of singularity. But still they do not consider themselves sufficiently killing, unless their ears are loaded with large pendants, their throats enchained with ponderous necklaces, and their temples clasped round by plates of silver or gold, or their counterfeits, the lustre of which appearing through a close cap of gauze or lace, that completely covers the head and conceals the hair, gives a finish to the grotesque effect produced on their countenances, many of which, in spite of these disguises, have a tolerable share of natural prettiness. The Dutch inflexibility of these *metal-headed* lasses, though not instantly susceptible of *mollification* from the casual glance of a stranger, may yet be *smiled*

into a good-natured *grin*, responsive to the universal language of nature.—With the superior and middling classes of society, at least in those parts of Holland which came under our observation, the fashions of France almost entirely prevail, in the dress of both sexes: but in this imitation of foreign refinement—this adoption of what may be denominated a more artificial system of things, many of the truly interesting *traits* of native character are irrecoverably lost.*

There is no inconsiderable proportion of female beauty and symmetry of form to be seen, in walking through the streets and public places of Rotterdam. Remarking to an intelligent young Belgian, at the same *table d'hôte* with ourselves, that the manners of the women, even above the common class, were such as indicated a warmer and more vivacious temperament than was formerly attributed to the national character, he observed in reply, that their long intercourse with the French had greatly tended to divest the fair Hollanders of their coldness. Besides (added he, with an archness of countenance that shewed he did not speak altogether from the report of others) with respect to married life here, a Dutch husband is seldom a domestic character: occupied during the day with the pursuits of business, at night he attends his club—the wife, thus neglected,

* Most correctly is this truth developed by the elegant Authoress of *Corinne*, when she observes, “L’art de la civilisation tend sans cesse à rendre tous les hommes semblables en apparence, et presque en réalité; mais l’esprit et l’imagination se plaisent dans les différences qui caractérisent les nations. Les hommes ne se ressemblent entre eux, que par l’affectation ou le calcul; mais tout ce qui est naturel est varié. C’est donc un petit plaisir au moins pour les yeux, que la diversité des costumes: elle semble promettre une nouvelle manière de sentir et de juger.”—*Vol. 1.*

is open to the seductions of assiduous intrigue, and not unfrequently induced to console herself in the society of some favourite gallant, for the deprivation of conjugal felicity.

Rotterdam and Paris, forming as they did the two opposite extremities of *our line of march*, are no less contrasted in every local and social characteristic. No where did we find them more opposed to each other than in the *Caffés*. The eternal nuisance of *tobacco*, at all places of public resort in Holland, destroys every feeling above that of gross enjoyment. At cards, billiards, or music, one is perpetually condemned to inhale an atmosphere of noisome vapour, through which the forms of men and things are but indistinctly seen, if indeed not altogether rendered invisible.—A very high degree of national pride appears to be taken in the display of the *orange* cockade: indeed the Dutch seem to be very well satisfied with their present political state. They have got their darling *trade* again: and certainly without it the Hollander is the most miserable being in the world. With too little fondness for an idle life to be Jacobins, and too little ambition for schemes of conquest to become a military nation, this people must have felt their connection, as well with Republican as with Imperial France, equally uncongenial to their tempers and ruinous to their interests.—To such an extreme do they carry their love of domestic cleanliness, that the employment of washing the outside as well as the inside of their habitations, proceeds habitually “in spite of wind or weather:” and the foot passenger is in danger of being sluiced from top to toe, with the contents of a water bucket, even while the clouds themselves are pouring down a drenching rain.

The beggars in Rotterdam and other towns are more numerous and troublesome than we expected to find in this country of industry: and the appearance of most of the lower class indicated extreme indigence. The use of *sabots*, or wooden shoes, is as prevalent among them as it is among the poor of France and Flanders.—Two things will always be noticed on the first inspection of a Dutch town: the first is the great inclination of the fronts of houses from the perpendicular; the other is the custom of placing mirrors of various sizes and forms on the outsides of the windows, by which means a person in the room can see every thing that passes the street in either direction.—The extortion of the Dutch *voituriers*, porters, and other folks of that description, upon strangers, is as excessive as their behaviour is rude and disagreeable. This circumstance alone renders travelling in Holland, though for never so short a distance, a harassing affair. The lower classes of *employés*, having no fixed scale of charges to controul them, are perpetually practising their impositions on the inexperienced; and even after a bargain is made you may lay your account to being teased with some rascally demand, in the shape of an after-reckoning. Even the Flemish merchant, our *compagnon de voyage*, though thoroughly versed in their ways, and perfectly acquainted with the language of the country, had now and then a difficulty to get on with them: and when he told these harpies that he was aware he was paying more than a Hollander would give them, they flatly acknowledged it to be their practice to charge the Brabanters at a higher rate than their own countrymen. What then would have been the extent of their consciences had they known *us* to be *Englishmen*?

Our stay in Holland proved of very short duration, and under circumstances by no means of a favourable kind. The weather, which hitherto, with few exceptions, had proved propitious, particularly while we remained in France, now assumed that most unseasonable state, in which it has continued throughout the rest of the summer. Cold winds, accompanied with a deluge of rain, balked every prospect, and frustrated every plan. These impediments and inconveniences nevertheless were not altogether of the hopeless sort: patience and perseverance would have doubtless surmounted them; and I was myself strongly disposed for the continued exercise of these virtues, on such an occasion; being of opinion that the incidents of a journey, like those of wedlock, should be taken "for better and for worse," and that the principle of "*nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum*," should always actuate the Tourist, in reference to objects of rational curiosity and research, fairly within reach of his time and means. Accordingly on the third day of our residence in Rotterdam, arrangements having previously been made, we were on the point of pursuing our journey to Amsterdam, when an alteration unfortunately took place in the state of my friend's health. It is possible that my worthy companion's *bodily* indisposition might be somewhat increased by certain influences of the *mind*, that sympathise with those so well described by *Madame de Stael*, in her remarks on the subject of travelling * Be this, how-

* "Voyager est, quoi qu'on en puisse dire, un des plus tristes plaisirs de la vie. Lorsque vous vous trouvez bien dans quelque ville étrangère, c'est que vous commencez à vous y faire une patrie; mais traverser des pays inconnus, entendre parler un langage que vous comprenez à peine, voir des visages humains, sans relation à votre passé ni à votre avenir, c'est de la solitude et de l'isolement sans repos et sans

ever, as it might, our plan for completing the tour of the United Provinces was forthwith changed to one for effecting our immediate return to England; and we thus abruptly and prematurely quitted a country, not perhaps the *most* agreeable in the world with respect to climate, scenery, or manners of the inhabitants, yet unquestionably possessed of many highly interesting claims on the stranger's attention.*

dignité ; car cet empressement, cette hâte, pour arriver là où personne ne vous attend ; cette agitation dont la curiosité est la seule cause vous inspire peu d'estime pour vous-même—jusqu'au moment où les objets nouveaux deviennent un peu anciens, et créent autour de vous quelques doux liens de sentiment et d'habitude."—*Corinne*, vol. 1, p. 12.

* On the 19th we arrived at the strong and handsome town of Helvoetsluys, where we embarked on board the Prince of Orange packet, Capt. Bridge, and on the 21st, at noon, we landed at Harwich.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 14, line 19, for *walk* read *fill*.—P. 32, l. 5, for *de* read *du*.—P. 38, l. 8 from bottom, for *de plomb* read *d'aplomb*.—P. 58, l. 4 from bottom, for *were* read *was*.—P. 61, l. 16, after *Robespierre* read *was*.—P. 66, l. 4, for *ascendency* read *ascendancy*.—P. 69, l. 15, for *crown* read *crowns*.—P. 82, l. 19, for *mourning* read *mournful*.—P. 84, l. 10, for *drappeaux* read *drapeaux*.—P. 88, l. 3 from bottom, for *soit* read *sois*.—P. 91, l. 5, for *depository* read *repository*.—P. 94, l. 2 from bottom, for *opportuntiy* read *opportunity*.—P. 96, l. 1 of note, for *Le* read *La*.—P. 104, l. 13, for *des maux* read *de nos maux*.—P. 124, l. 5, dele *circular*.—P. 124, l. 6, dele *e* in *groupe*.—P. 150, l. 6, for *seem* read *seems*.—P. 150, l. 12 from bottom, for *chef d'œuvres* read *chefs d'œuvre*.—P. 166, l. 17, after *transparency* add *of living flesh*.—P. 169, l. 6, for *are* read *is*.—P. 173, l. 1 and 2 of note, for *cemetière* read *cimetière*.—P. 174, l. 8 of note, for *présent* read *présente*; & l. 10 of do. for *protegez* read *protéger*.—P. 188, l. 15, for *chambré* read *chambre*.—P. 199, l. 14, for *peristile* read *range*.—P. 200, l. 4, for *Bourbons* read *Bourbon*.—P. 207, l. 10 from bottom, for *vu* read *vus*.—P. 224, l. 15, for *petite* read *petit*.—P. 232, l. 4, for *de* read *du*.—P. 237, l. 17, for *absolote* read *obsolete*.—P. 239, l. 5 from bottom, after *never* insert *all*.—P. 248, l. 5 from bottom, for *hand* read *side*.—P. 250, l. 5 from bottom, dele *the*.—P. 258, l. 7 from bottom, dele *the*.—P. 266, l. 13, after *ground* insert *and*.—P. 269, l. 15, for *de* read *da*.—P. 270, l. 8, for *interior* read *exterior*.—P. 271, l. 12 from bottom, for *performances* read *performers*.—P. 271, l. 7 from bottom, for *bad* read *badly*.—P. 278, l. 12, for *town* read *farm*.—P. 281, l. 12 from bottom, for *paramont* read *paramount*.—P. 282, line 2 from bottom, after *of* insert *a*.—P. 283, l. 11 from bottom, for *justly* read *jointly*.—P. 284, l. 3, for *Neville* read *Nivelle*.—P. 284, l. 9, for *groves* read *graves*.—P. 288, l. 6 from bottom, for *irénélé* read *crénélé*.—P. 312, l. 1, for *mateur* read *amateur*.—P. 320, l. 1, for *Basin* read *Bassin*.—P. 320, l. 7 from bottom, for *l'audacité* read *l'audace*.—P. 322, l. 14, for *Andrée* read *André*.—P. 322, l. 2 from bottom, for *crucifix* read *crucifixion*.—P. 324, l. 12, for *Andrée* read *André*.

APPENDIX.

NOTE to Page 133, line 17.]—"The Military Spectacle (at the Thuilleries) is not now to be compared with that in Buonaparte's time."

During a seven weeks' residence at Paris, in the summer of 1802, the author was present on two separate days when Buonaparte reviewed the Consular Guard, in the capacious square of the *Carousel*: of the former of these occasions, the following is an attempt to detail the principal incidents:—"The Grand Parade commenced about noon, and scarcely had we succeeded, through the assistance of a military friend, in obtaining an advantageous situation within the pallsades of the *Cour du Palais*, when the soldiers, horse, foot, and artillery, began to pour in, to the amount of about 8000 men, and certainly, in point both of personal and soldier-like appearance, finer troops could not be beheld. Before my eyes, in fact, were a part of the *élite* of the French army, more than half the number being the Consular Guard, whose towering veteran grenadiers, both on foot and on horseback, presented a most imposing front. The infantry formed in three lines parrallel with the Thuilleries, and the cavalry and artillery were drawn up, in the same manner, opposite to, and at right angles with them. Shortly after these dispositions had been completed, the trumpets announced the arrival of the First Consul, at the entrance of the Palace: every man was at his post, and in an instant Buonaparte was seen mounted on a spirited Arabian, of a light dapple colour, elegantly caparisoned, accompanied by the officers of his staff, and attended by his favourite Mameluke, riding at a gentle trot into the centre of the parade, where he was received with all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The military business commenced with the ceremony of restoring

to their lost honours a regiment which had, for some reason which I could not learn, been disgraced at Milan ; this consisted in Buonaparte's taking off some pieces of black crape attached to their colours, after giving them a lecture of some minutes' continuance. Then leaving his station, the Generalissimo proceeded down one line and up another, twice passing within a very few yards of the spot where I stood ; and the second time, stopping at that short distance to address an officer, enabled me as well to hear his voice as to take the complete survey of him, which I am about to describe. In person he is diminutive, but he is very well made, and in action graceful : his visage long and narrow, yet rendered most interesting by a penetrating eye and by sharp and prominent features, strikes me upon the whole as handsome ; his complexion is a pale olive, and the cast of his countenance wears a mournful severity, keenly expressive of a harassed and never-reposing mind. He was dressed in the uniform of the National Guard ; a dark blue coat, with broad white facings and cuffed with red ; epaulettes and buttons of gold ; a plain small cocked hat, put on exactly square, and adorned only with a little tri-coloured rosette ; white leather breeches and high boots ; and an unornamented sword. He wore his hair short, and without powder—it is of a deep black, and forms as striking a contrast to the sallowness of his complexion as the simplicity of his dress did to the magnificent habiliments and decorations of the officers who attended him. His appearance altogether is as interesting as it is peculiar, and presents a rare instance of a diminutive person attended with a great degree of unaffected importance. Having finished his inspection of the different lines, the First Consul resumed his post in the centre of the parade, his back to the cavalry and his face to the infantry, and at the word the whole broke into open column, and marched past him in the order of review. To an admirer of military discipline and splendour, nothing could be more gratifying than this part of the *spectacle* ; the warrior aspect of the troops, the correctness of all their movements, made within a circumscribed space, the promptitude of the officers, and the martial music of the various bands with which the air resounded, all united to affect the mind of an Englishman with mixed sensations of national jealousy and consolation—" Behold the men, (said I to myself), who have conquered Europe, and raised the military character of France to an unexampled pitch of glory ; but they have assisted likewise in sinking the slavery of her political character to a lower depth, if possible, than before that miserable epocha when the tottering fabric of absolute Monarchy fell before the devouring fire of an anarchical and sanguinary Revolution. To France remain the fruits of conquest,

but England alone enjoys the blessings of real Liberty." The ceremony lasted an hour and a half, during the whole of which time Buonaparte was distinctly in my view. His behaviour to the common soldiers, on this occasion, was quite in the stile of that military coquetry for which he has been remarked: in passing the ranks he frequently stopped; ordered out a private or a subaltern, and honoured him with a short but affable conversation. These studied but politic and well-timed marks of attention to deserving men, have the desired effect of raising his popularity in the army even to the height of enthusiasm. Towards the superior officers, on the other hand, he constantly appeared to maintain a reserved and unbending deportment, rarely addressing himself to the Generals by whom he was surrounded, and as seldom deigning, by bowing or pulling off his hat, to acknowledge any mark of respect that was from time to time shewn him as he passed. The troops having again formed in line, a second general salute concluded the business of the Review.—*Journal of 1802, (June 4).*

NOTE to Page 108, last line.]—"The preparations for a (Parisian) *Fête*."

From the same *memoranda* whence the account contained in the preceding note is drawn, the following description of the principal *Republican* Festival at Paris is extracted, as also having, in the time of the First Consul, come under the author's personal observation. It was that of the anniversary of the Destruction of the Bastille:—

"For several days previous to the 14th of July, strangers, particularly the English, had been flocking into Paris to witness the *Fête*. The day being arrived, the vendors of *feuilles volantes* were at an early hour perambulating the streets with their hands full of the *programme*, or arrangement of the business, every part of which looked extremely fair on paper: whilst the clatter of the soldiery marching into Paris from the environs gave ample "note of preparation." About noon the order of the *spectacle* began with a grand concert of instrumental music, performed before Buonaparte and the constituted authorities, in the Gardens of the Thuilleries, where a large orchestra had been erected for the purpose. This was followed by the *civic* ceremony of marrying a number of buxom lasses to as many able-bodied young fellows, who were willing to encrease the population of the Republic, from whose treasury each bride received a sum of money, as a national dowry. From this *edifying* scene, we proceeded to the Parade before the Palace of the Thuilleries, where a very interesting scene of military splendour presented itself. The troops en-

tirely filled the *Place de Carousel*, occupying the whole space both within and without the rails of the Court of the Thuilleries. They mustered nearly twelve thousand men, infantry, and cavalry, the latter amounting to half that number, amongst whom a brigade of *Cuirassiers*, wearing helmets and breast plates of polished steel, made a conspicuously warlike and brilliant appearance. But the chief novelty of the parade was the newly-raised corps of *Mamelukes*, 200 strong, richly attired in the proper costume, armed after the manner of their country, and mounted on beautiful white Arabian horses; they were for the most part handsome young men, and formed a superb specimen of the Cavalry of Upper Egypt. Here, however, they are merely parade soldiers, adding to the magnificence of the First Consul's train; but the object of embodying them is considered to be connected with the designs which Buonaparte still entertains upon Egypt, as the key to the East Indies. There were some ceremonies extraordinary for the First Consul to go through, such as the presentation of colours to particular corps, and the speechifying necessary on such occasions, but some drenching showers falling at intervals, reduced the parade to its usual length. This time I did not confine myself to any particular spot, but mixed in the crowd, which of itself afforded subjects enough for contemplation and amusement. Notwithstanding these Reviews are constantly recurring, it was surprising to see the eager curiosity of the Parisians to witness them, which could scarcely be restrained by the *Gens d'Armes* who kept the ground, nor even by a sense of personal danger. A man near me, who, with a flock of others, was very roughly pushed back by these unceremonious gentry, had the temerity to use some expressions that gave umbrage to an officer of rank: "*Mettez la main sur cet homme la*" was instantly the word, and the poor victim of free speech was marched off to durance, between a file of *soldiers*. Yet he, no doubt, like other inhabitants of the capital, carried about him a *carte de sureté*, on which was inscribed *Liberté et Egalité*. Thank God, (thought I) *soldiers* cannot imprison us in *England*. After the parade there was a grand levee, and a dinner given at the Palace of the Thuilleries. It was a most entertaining thing to see the Senators, Members of the Legislative Body, and a multitude of other folks, *foreign and domestic*, go in state to Court. A few English carriages decorated the procession, but as for the equipages of the *nouveau regime*, they were a complete pattern of shabby gentility.—In the evening the principal Theatres (which belong to Government) were opened, and the Parisians admitted *gratis* to their dear *spectacles*. Orders had been given for a *General Illumination*, but when night came the streets were in "darkness visible," except where,

at long intervals, the lights of a *Governmental* edifice served a little to dispel the surrounding gloom. The French do not display that emulative spirit which actuates our English public on such occasions. They will run from one end of the town to the other *seeing* fine sights, but will seldom willingly spend a *sous*, or lift a hand, in contribution towards them.—If, however, I had reason to be disappointed in the zeal of the *Citizens*, the *Court End* made ample amends, and convinced me, from the specimen there exhibited, that an Illumination, made *con amore*, in Paris, must be the finest sight of the kind in the world. In order to form a tolerably correct idea of the brilliant scene which I am otherwise vainly attempting to describe, it were necessary to have been an eye witness of that magnificent *arrondissement*, comprising the Palace and Gardens of the Thuilleries; the buildings of the *Garde Meuble* and Admiralty, the *Place de la Concorde*, and the Elysian Fields. The method of illuminating is by lamps, made of coarse pot-earth, of a circular form, about five or six inches in diameter, and two in depth, filled with tallow, and having a large wick in the middle, which shews a good light and burns a long time. Innumerable quantities of these are placed in the closest order on the outside of a public building, completely tracing out its *contour* and architectural character, as with a pencil of fire. In all the walks and terraces of the gardens, and in the spacious area of the *Place* adjoining, hundreds of large and lofty pyramidical frames, full of the same lamps, were arranged in the most judicious manner. And thus this quarter of the town, which in the day time forms a *coup d'œil* of the greatest elegance, was thrown literally into a blaze of splendour, that, turning night into the brightest glare of noon, rendered not only the person and features of every individual clearly distinguishable, but the prospect also to some distance. The wind, which threatened at one time to play the part of *General Extinguisher*, had fallen, and the weather was extremely fine. The effect was that of enchantment. I ranged about, taking the perspective from various points, and agitated with sensations of a nature indescribable, but which a scene so fascinating and so peculiar was calculated to produce. At one time I stood leaning against the wooden rails that mark the identical spot where Louis XVI. and his Queen were guillotined. It is in the middle of *La Place de la Concorde* (*ci-devant de Louis XV.* whose equestrian statue was made to give way for that instrument of slaughter): before me were the *once* Royal Gardens and Palace, the theatre of the dreadful 10th of August—around me in all directions were passing a promiscuous crowd—the thoughtless

voraries of gaiety and dissipation, over the ground which but a few short years before was *drunken* with human blood !

“ Can such things be,

“ And overcome us like a summer’s cloud,

“ Without our special wonder ?”

“ The concourse of spectators was immense—Europeans, Asiatics, Africans, and Americans, all in their proper habits, mixed together on one small spot of earth—a congregated world. We are truly told, however, that no gratification arising from the senses can long survive the loss of its novelty : of this I had a forcible instance. As I stood by the edge of the great basin in the Gardens of the Thuilleries, admiring the appearance of the *jet d’eau*, whose aspiring column sparkled with a thousand reflected beams, thinking that nothing could equal the sight I beheld, and that no one could feel tired with its repetition, my attention was diverted by the conversation of two lively Frenchmen near me, who were making some sarcastic remarks on the meagreness of the *Fête*, and particularly of the Illumination, which they pronounced to be very insignificant compared with what had been done two or three months before in honour of the Peace. The fact is, that Republicanism, or rather *Sans-culottism*, is rapidly going out of fashion ; and this anniversary brings with it ideas for which the *Revolution-sick* Parisians have lost all relish. They like the *Fête*, but care little for the *occasion*.”

NOTE to Page 146, last three lines.]—“ These (objects of the Monumental Museum) form at once a regular and complete climax of perfection in art, and a most interesting series of historical elucidation.”

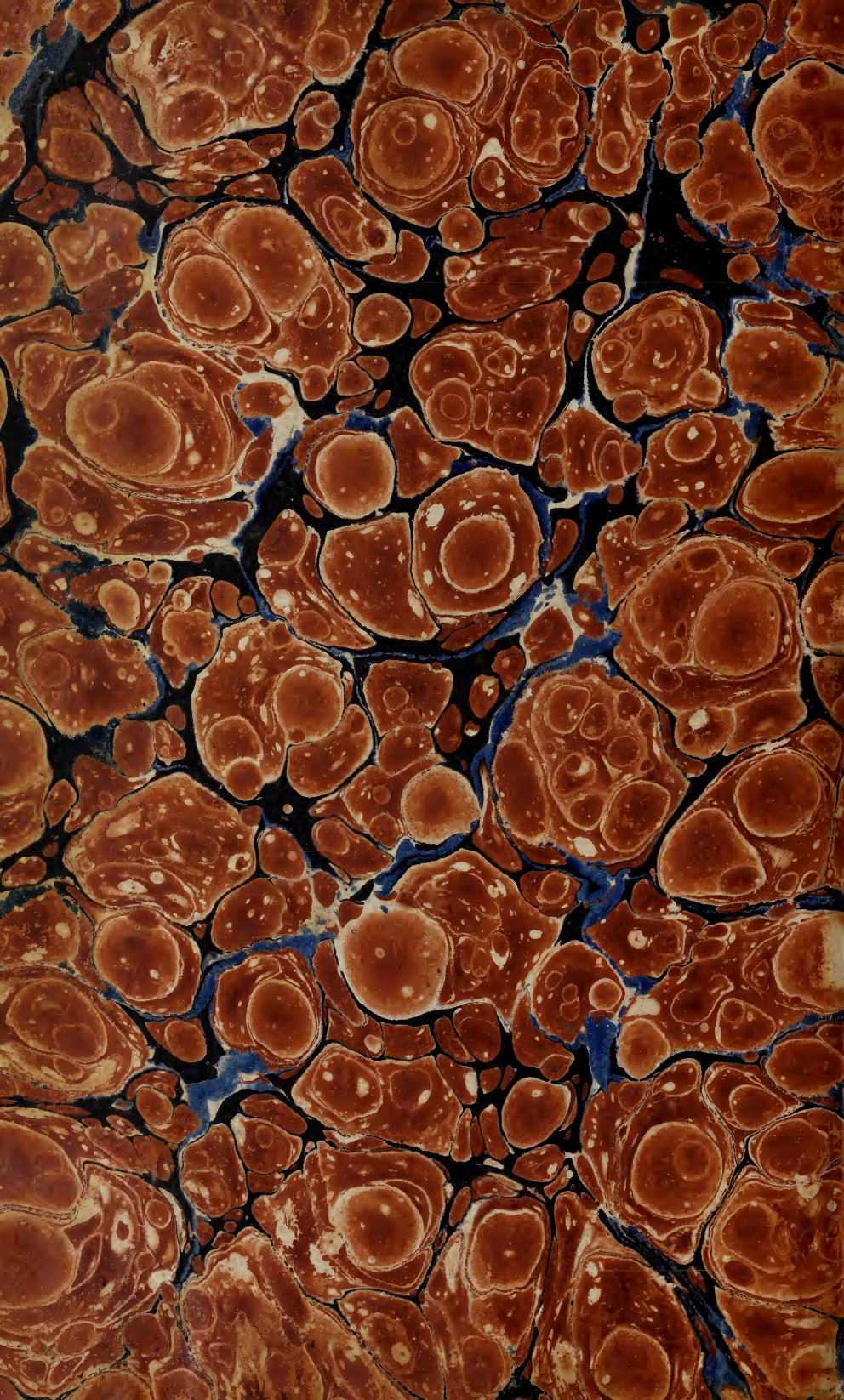
“ Amongst the relics of what is termed the *middle age*, are the tombs which, till their late removal from the Abbey of St. Denis, respectively covered the remains of the first race of French Kings and Queens, viz. Dagobert, Childebert, Frédègonde, Clovis, &c. and also that of Charlemagne, translated from the Cathedral of *Aix la Chapelle*. In the Hall of the Thirteenth Century lies the sepulchral statue of the Good Louis (the Ninth) who died at Tunis, in Africa, 1270. In the Fourteenth Century are the monumental effigies of Charles the Fifth, surnamed the Wise, and his Queen, *Jean de Bourbon*. This Prince was the original founder of the Library now so prodigiously accumulated in the *Rue de la Loi*, and which goes under the name of *La Bibliotheque Nationale*. In the apart-

ment devoted to the Monuments of the Fifteenth century, are two curiously carved statues, on their knees, representing *Juvenel de Ursins*, (a distinguished citizen of Paris, who died in 1431) and his wife. The Sixteenth Century exhibits a vast improvement in the state of the Arts. In this age of polished chivalry and of revived learning, we are presented with the monument of *Philip de Comines*, the celebrated French Historian. Here also the statues of Louis the Twelfth and Anne of Bretagne, his Queen, are laid recumbent in a handsome mausoleum; themselves, in alabaster of *livid* hue, exhibiting a picture of death and corruption, not less creditable to the talents of the statuary than humiliating to the pride of our nature. There is apparent, amongst the artists of this age, a disposition to enforce the *memento mori*, which, though sometimes carried to a disgusting extreme of correctness, yet, for its honesty, I am almost inclined to prefer above the flattering compositions of later date. The Tomb of Francis the First is deposited by itself in a sepulchral chamber, decorated in a manner strictly accordant with the architectural stile of the age when the monument was erected. It is from the Abbey of St. Denis—all of black marble, wonderfully rich in sculptural ornaments, has reliefs, and allegorical figures—beneath a kind of canopy, supported by superb columns, are the figures, (kneeling, as if in the act of prayer) of this high-spirited and liberal, but rash and unfortunate monarch, and of his Queen, together with those of his sons and daughters. This work is a fine specimen of the magnificent but heavy taste of that age. The monuments of the seventeenth century display the brilliant union of refined taste with consummate skill. Most attractive amongst these is the famous group in marble, after the designs of *Le Brun*, forming the Mausoleum of Cardinal Richelieu. This master piece of *Girardon* represents, in figures as large as life, the Cardinal reclining in the arms of Religion, whilst History sits weeping at his feet. In the same apartment stands the Mausoleum of Richelieu's successor and imitator, Cardinal Mazarin. His statue is kneeling piously on the cenotaph that once covered his mortal remains, behind him is an infant figure holding the fascis and axe, emblems of his power: at the base of the monument are three bronze figures, representing Fidelity, Prudence, and Plenty. This piece of sculpture, equal in point of execution, though not so interesting as the former, is from the chisel of *Coyzevox*, and brought hither from the College of the Four Nations which Mazarin founded. Such are the respectable traits under which the sculptor has transmitted to us the memory of these two celebrated *political ecclesiastics*. Vain, flattering

art! The pen of History hands down a different picture of their characters; and, more faithful to the cause of truth, displays them before the eyes of posterity as the children of ambition and intrigue, successively the favourites and the sport of fortune, the advocates of despotism, and its victims!—There is a considerable quantity of stained glass in the windows of the different apartments. The sepulchral Chapel of Francis the First is ornamented with three lights, in chaste and simple *grisaille*, finely executed, representing Christ preaching in the Wilderness, Abraham delivering his Son to Agar, and the Victory gained by Moses over the Amalekites. In the windows of the cloisters are twenty-two fine paintings on glass, representing the history of Cupid and Psyche, after the cartoons of Raphael: but the greater portion of this collection, I was surprised to find, very inferior both in design and execution, and put together in a clumsy and unworkmanlike manner. Amongst the tombs in the Garden is that of Abelard and Heloise, the story of whose unhappy loves has been most poetically, but certainly too voluptuously, illustrated by the pen of Mr. Pope. Here there is also a cenotaph of black marble, on which lies the statue of *Bertrand Du Guesclin*, surnamed the *Good Constable*, who died in 1380; and by his side that of *Louis de Sancerre*, his contemporary and friend. In this Garden we are likewise shewn sarcophagi, containing the ashes of Molière, of La Fontaine, and of Boileau, illustrious among the “*stars*” of the eighteenth century.”—*Journal of 1802.*

END OF THE APPENDIX.







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